aturday Evening Post · November 20, 1965 · 25c

POST

PRINCESS MARGARET

HOW TO TEACH INFANTS TO READ

A NEW SERIAL ABOUT PRO FOOTBALL

HELL'S ANGELS
A searching report on what's behind
THE STRANGE CULT OF MOTORCYCLE GANGS

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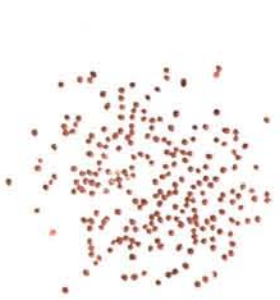
What have we got against colds?



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How to choose a stock brokerage firm ...a good sign to look for...one way to "break the ice" with a broker...which investment goal suits you best?

Let's assume you've decided to join the millions of people who hope to brighten their financial future through stock ownership. Perhaps you have a specific goal in mind—a retirement fund, or money to meet the future educational needs of your family, or a second income that will buy some of the luxuries that make life so much more pleasant. Where do you go from there? How do you choose a brokerage firm?

* * *

Many investors look for a firm that displays the sign, "Member New York Stock Exchange." There are some 3,500 member firm offices and probably one near you.

* * *

As a potential investor, you might be interested to know that every member firm is subject to the Exchange's many rules and regulations.

* * *

For example, the Exchange's rules require that member firms maintain adequate capital at all times, have an annual surprise audit by their independent public accountants and submit financial information to the Exchange at intervals throughout the year.

* * *

In addition, the registered representatives (some 33,000 of these brokers employed by member firms) are subject to Exchange regulations, too. In fact, before they could act as brokers in member firms, they had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business.

* * *

Once you've chosen a broker, a good way to "break the ice" is to discuss the investment goal you have in mind. For long-term capital growth, common stocks might be best for you. Though their dividends are never certain, a company may increase them as profits rise. For good current yield with relative safety, you might want to examine dividends from preferred stocks or interest from bonds.

* * *

Whatever your goal, consider investing only money that's left after you've provided for living expenses and an emergency fund. (The Monthly Investment Plan is a systematic way to invest with as little as $40 each three months.) However, always keep in mind that stock prices fall as well as rise.

* * *

Next, ask your broker for facts about companies that interest you—earnings, dividends and sales records, the stock's recent price range and other information that might help to shape your judgment.

* * *

Finally, ask your broker for his opinion and see how it matches your own. He won't always be right, but he may point out a new direction for you to consider.

* * *

Sensible investing could make a wonderful difference in your life. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

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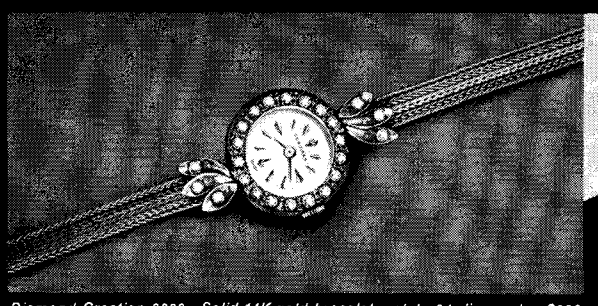

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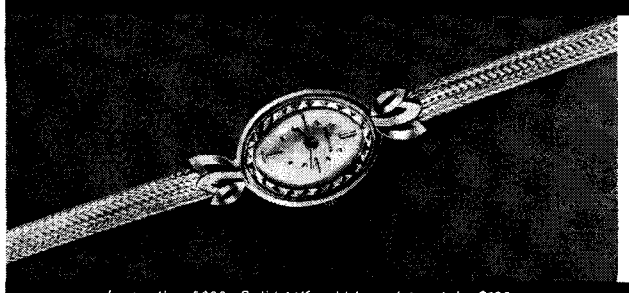

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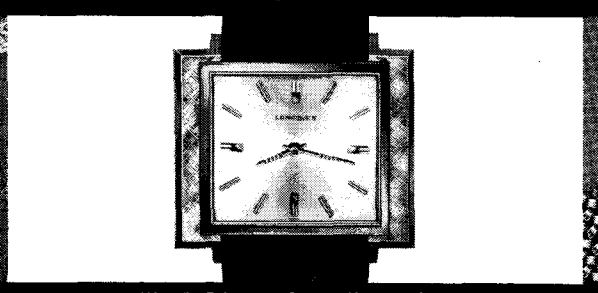

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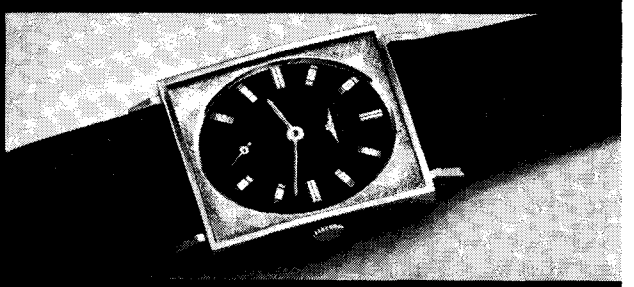

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RIGHT *Longines Diamond Dynasty 2853—Solid 18K Gold, 13 Matched Quality Diamonds, $275.*

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POST

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About this issue

WILLIAM MURRAY, who investigated the Hell's Angels for *The Post*, has previously written for *The New Yorker*, *Holiday* and *Venture*. However, he began his career as a professional singer and has appeared in opera and musical comedy. . . . JOHN GREGORY DUNNE and his wife, Joan Didion, are both writers (she also has written for *The Post*) but never work together—"in the interest of marital harmony." Dunne is writing a novel, *Show Me a Hero*, to be published next year by Harper & Row . . . . JOHN QUIRK, whose two-part football serial begins in this issue, has had two hard-cover novels published, *No Red Ribbons* and *The Hard Winners* . . . . JAMES MORRIS's new book, *Oxford*, which is about the university and the town, has just been published by Harcourt, Brace & World . . . . WAYNE MILLER took the cover photograph of a member of the Richmond, Calif., chapter of the Hell's Angels and a female companion.

Mr. Quirk

Mr. Dunne

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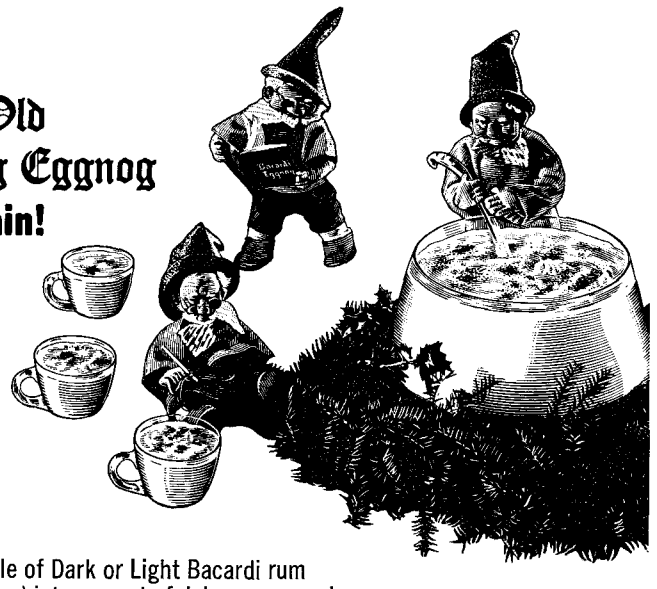

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Letters

Battle for Nam Dong

Just a few lines to thank you for the cover picture (October 23 issue) of Capt. Roger Donlon. We have had *The Post* in our family for many years and have enjoyed many beautiful pictures of the past and present. Thank you for this one of our future.

In his face I see hope and health, strength and courage. This face tells me we will not be destroyed; we will always fight for justice and truth; we will work with words and thoughts, fight with fists and guns, for a free world.

MRS. R. H. MCDERMOTT
Grants, N. Mex.

● I have just completed reading Captain Donlon's very descriptive and moving account of his and his men's heroic stand against the overpowering forces of the Viet Cong battalions. [THE BATTLE FOR NAM DONG by Capt. Roger H. C. Donlon, as told to Warren Rogers.] In my opinion, they are on equal ground with all the heroes of American history, from the Revolution to the Korean conflict. Men of this caliber are hard to come by. Where do we get men like these?

JAMES W. SWANNER
Statesboro, Ga.

● While I served as light-weapons leader on team A 33, it was my privilege to meet and work with Sgts. Woods, Gregg, Disser, Whitsell, Terrin and Beeson. I knew them not as heroes, but only as men engaged in important work. Your article describes them as supermen. They are not. But they are dedicated men, capable of great achievement.

There were not twelve superheroes at Nam Dong, but there were twelve American soldiers whose collective heroism was a function not of their unique abilities, but of their dedication to their country.

CHARLES D. MCQUILLEN
Gainesville, Fla.

● My only thoughts up to this time have been: passing chemistry, evading the November call-up, and finding a date for a Saturday-night dance. Upon reading your article about Capt. Roger H. C. Donlon, my outlook changed completely. I was so impressed by Captain Donlon's heroism and devotion to duty that I enlisted. I realize that I may never receive the Medal of Honor or any other decoration, but knowing that I served my country is reward enough.

RICHARD EVANS
Muskegon, Mich.

Pretty Putzi

THE GIRL FROM LATVIA by Ogden Nash appearing on page 90 in the October 23rd issue is TRASH. Mr. Nash should have taken more pains in getting his facts straight. First, Latvians have no connection with Tartars, never had and never will. Second, Putzi is not a Latvian name. Third, Mr. Nash probably doesn't even know where Latvia is on the map.

ULDIS PAUGA (*Latvietis*)
Stratford, Conn.

● Enjoyed reading Ogden's Mnash note.

CHARLOTTE NOYES
Dedham, Mass.

American artists

As an artist, I enjoyed the article on "that old s.o.b., Thomas Hart Benton," dean of American painters and muralists, and a most competent and controversial figure. [DOWN THE WIDE MISSOURI WITH "AN OLD S.O.B." by Robert Wernick, October 23.]

Once, during the depression years of the '30's, I was sketching a mine tipple in southwest Virginia. The superintendent came by and said when Tom Benton had sketched the same tipple during the mine troubles, the sheriff had taken Benton's sketchbook away. In his autobiography, Benton mentions that he never did get the book back. "It's a good thing people have simmered down," said the superintendent, "or the sheriff might have taken your sketchbook too." As it was, the super said he'd feel better if I sketched a view farther down the valley and off mine property. I moved. The country made famous by the novels of John Fox Jr. could be beautiful, but it could also be brutal—guns were long and tempers short.

JOHN C. ROGERS
Alexandria, Va.

Law enforcement

Although Nelson Algren's article DOWN WITH COPS [October 23] is not particularly kind to us, it is not difficult to be objective, for I can't believe the image of a "cop" has been seriously damaged.

Whether or not the examples of misconduct are cited as authentic, such examples do exist, just as do countless examples of heroism, bravery, kindness and wisdom. The average day in our lives seldom approaches either extreme.

The author's suggestion that evil cops are only reflecting that which is evil in society appeals to me, because I believe that police officers reflect the mores of their community with considerable accuracy. However, I must have a somewhat higher opinion of human nature than has Mr. Algren.

In my 25 years as a city police officer, I have never been ashamed of being a "cop"—"fuzz," if you like—though I have sometimes been embarrassed when we have been less than "good cops."

EDWARD MAYO
Chief of Police
Vancouver, Wash.

● In my opinion, this article is based on Mr. Algren's own personal experiences in the area he is from, and not on any objective analysis of a nationwide situation. Mr. Algren is obviously suffering from a "When I was a kid some fink cop picked on me" complex.

J. B. PRICE II
Compton, Calif.

● Congratulations to Algren for a perfect description of today's cop, not only in Chicago but in every city of America. We can no longer teach our children that the "cop on the corner is their friend." I believe that this is the feeling of the majority of Americans today.

WALTER CURNOW
Scranton, Pa.

● Mr. Algren seems to imply that the old standards of the "Big Dumb Cop" still exist today. This could not be farther from the truth. Our standards are high; I have approximately 90 college units at present, and many of my brother officers have degrees. We try to stay abreast of the problems of our changing society. In the area of criminal law alone, because of the changing interpretation of present-day law, most competent officers are on a par with the general lawyer.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

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Letters

In my five years as a peace officer, psychology has been used many more times than my revolver, understanding more than my nightstick, and compassion more than the authority of the badge I wear.

LEE MOORE JR.
Deputy Sheriff, L.A. County
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

● If Algren has a real ax to grind, I'd expect him to work a great deal harder. Really, Nelson, flashlights in the dark, Laundromat drifters and the violation of their inalienable rights smacks a bit of over-emotionalism. With this kind of journalism it wouldn't surprise me to find you heading the TEN MOST WANTING list of authors.

CHARLES G. LUCAITES JR.
Orange, N.J.

The New York Times

I know a good bit about *The New York Times* and its family. Roger Kahn has written a fine piece [THE HOUSE OF ADOLPH OCHS, October 9]. What I can't figure out is why *The Saturday Evening Post* publishes such a lengthy piece—and expects that such an extraordinary piece, in such length, will be what its readers want to read.

WILLIAM BENTON
Publisher & Chairman
Encyclopaedia Britannica
New York, N.Y.

● I felt a twinge of regret that the article took a deprecating tone toward the *Times's* morning rival, the *Herald Tribune*. As a journalist, I find both papers equally valuable: The *Times* for its complete and accurate coverage of news, the *Trib* for its high-quality writing and advanced layout ideas. Just as the *Times* is the finest example of encyclopedism, so the *Trib* is the best example of creative journalism today.

New York *Post* editor James Wechsler used to say he'd sooner put a copy of the *Daily News* in a time capsule than an issue of the *Times*, as the *News* would more accurately reflect for future ages our present civilization. Formal history is important, but it's just one small aspect of man's existence.

DAN ROTTENBERG
News Editor
Portland Commercial Review
Portland, Indiana

● I am one of the "more than half the college presidents in the U.S. [who] read the *Times*," but agree with the editor who says that the hardest part of his job is "reading the damn paper every day." It is still a must if you are to keep abreast of faculty and students. But one can't help being thankful for the breathing spells provided by occasional strikes.

JAMES M. READ
President, Wilmington College
Wilmington, Ohio

Southern exposure

Harold H. Martin's article A NEW ERA FOR THE OLD SOUTH [October 9] was excellent. In reporting the white Southerners' attitude, he avoided most pitfalls that reporters fall into.

Unfortunately, he did not avoid all of them. Blinded by typical Yankee self-righteousness, Mr. Martin adhered to the dogma that the solutions espoused for our problems are always correct, and that once crushed, Southerners will see the error of their ways and be grateful.

In many ways, those behind the new laws have been right. Goodness knows, we Southerners haven't been right. But while the objective was good, the manner followed to guarantee Negroes the right to vote was arbitrary, vindictive and unwise. We will never forgive the placing of illiterates on our voting rolls while being reluctant to put them on your own, for requiring white Southerners to adopt an attitude that precious few Yankees have, for not seeing the self-righteousness in this, above all.

We will soon live with the Negro in peace and progress, but thank the Lord we don't have to live with Yankees.

J. ANDREW HOBKICK
Camden, S.C.

Harold H. Martin's ancestors, on both sides of the family, migrated from Virginia shortly after the Revolutionary War, and have lived in northern Georgia ever since. His only connection with the North is a great-uncle who moved to Spokane, Wash., some time before the First World War and, to the family's surprise, married a Yankee.—Ed.

● Fate itself seems to have recoiled at the unwarranted optimism of Harold H. Martin's A NEW ERA FOR THE OLD SOUTH, which appeared in print simultaneously with the public mockery of Truth and Justice in Hayneville, Ala., by a whole courtful of those "honest," decent, law-abiding" people Mr. Martin mentions.

No pat on the back is warranted for those who, despite a century of opportunity to rise above their paranoiac deformity of mind, heart and spirit act now only from the gut. If any progress in civil rights for the Negro has been made, the path of that progress is too plainly marked with the spilled blood of civil-rights workers, black and white, as yet unexpiated.

HELEN S. GERAGHTY
Clinton, Md.

● The article might have mentioned Gulfport, Miss., a city of 30,000 on Mississippi's Gulf Coast. Long before the recent agitation, Gulfport had Negro policemen, Negro women school-crossing guards, Negro men on garbage trucks and many Negro voters. In addition, Harrison County, of which Gulfport is the county seat, had Negro deputy sheriffs. All of the things the Negroes have been fighting for elsewhere.

JOHN L. TURNER
Arlington, Va.

● Congratulations to Mr. Martin on his truly cogent expression of the feelings of so many white Southerners like myself who have grown weary of the fruitless vociferousness of the extremist and die-hard element which, to the detriment of black and white, has caused almost irreparable damage.

ATKINSON S. JAMES
Jackson, Miss.

● Harold H. Martin wrote, "Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina are now so far along the road to compliance that they have no place in this report." He then went on to write about states *not* so far along the road to compliance. Mr. Martin did not mention Virginia. Please tell him that Virginia belongs in the first category, and is still a glorious southern state.

ERIK BODIN
Norfolk, Va.

● Please accept my gratitude for this picture [photograph by Matt Herron of Negro and white children romping together on a lawn]. After more than one and a half years of learning to live in this part of the country, we have come to feel that this type of picture, showing people of different races getting along, does more good than those of strife and hardship.

RUTH R. NELSON
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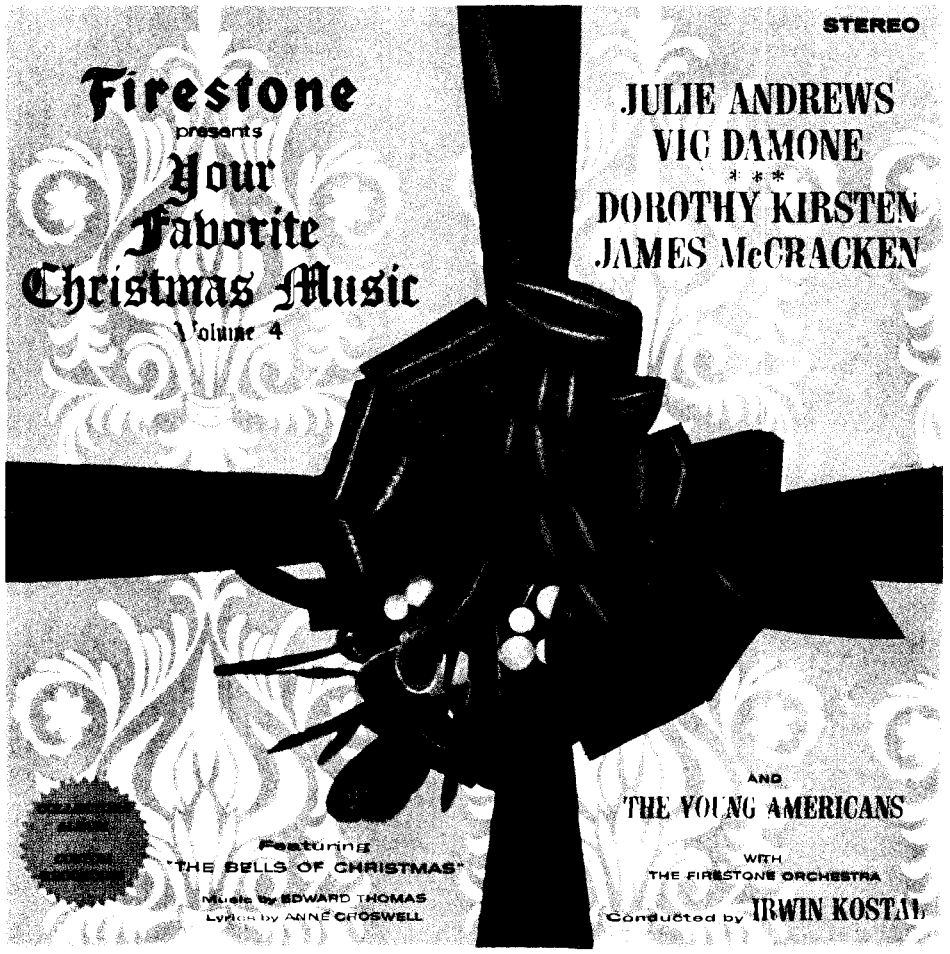

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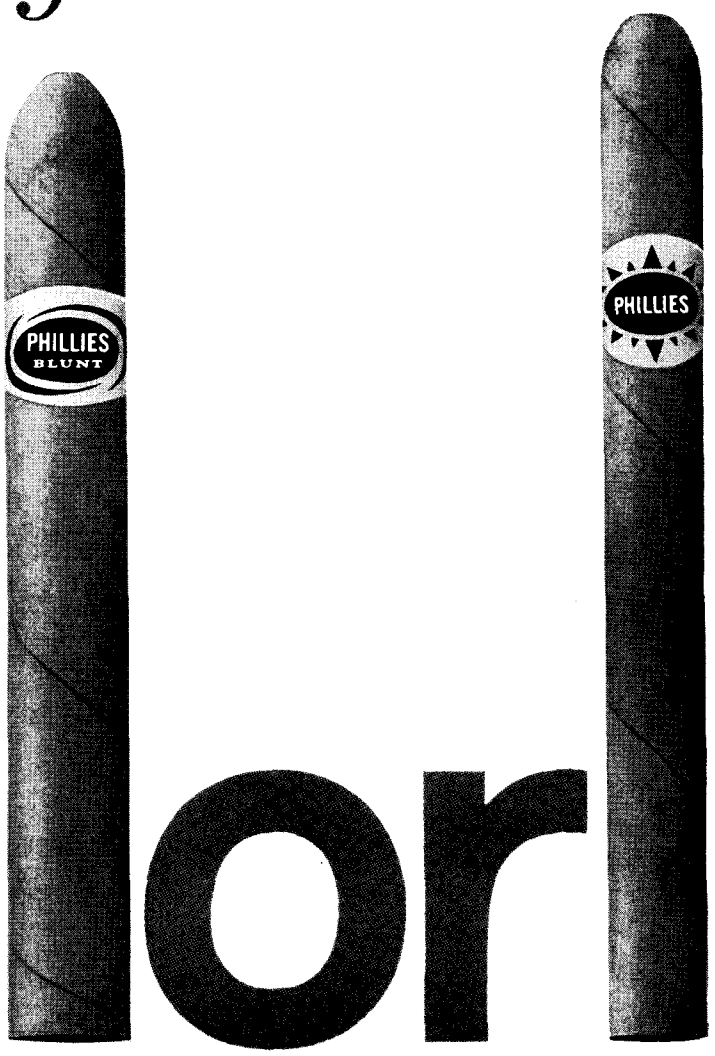

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Speaking Out

By Senator Edward V. Long

WE MUST STOP TAX SNOOPING

On a sunny afternoon in the summer of 1962 a housewife in a suburb of Boston came out of her house and sat on her patio to sunbathe. About 50 yards across the way in a deserted barn a man peered out at her through high-powered binoculars. Later that afternoon, another man crept over to her house, made a surreptitious entry through the back door, and proceeded to open a vault in the basement.

In Pittsburgh a Bell Telephone truck was seen pulling up to a telephone pole for the ostensible purpose of making repairs. The men in the truck were not employees of the telephone company, but were working for the same organization as the man in Boston. They were there to install an illegal wiretap.

The author, in the U. S. Senate since 1960, chairs a subcommittee which is investigating the Internal Revenue Service. He has been a prosecutor, city attorney, state senator, and lieutenant governor of his state, Missouri, and is president of several corporations, including banks and an insurance firm.

In Washington, D.C., another of these men picked the lock of the apartment of a government employee and planted an electronic listening device under a living-room bookcase.

In another city a lawyer and his client sat alone in a conference room and conducted what they thought was a private conversation. Unknown to them their conversation was not only overheard and recorded, but behind an innocent-looking mirror stood a man observing them through the lens of a camera.

The criminal invasions of these citizens' privacy would be shocking enough if the Peeping Toms, wiretappers and housebreakers were common criminals. It is much more shocking to learn that they were all accredited agents of the Internal Revenue Service!

The incredible story of how tax investigators have been engaging in premeditated violations of state and federal laws is beginning to unfold in public testimony before the Senate. Even more incredible to relate is the campaign being waged behind the scenes by certain government officials to prevent the American public from finding out about it.

For several years the Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure has been hearing from people all over the United States who complained that they have been the victims of various abuses perpetrated by special agents of the Internal Revenue Service. Due to the frequency and the serious nature of charges, we felt duty bound to find out whether they were true: Did federal agents really engage in these practices, or were the people who made the charges delinquent taxpayers who had it in for the tax investigators for catching them?

We sent our staff investigator to a few cities to make preliminary inquiries and to report back to us. The information he came up with indicated not only that the charges had substance but that the abuses were flagrant, prevalent, alarming in scope, and that they had been going on for many years.

Before scheduling hearings on the matter, I decided to invite the then Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon, to my office to discuss our initial findings and to ask him what he knew about wiretapping by tax agents. Secretary Dillon told me, quite truthfully I am sure, that in all his years in the Department he had never heard of one case of wiretapping by his employees. It was obvious to me that some very fancy covering up was being done at a lower echelon within the Treasury, and I was determined to uncover the truth in public hearings.

Sheldon Cohen, the newly appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was asked to appear as our first witness, and we were privileged to have him. While Mr. Cohen had been in office less than six months and could hardly be considered responsible for the past abuses by his employees, he forthrightly acknowledged responsibility for their actions.

The commissioner hadn't been on the stand more than a few moments, however, when it became obvious to us that somebody had fed him a mass of misinformation, and that he had a thoroughly distorted picture of what had been going on in his agency.

Commissioner Cohen acknowledged with regret what we knew to be a fact—that illegal wiretapping had been engaged in by IRS intelligence agents. His information, however, was that there were only four isolated cases of such abuses, and that the agents involved had acted entirely on their own and contrary to departmental policy. "I have been talking," said the commissioner, "about four cases where devoted and courageous agents acted in a misguided and unauthorized effort to abate some of the terror of organized crime."

The explanation, which I am certain was given in good faith, seemed to portray the wrongdoers as a few well-meaning public servants who acted against orders in their zeal to convict vice lords and racketeers. The commissioner indicated that he had already taken steps to curtail future abuses, and that he felt the situation was under control. He further indicated his concern that a public investigation might weaken public confidence in the service, and that our findings would end up doing more harm than good.

While our subcommittee shared Commissioner Cohen's desire to preserve a favorable public image of the service, information then available to us convinced us that not only were issues of greater magnitude involved, but that, in view of the misinformation that had been furnished to him, a thoroughgoing investigation was an absolute necessity if public confidence in the service was to continue.

We had evidence from scores of taxpayers, attorneys and tax officials which established beyond a doubt that the abuses complained of, rather than being isolated, were part of a national pattern. We learned further that the agents who participated in them had been anything but "misguided," that their violations of law and other improper acts were clearly "authorized" by officials in Washington, and that the offensive investigative methods, rather than being directed solely toward abating "organized crime," have also been directed against ordinary taxpayers, their lawyers and accountants.

We discovered that for many years agents have been brought to Washington from all parts of the country to attend a unique school, the "Technical Investigative Aid School" of the Treasury Department, where they are taught the art of lock picking, wiretapping, and the use of other eavesdropping and surveillance devices including snooperscopes, miniphones, and spike mikes—a veritable arsenal of the weapons of Big Brother.

Upon graduating, the agents have returned to their home offices, where they have been supplied the latest in electronic equipment.

The IRS witnesses have been understandably vague about who authorized the agents to use this equipment—after all, wiretapping and breaking and entering happen to be criminal acts. The evidence is clear, however, that many of them got authorization by calling the office of the IRS Deputy Chief of Intelligence, which would even furnish wiretap specialists if they were needed.

The attitude of the Washington office was brought out quite forcefully in the answer of the Deputy Chief, when I asked him why he didn't keep a record of wiretap. He answered that "if I had kept a record for any of my superiors, if I had asked them, they would have said, 'You know the regulations, *anybody who does this is on his own.*'"

He went on to testify that his superiors knew that wiretapping was going on, and that it was in violation of their own regulations, and that they discussed it from time to time "*particularly when we got caught.*"

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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the scallop symbolizes man's
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Gilt bronze salt or sweetmeat holder, Venetian, late 16th Century. Victoria & Albert Museum, London, Soulages Collection.

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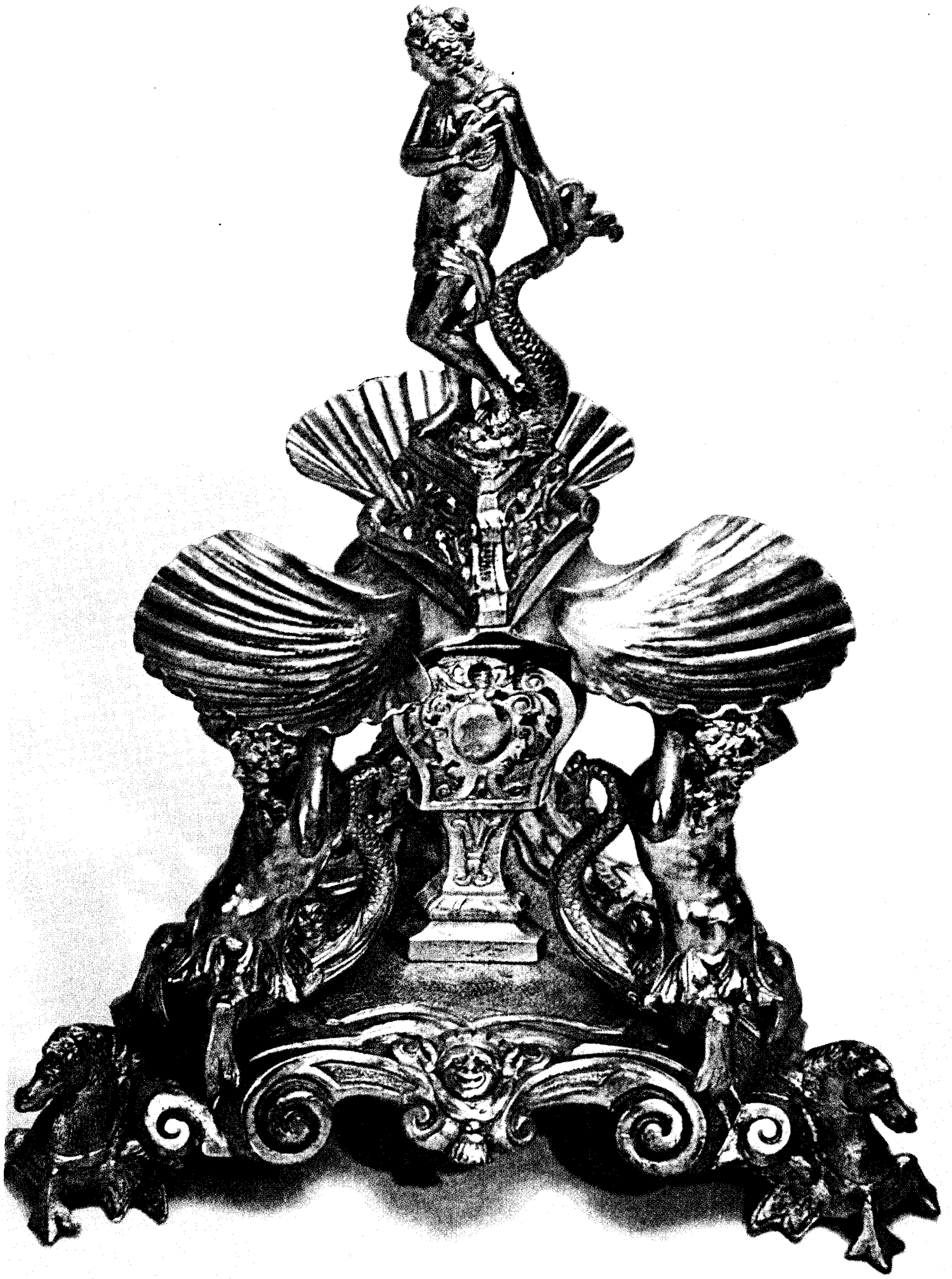

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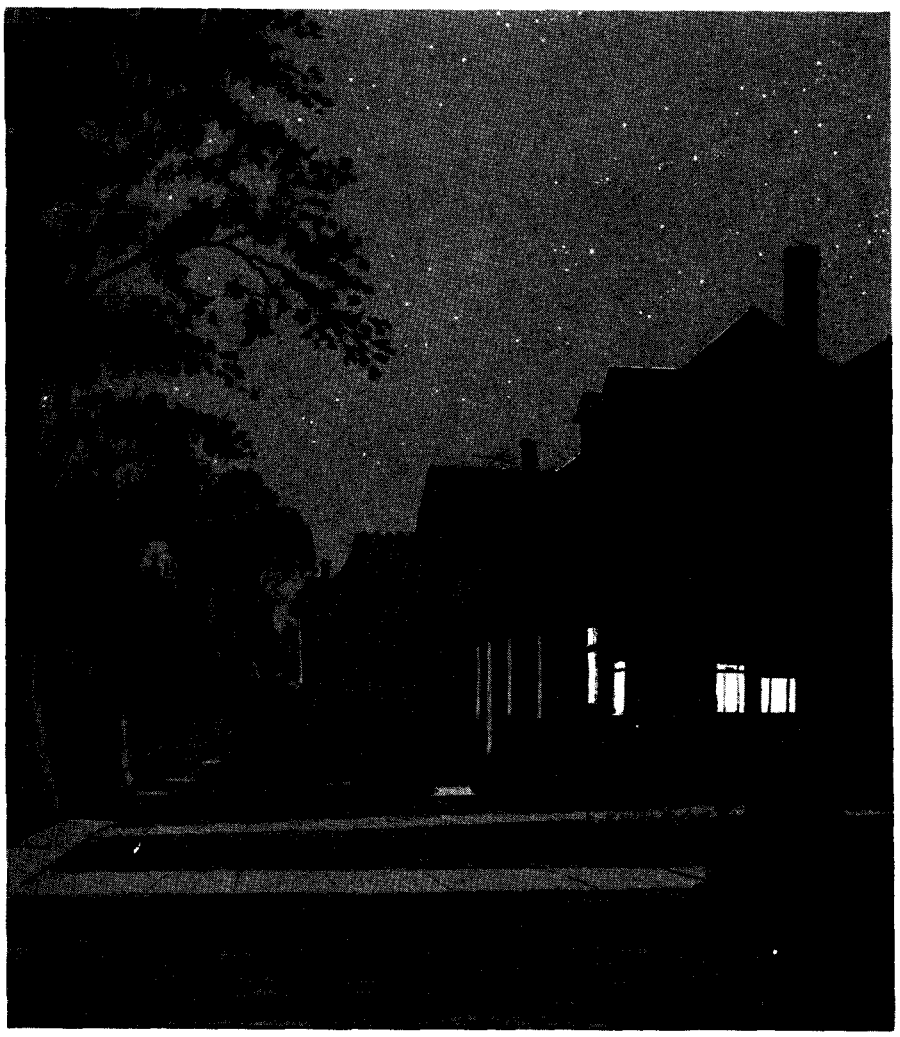

Island of calm in a lonely hour

[YOUR FUNERAL DIRECTOR]

There comes a time of looking back. Of being so very grateful to so many people for so many things. To relatives and friends for their warm, embracing love. To your clergyman for his quick and strengthening presence and spiritual reassurance.

And you look back with a very special kind of gratitude to your funeral director. He, too, was there. Quickly. Unobtrusively. An island of calm—with gentle, knowing answers to the multitude of sudden, insistent questions. Carrying out your wishes quietly, sympathetically. With efficiency and dignity. You sense that this is a role for which he has been trained . . . to which he is dedicated. You sense this of the cemetery people in their role, too.

And you are right. There are times in all our lives when we urgently need this island of calm. Isn't it reassuring to know it is there?

Send for your free copy of "My Duty". This 32-page booklet has answered for millions many of the important questions inevitably faced by the person who must take charge. It includes many beautiful and consoling poems, suggested sympathy notes. Simply write, The Clark Grave Vault Company, Dept. SEP-115, Columbus 1, Ohio.

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SPEAKING OUT

What a remarkable code of conduct for "devoted and courageous" law-enforcement officers—*Go ahead and break the law, men, but don't get caught!*

The implication that improper surveillance methods have been restricted to "organized-crime" cases is simply not in accord with the facts. By no stretch of the imagination can the peering at a sunbathing housewife, or the breaking and entering of homes of ordinary taxpayers, or the sneaking into a lawyer's offices to plant "bugs," or the tapping of public phone booths (a common IRS practice), be considered weapons in the war on organized crime. Nor can the waving of this banner explain away the bullying of attorneys who, when they incurred the displeasure of the agents, were themselves subjected to investigation. Nor can it condone the intimidation of juries (it is standard practice in tax-evasion cases to order a background check on jurors). Nor can it excuse the eavesdropping on lawyers and clients in "bugged" conference rooms in IRS offices.

It was in reference to this last practice that Commissioner Cohen's information was extremely inaccurate. At first he told us that there was only one IRS office in which eavesdropping had been done. Later he revised the figure to four or five, and more recently he has informed us that he has discovered that in 24 major cities IRS agents bug the private conversations between taxpayers and their lawyers.

In drawing attention to the inaccuracy of the information supplied to us by the commissioner, I do not mean to imply any attempt at deception on his part, but to point out the galling fact that Mr. Cohen is in the unenviable position of having to get his information from officials who were culpable participants in or accessories to the activities under scrutiny. I base this assertion on the fact that 200 agents of the IRS inspection unit have uncovered not one wiretap, whereas our subcommittee investigation staff consisting of one investigator has in a matter of weeks discovered dozens.

The malignant cancer of police-state tactics in the Internal Revenue Service is too advanced, I fear, to allow for any hope of self-cure. The only way to attack it is to subject it to the glare of public opinion. The American public deserves to know what goes on in the collection of their taxes. After all, it is their money and their Government.

Rather than blaming individual agents for past abuses, it is the intention of our subcommittee to expose the system that trained and equipped them, but somehow failed to equip them with a knowledge of and respect for law. Agent after agent has testified that despite the fact that he was trained to wiretap, no one ever told him that the practice was against the law.

More disheartening to me is the amorality that has arisen from the forced acceptance of improper practices as a way of life. Consider the answers of a Miami agent. I asked him if he would violate the state law in the future, if ordered to do so by his superiors. His answer was a very respectful, and very frightening "Yes, sir."

I then asked him if he realized that it is the basis of a police state for an officer to take the law in his own hands and violate it. His answer again displayed not only a remarkable candor but an alarming lack of concern: "That may be the basis of a police state; I do not know," he said.

Perhaps the 1984 that George Orwell portended is nearer than we think! During the course of the hearings, as I sat listening to the agents' testimony, the thought kept coming to my mind that the men who are the instruments of the systematic invasions of privacy are themselves the most tragic victims of the system. With few exceptions they impressed me as decent, hard-working, well-meaning government servants. I am certain that I sensed in some of them a feeling of shame for their acts, and I cannot help but conclude that the self-respect and morale of the service has been severely damaged.

I'm sure that I express the opinion of other members of my subcommittee when I state that we intend to help restore the respect, despite any attempt to discredit us by making it appear that we are impeding the war on crime. We share the desire to bring criminals to justice, but we also insist that justice requires that this be done by *legal* means.

Although our fight against police-state methods has just begun, and we realize the formidable obstacles ahead, I am optimistic about the future. Indeed, I feel that much has already been accomplished. Perhaps the most encouraging result of our efforts to date has been the reaction of President Johnson who, when our findings were brought to his attention, promptly issued an order banning all wiretaps except in national-security cases, and then only by members of the FBI, with the express authorization of the Attorney General.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has taken positive steps to limit future abuses. He has issued a directive restricting the use of wiretaps and eavesdropping equipment to certain specified cases. While we are not satisfied that adequate precautions have as yet been taken to prevent further abuses (the Treasury school still conducts courses in lock picking and wiretapping, and the commissioner has indicated that none of the burglary and listening devices will be disposed of), we recognize the difficulties of trying to reverse long-established policies.

The one thing that we promise the American people is that we will not rest until *all* illegal investigative methods against *all* citizens have been stopped.

Meanwhile the investigation will continue. We're convinced that we have barely scratched the surface in exposing the IRS Big Brother. To combat him we will need the help of an aroused public, of individuals jealous of their privacy, of lawyers who will fight even when they know that they may be singled out as his next victims.

It has long been recognized that the power to tax is the power to destroy. In our lifetime this precept has been so refined as to demonstrate clearly that the power to investigate taxes is the power to destroy. Freedom cannot survive so long as this power is in the hands of men who have ignorance of or contempt for the law.

The only way to fight Big Brother is by dragging him out in public and keeping the spotlight shining on him. It is our intention to do just that.

Edward V. Long

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Coming soon: General Electric Portable Color TV.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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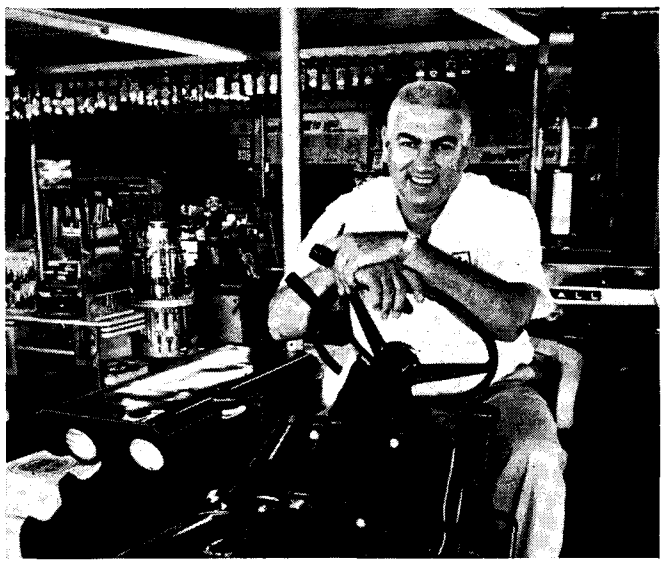
If you run a business like Bob Burkett's, farm equipment and hardware, in Biggsville, Ill.—you know what chews at you these days. Price cutting all around you! Cost of business inching up! Mostly, though, you don't have enough time! Time to get out and sell the way you want to!



Sentry knows you have these problems. After all, our business was started by a group of small businessmen — hardware merchants — who got together to form a company and insure themselves. And even though we sell all kinds of insurance nowadays, fire, auto, life, homeowners and so on, our main stock-in-trade is insuring small businesses!

And we like to think we can do a better job *for* them because we've *been* one of 'em. We know what a small businessman is up against.

You take Bob Burkett's operation. "Dad started the business back in '24", says Bob. "I grew up in it. Wasn't more'n 6 years old. Couldn't see over the counter hardly, when I started shagging parts. There was a dab of hardware, but mainly farm equipment. In a good year Dad did $50,000 gross."

Now the business is 10 times that big! One of the reasons Bob does over half a million a year is the way he services what he sells. He doesn't just repair a piece of machinery, he *rebuilds* it. Won't do just a "patch" job. Not for love or money!

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Here's what Sentry does: we cover Bob's buildings for fire—and save him $105 a year on the general rate. Cover the contents and rolling stock—at $180 a year saving. There's another $200 a year saving on public liability. $15 on accounts receivable. $40 on business interruption. Add to those savings $150 on business life insurance, $240 workmen's compensation and you have a grand total of: $930. All saved. For Bob Burkett. By Sentry.

It's no mystery how it's done: the Sentry man knows his business. Knows *Bob's* business, too. And helps Bob run it so his insurance costs are cut.

Maybe we could help U.S. Steel the same way we help Bob. But right now we can't find out. Even though we do over $135,000,000 a year, if we took on giants like U.S. Steel—we simply wouldn't have enough good people to go 'round. For U.S. Steel. For Bob Burkett. For you.

Perhaps you'd like to lock-up nights feeling safe — cut out a lot of worry — and save yourself some money into the bargain.

The Sentry man might be able to swing those things for you. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages. Why don't you give him a ring? Please remember, to him you're "big" business!

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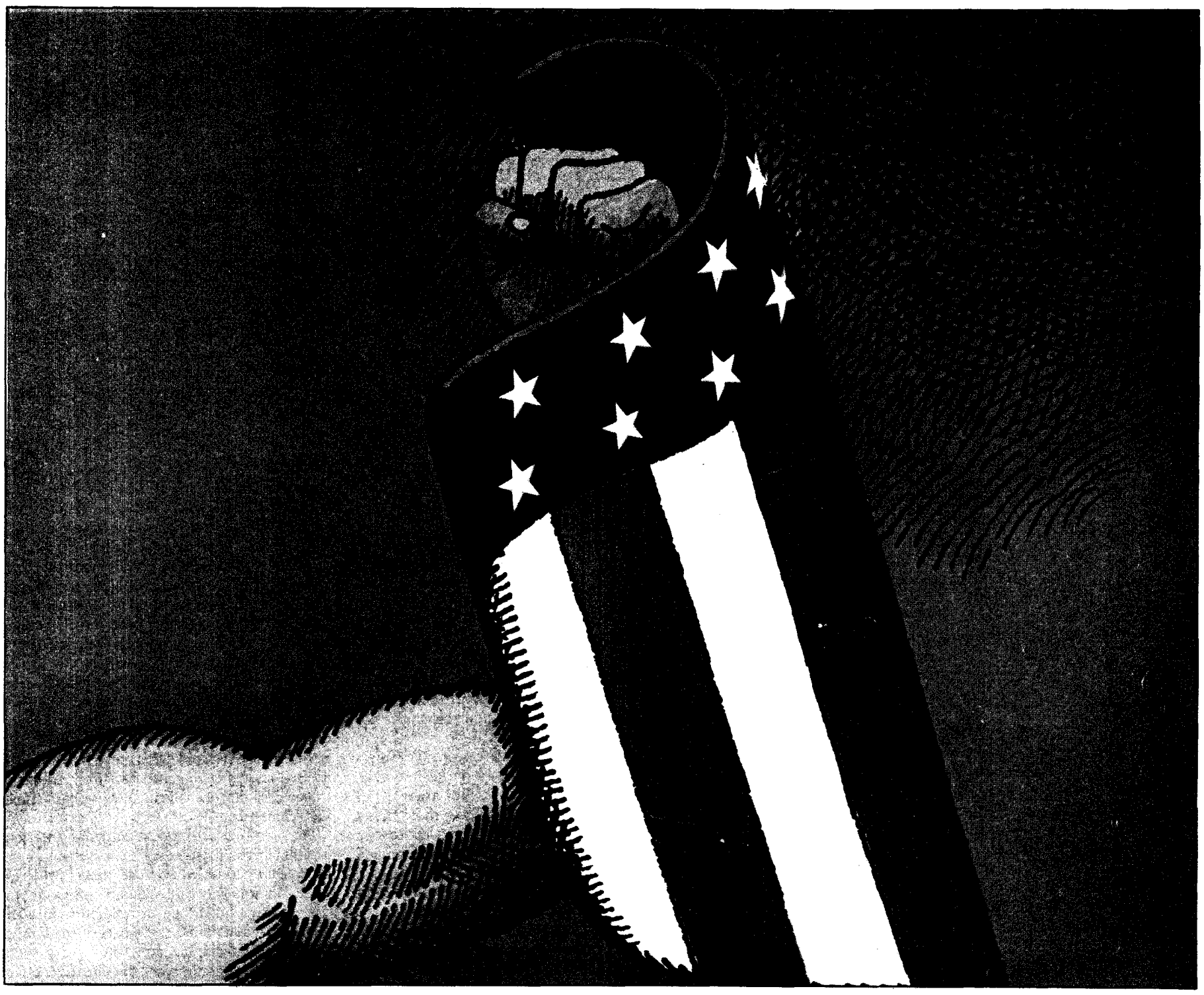
SECURITY



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THE GOOD GUY

LOS ANGELES:

Ronald Reagan, the leading Republican candidate for governor of California, has been described by his political managers as a "hot new product." He is probably the hottest new product on the Republican horizon.

He has a serious chance of becoming the next governor of the most populous state in the union. But he is more than just another political candidate. He is the new hero of the Republican right. All over the country, he is as much in demand as a speaker as Barry Goldwater used to be, and already the conservatives are dreaming presidential dreams for him.

This political hotness of a B-picture movie actor is surely an odd and interesting phenomenon. In an effort to understand it, this reporter went to hear what Ronald Reagan disarmingly calls "the speech," delivered before the Los Angeles Lions Club, and then interviewed the actor-candidate at some length.

"The speech" is, of its kind, a masterpiece—it elicited from the Lions a long, standing ovation. There is, to be sure, nothing very new or surprising in what Reagan has to say. In substance, "the speech" is simply Goldwater revisited—"The omnipotent welfare state" is threatening to rob the citizen of his freedom. What brings audiences to their feet is not the familiar substance, but the style of delivery.

Reagan's tone is infinitely sincere, his timing and modulation impeccable. The speech is larded with proper names (Jefferson, Madison, De Tocqueville, Woodrow Wilson, John F. Kennedy) and "facts" ("The Federal Power Commission sent a questionnaire to the gas producers which weighed ten pounds and required seventeen thousand accountant man-hours to complete"). At regular intervals, the doom-laden warnings of enslavement by the federal bureaucracy are relieved by a joke ("Government is like a baby—an alimentary canal with a big appetite at one end and no sense of responsibility at the other").

In a purely technical sense—in terms of delivery, timing, entertainment value—"the speech" was more effective than any political speech I have heard in years. And this, surely, is one secret of the hotness of Ronald Reagan as a political product. He not only tells his conservative audiences what they want to hear—he does so with such professional expertise that even the three-Martinis-before-lunch men stay awake.

There is another secret of the Reagan phenomenon, or so it seemed to me after the interview. The Reagan personality has a soothing effect, like a warm bath. Listening to him talk is oddly relaxing and mildly entertaining—rather like watching *Death Valley Days*, the television show in which he sometimes plays the Good Guy.

To every question I asked, Reagan had an easy and often disarming answer. Was it true that the Birch Society had promised to oppose or support him, whichever would help most? Reagan grinned. He had made a wisecrack about the Birch Society at a private meeting, he said, and now the joke had been blown up into a sinister plot—"I guess I'll have to learn not to be facetious." Did he really oppose the graduated income tax? Well, there was a "moral case" to be made against the tax, "but as a practical matter, it's here to stay." And so on.

Every answer was precisely calibrated to inch the candidate toward the center without offending his hard-core support on the far right. But again, what was impressive was not the substance, but the style.

There is not the faintest discernible difference between Reagan's views on all major issues and Barry Goldwater's. But there is all the difference in the world in how those views are expressed. Barry Goldwater used to say his say with a harsh candor which often made him sound like God's angry man, and which certainly cost him millions of votes. Ronald Reagan is the television Good Guy come to life, and his answers even to tough questions are about as harsh as Pablum.

Ronald Reagan's "Good Guy image" is not accidental. Stu Spencer and Bill Roberts, the shrewdest political image-makers in the business, have been hired as Reagan's political mentors, at a reported $50,000 a year. Some weeks ago the partners confided to *Newsweek* their plans for their "hot new product":

"We hope he'll present a reasonable picture of a candidate who is not the darling of the extremists, a sensible, reasonable guy who leans to the right. . . ."

That is precisely the "picture" Ronald Reagan does present. There is plenty of evidence that it is an effective picture. Reagan easily leads incumbent Governor Pat Brown in the polls. Moreover, Reagan's friend and fellow actor Senator George Murphy presented precisely the same kind of "picture" last year, when he played the good guy against Pierre Salinger's corpulent, cigar-smoking bad guy, and scored the biggest upset of the 1964 elections.

Murphy is the first professional actor in modern political history to be elected to major political office. To most people, it is (or it used to be) difficult to believe that an actor is entirely real. At 54, Reagan could pass for 40—the hair is all there and all brown, the teeth white and flawless, the eyes blue and unbespectacled, the complexion ruddily handsome. But because he is an actor, one finds oneself wondering snidely whether nature has been assisted by art (Hair dyed? Teeth capped? Contact lenses? Make-up?). This unfair prejudice extends from how an actor looks to what he says.

"The speech" sounds less like a political speech than a turn, an act, a well-rehearsed performance—Ronald Reagan playing the aroused citizen saving America from the menace of creeping socialism. Yet perhaps times have changed.

The old prejudice against actors as unserious persons, mere japesters and scurvy knaves, derived from a time when most people were exposed to actors only rarely, and then on a distant stage. Television, which brings actors into the living room and makes them part of the family, may have changed all that.

If Ronald Reagan wins, the effectiveness of the "Good Guy image" will be demonstrated beyond doubt. Then a nice smile and a winning manner will become more important assets to an aspiring politician than political experience or a talent for government.

Stewart Alsop

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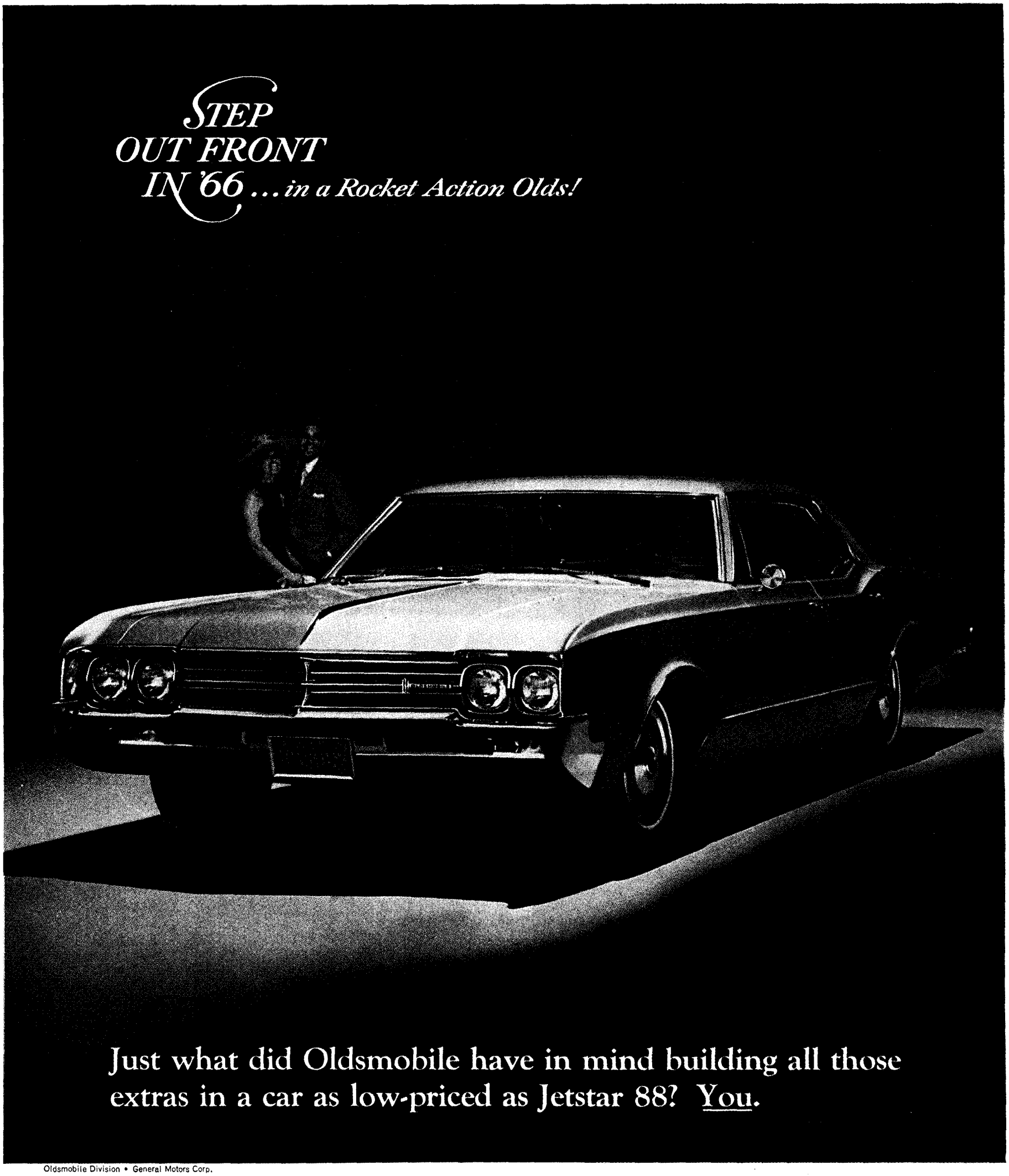

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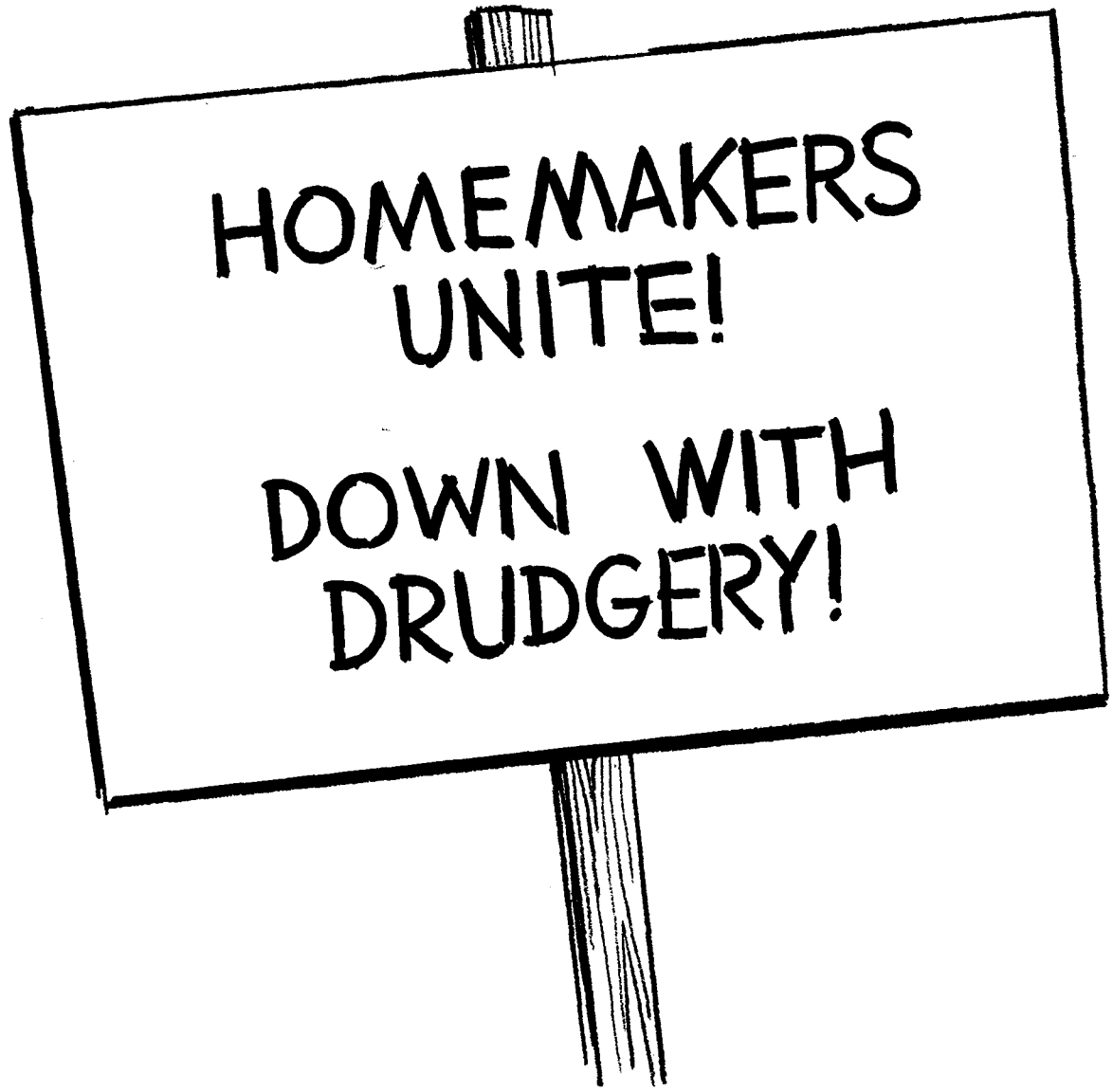

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But are you now the slave of an ancient monster that delivers more noise than cleaning action?

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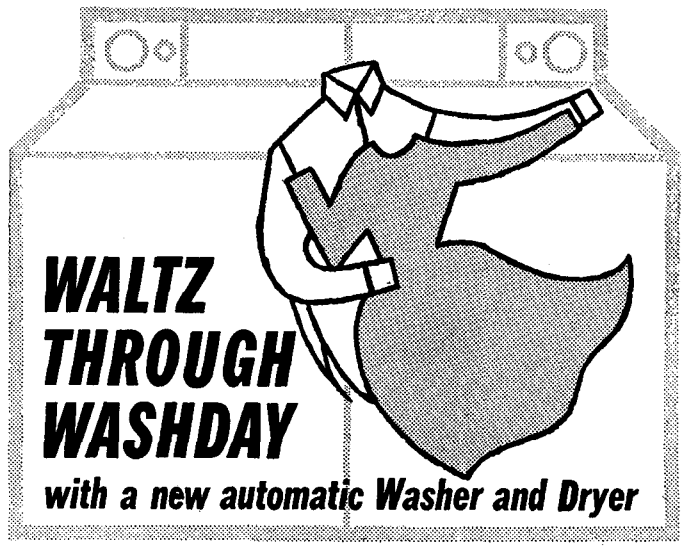

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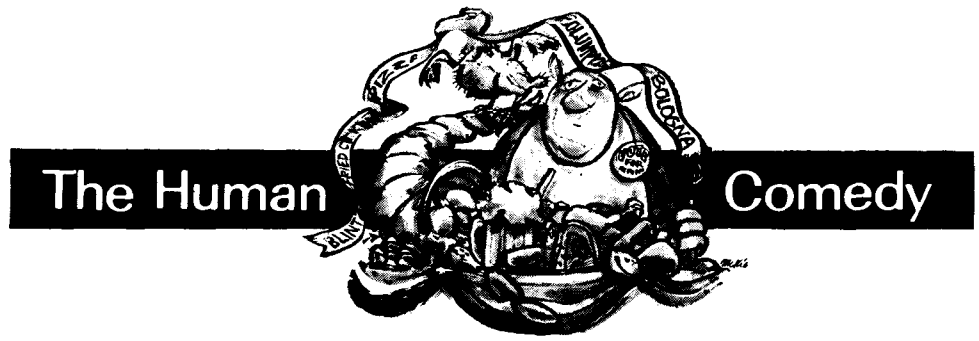

A POCKETFUL OF GOLUMPKIS

By JERRY KOBRIN

The year I decided to run for the city council in Reading, Pa., I planned my first campaign swing through the town's Polish precincts. Since my wife is non-political, Anglo-Saxon, Episcopalian, Junior League and a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I carefully coached her on the fine points of local politics. "Our first stop will be the Skrocki family's café, where you will be served a native dish known as golumpkis," I said. "Eat all the golumpkis, wipe your plate clean with a blob of bread, embrace the cook, Mrs. Skrocki, and tell her you've never tasted anything quite like her golumpkis. Got that?"

At the café there was a cordial reception from the assembled precinct chieftains, all awaiting Mrs. Skrocki's feast. My wife, when served her golumpkis, dutifully bolted every scrap of ground pork, every speck of rice, every shred of cabbage on her paper plate, and sopped up the sauce with her bread. Then, while 70 Polish voters beamed, she embraced the cook. "Thank you, thank you," my wife said, loud and clear. "Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Golumpki, for the most marvelous skrockis I've ever eaten."

The blooper cost me the precinct. And, after the word spread, the entire Polish sector of Reading fell to my opponent. Fortunately, by tripling my intake of pizza, pigs' knuckles and pastrami in other wards, I managed to scramble through to victory.

Candidate Richard M. Nixon once boasted in a television interview: "I can eat anything!" That may be, in which case I salute Mr. Nixon's endurance. But, somehow, I can remain unmoved while gazing at photos of Nelson Rockefeller fondling a blintz in Brooklyn, or Hubert H. Humphrey nibbling an enchilada while barnstorming the Southwest. Once the flash bulbs pop, I am convinced, substantial remains of the local delicacy are deftly backhanded to an alert aide as the national caravan flees to the next metropolis, garbage and all.

As a veteran of purely hometown campaigns, I'll wager that handlers of Nixon, Rockefeller, Humphrey *et al.* would never have let them actually begin a day with a Jewish breakfast (lox, bagels, cream cheese, marinated herring), followed in rapid order by a cookout of rubbery clams, two pastry-laden *Kaffeeklatsches* and a fire-company "banquet" (ring bologna, tripe and cubed cheese), topped off by an all-night Ukrainian wedding reception. This was precisely the schedule booked one Sunday by one of my campaign strategists, who may have been on the payroll of the opposition.

In my hometown of Reading I have long enjoyed a reputation as a dedicated eater (or *fresser*, as they say in the surrounding Pennsylvania Dutch country). For nearly a quarter-century, I worked as a local newspaper columnist and my prose was larded with affectionate accounts of local feasts I had attended. Domestic and commercial cooks alike looked forward to my appreciative presence, and I was a double-chinned, belt-bulging staple in the community's all-star *fressing* league.

But as a newspaperman-*fresser* I had been privileged to pace myself. This privilege ceased when I decided to run for a seat on the city council. Along with the nomination, I gained 32 pounds in seven weeks of lurching from church supper to firemen's festival to *bar mitzvah* to civic luncheon to wedding reception to club banquet.

The word "banquet," incidentally, is a political euphemism for a standardized cuisine of warm fruit salad (canned), leathery turkey, congealed gravy, cold mashed potatoes, shriveled peas, concrete rolls, melted ice cream, and endless pitchers of warm, flat beer. Every proffered platter must be licked clean and a refill demanded. Anything less than total ingestion is considered a personal affront and is likely to be reflected at the polls.

Compounding the perils of politicking in a town like Reading is its proud reputation as a Beer Town—there are two local breweries—and woe betide the candidate who spurns their product. I can recall one public servant who was reelected three times, and whose sole qualification for office was that he could drain an entire pitcher of beer chug-a-lug. Personally, it is a major effort for me to down more than one beer a night, but I learned, out of necessity, to manipulate steins so that it seemed like more. My bride can't drink beer, either.

"Please, can't I even have one small warm Martini?" she would whisper while the beer was flowing at a political banquet. "Shut up," I would snarl, unglued at the thought that she might have been overheard. "Shut up and please drink your delicious beer like a good girl."

My big break in my first campaign for a council seat came when my opponent visited the town's most influential political club, strode to the crowded bar, loudly ordered a round of beer for the house, and then ordered a Cointreau sidecar for himself. After that, I coasted all the way.

I finally reached my Waterloo this year, however. It took place during my annual physical checkup. "You've had it!" the doctor intoned as my 237 pounds oozed off his scales. "Forget about the beer and the pretzels and the potato chips and the lasagna and the kielbasa. Starting immediately, your limit is 1,500 calories a day."

"But, Doc," I said, "I'll need 6,000 votes to win, and you're allowing me only a quarter-calorie per vote. It won't be enough."

And it wasn't. Thumbed out of the Fressing League, I finished the primary campaign this year 38 pounds lighter—and nine votes behind my opponent (a brash young type who'll devour *anything* to get ahead.)

My health is now better, but my political career—comprising a single term as a city councilman—has been knocked flatter than a pizza. For me there can be no more feeding at the public trough. Instead, I console myself with a profound observation uttered back in 1924 by an eminent political philosopher.

"I tell you, Folks," said Will Rogers, "all Politics is Apple Sauce." □

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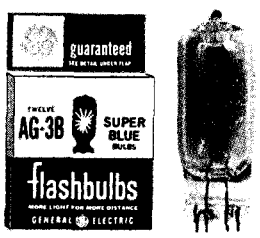

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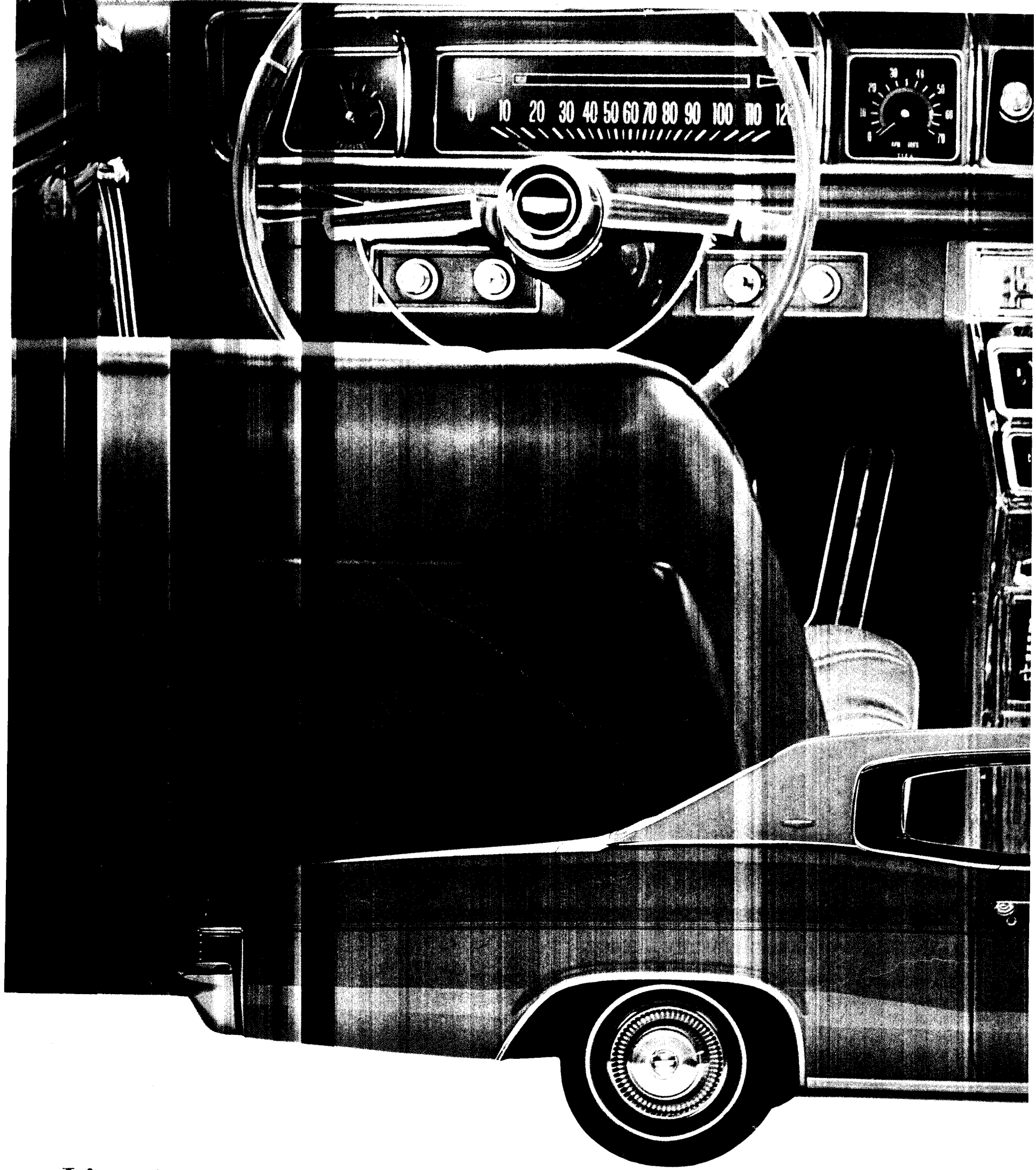

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The Saturday Evening POST

The two worlds of PRINCESS MARGARET

Wife of a photographer and sister to the Queen, sexy and yet entirely regal, she is the personification of a new era in Great Britain.

By James Morris

When the colonel-in-chief of the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps celebrates her birthday, flags are hoisted on public buildings throughout England. When the same lady goes nightclubbing, on the other hand, she drives unescorted through London in a Mini-Minor. Her husband recently published some of the most moving photographs of slum life ever seen, but she herself was born at Glamis Castle, where Lady Macbeth once presided. Many of her intimates are designers, interior decorators, actors and journalists, but her household staff includes a personal treasurer. Her sister is one of the richest women in the world, one of her forebears was Rodrigo the Cid, and most men who meet her find her exceedingly sexy—"just the right amount of flesh," one critic reports, "above the cheekbones."

This complex and contradictory person is Princess Margaret, sister to the Queen of England, fifth in line of succession to the British throne, and now paying her first visit to the United States

Painting by Jean Huens

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Wherever she goes the world curtsies.

(themselves lost to the Crown by her great-great-great-great-grandfather George III). A large public dotes on her, a lesser one detests the sound of her, but few would deny that she is an extraordinarily interesting woman—a royal princess on the edge of Bohemia, at the tail end of a family empire.

It scarcely seems gallant to consider an attractive woman as a historical symbol, but it is a penalty of royal birth to crystallize your times. English history in particular, with its thousand years of monarchy, is still conveniently pegged to its kings and queens, so that the mere name of a sovereign sums up the spirit of an era—Elizabethan dash, Victorian grandiloquence, Edwardian raffishness. To understand just what kind of phenomenon Princess Margaret is, you must explore something of the condition of England.

She was born on August 21, 1930, into a kingdom whose fabric and outlook were still recognizably Victorian, an England still speciously confident, still mistress of the greatest of empires. When the princess was nine years old, though, the Second World War began, and thus she grew up in a society altogether different in kind, in status and in values. Few great nations have been more exhausted in victory than Britain in 1945: It was as though some colossal but aging athlete, on the brink of retirement, were so to extend himself from one last miraculous sprint that as he bursts the tape everything yields inside him, his muscles suddenly limp, his wind exhausted, his whole being so momentarily spent that he does not care what figure he cuts, but abandons all his old self-disciplines and simply slumps, at once exhausted and ecstatic, on the turf. Something like this happened to the British at the end of the war, and so Princess Margaret, emerging from the austere order of her childhood, found herself in adolescence near the summit of a society in flux, where nothing seemed permanent, where many an old conviction had rotted.

It was as though a revolution had occurred. England in her Victorian prime had been a nation of castes whose barriers could be crashed by enterprising individualists, but whose general pattern seemed inviolable. There was an aristocracy, a gentry, a bourgeoisie and a working class. For a princess of the realm, life was circumscribed: Royalty married royalty, and the hierarchy was solid. The social vista, seen through the velvet curtains of Buckingham Palace, must have seemed gloomily dominated by obscure German princelings.

But when Princess Margaret came of age, the scene had half collapsed. Her England was something very different. The old class structure had lost its stability. The empire had disintegrated. New professions became socially smart—advertising, commerce, insurance, journalism, chichi house decoration, the *couture* trade, pop music. It was virtually a republic, with a crown on top. There was a touch of Weimar to it, and more than a hint of declining Rome.

Into this mélange the princess stepped as her sister succeeded to the throne as Elizabeth II. And she became, as princesses do, emblematic of the time, absorbing its spirit into her presence, and moving through it mirrorlike. A bright, filigreed, exquisitely polished mirror. She is a very small woman, and her image seems to flicker in and out of the newspapers, in flashes. Her sister becomes, it seems, more magnificent each year—in a kingdom racked by self-doubt and difficulty, a properly majestic queen. Princess Margaret, though, has always gone with smallness. She used to be called Princess Margaret Rose, and she always looked like the kind of child who momentarily makes you feel a little sad as you catch her eye through the chimneys of the dolls' house, and you wonder how fortune is to treat her.

She was, one gathers, rather a spoiled child, as such appealing creatures are liable to be. She was a virtual contemporary of Shirley Temple, and in the early portraits she looks like a child star herself—her hair not so bubble-curled, perhaps, her eyes not quite so saucer-blue, but still with some of the unnerving precocity that impelled those Hollywood infant prodigies to break, straight from a lunch of chicken-noodle soup, into a protracted soft-shoe shuffle or an excruciatingly sickly ballad. King George VI, a kind and simple man, adored this bright and brittle thing, and she, perhaps, stayed a little girl a year or so too long, in those dreary days of war when a Margaret Rose on a father's knee was one of the best of consolations. She was a wheedler. She was a toy. She had, like it or loathe it, star quality.

And she has had it ever since. We mostly thought of her as a child, I suppose, until her unhappy affair with Peter Townsend, one of King George's favorite equerries. But as that forlorn tale unfolded, we realized that she was not only a grown woman, and a lusty, original one at that, but also a figure of English history. She was dissuaded from marriage to Townsend by a rearguard action of the old forces, still potent in the kingdom. He was a divorcé, and the established Church of England could not permit such a union for a sister of the Queen (who is still, as the inscription on English coins tells us, Defender of the Faith).

For a few months Princess Margaret became the most sensational news. Her pictures filled the Paris weeklies, those supreme arbiters of tittle-tattle; in England she was seen, for the first time, as a champion of new causes—modernity, change, and all the fresh but uncertain values struggling out of the post-Christian morality. She was seen to stand, unlike her sister or her father, in the racier tradition of English royalty, in the line of Charles II or Edward VII, with their love of bright lights and witty tongues, and their strain of romantic showmanship. The young Queen, profiting from and surviving a spate of bitter criticism, advanced each year into greater splendor. But Princess Margaret seemed already to stand on the flank of the Establishment, looking out into the crowd, and tapping her foot to the electric guitars.

And so, five years ago, she married her photographer—Antony Charles Robert Armstrong-Jones, Esquire, who was educated at Eton and Cambridge indeed, and was the son of an eminent barrister, but who moved in a milieu totally unknown to George VI or Elizabeth II, and was absolutely nobody's idea of a storybook prince. For a few weeks they indulged in an ecstatic clandestine engagement, with rather the kind of pleasure Harun al-Rashid must have enjoyed when he moved among his subjects disguised as a water carrier or made love to his own dairymaid in impenetrable disguise. But when the news broke it was not really a surprise. It seemed to fit the facts. Margaret had already established herself as an avant-garde kind of princess, reconnoitering social territories generally unfamiliar to the House of Windsor.

At first the newlyweds were plagued by press photographers and reporters, spying on them over garden walls, pestering their friends, even inspecting restaurant bills to discover how much Tony's best man had spent on his dinner. The excitement

Flanked by bewigged and bemedaled Manxmen, Margaret represents Crown at proclamation ceremony on Isle of Man.

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has faded, though. The allure has lost its faintly lascivious quality. Armstrong-Jones was dubbed Lord Snowdon, and presently sired two bouncing little royals—David Albert Charles, Viscount Linley, who is now four, and the Lady Sarah Frances Elizabeth Armstrong-Jones, who is one and a half. The family took over a wing of Kensington Palace, and have lived happily ever after.

And so, at 35, Princess Margaret has become herself: a royal princess with a commoner husband, owing allegiance to two camps. On the one side is that grand, tiaraed world of her sister the Queen, velvet-cushioned, Rolls-Royced, President-escorted, police-lined, with curtsies on every corner and radiotelephones in the royal railway car. On the other is Tony's world, frequented by smart young semi-intellectuals—a push-button world, a functional, middle-30's, hi-fi world, abstracts on the walls and Mary Quant clothes in the closet.

Every happy wife, so the magazines say, is half her husband, and in a way Princess Margaret's position in life is best expressed by her husband's entry in *Who's Who. Snowdon*, it says, *1st Earl of: An Artistic Adviser to the Sunday Times and Sunday Times Publications Ltd., since 1962: Constable of Caernarvon Castle since 1963.*

Dazed by these odd confrontations and bemused by publicity, people sometimes forget her royalty. This is a great mistake, for she never forgets it herself, and she has a sharp admonitory tongue (her great-great-grandmother, after all, was Queen Victoria). She is, in fact, very, very royal indeed. The Cid does not ride alone through her pedigree: She can claim descent from magnificoes as varied as William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, Barbarossa and Saint Louis, king of France. She is a *real* princess, as the haughtier dowagers like to say—not one of your trumped-up Napoleonic royalty or beatified actresses.

You must see her against a family background of almost unimaginable wealth and privilege. She herself is very comfortably off—she gets $42,000 a year from the state, for a start—and her life is infused still with the queer, rather steely, elaborately courteous forms of royalty, still faintly tinged with the notion of divine right. I have asked several of her acquaintances what kind of woman they would suppose her to be, if they found themselves sitting opposite her on a train. A subdued but perceptible glint usually enters the eyes of the men, and they mostly think she would seem to be an actress or "something to do with television." The response of the women is at once more mystical and more exact. "Oh my dear, she could only be *royalty*."

Hatless and unheralded, Margaret leads actor Peter Sellers, his wife Britt Eklund and Tony from a Rome movie studio.

In theory she could give it all up. One of Queen Victoria's granddaughters, Princess Patricia, renounced her royal title when she wanted to marry a commoner (the son of an earl indeed, and later an admiral, but a commoner in England still). Many people thought Princess Margaret should have done the same when the fact of her royalty prevented her marriage to Townsend. "If she had," as one connoisseur remarked to me in London the other day, "today she would be the most romantic woman in Europe"—and my informant ended with a testy sort of sigh, as if to say that opportunity seldom knocked twice at the same boudoir.

Princess Margaret, though, was reared to duty, to a professional job for which she has been meticulously trained. And anyway, in England a royal princess cannot often ignore her origins. Not everybody loves Princess Margaret, but wherever she goes the world turns out to see her, curtsy, murmur its respects and present its bouquets. Her public program does not sound too exhausting, but it takes her all over the kingdom and it lasts the whole year through. A small staff works out the arrangements at Kensington Palace, basing them upon the applications for Her Royal Highness to open a blanket factory, visit an old-folks' home, or celebrate the centenary of a drama school.

She generally knows six months in advance what her schedule is likely to be. Her press officer, a gentle ex-cavalry officer whose services she shares with the Queen Mother, provided a typical week's program: On Sunday to Derby, in the English Midlands, for an enrollment ceremony of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. On Tuesday morning to South Wales, where the Carmarthenshire Federation of Women's Institutes was celebrating a jubilee. That afternoon a visit to a local exhibition of contemporary Welsh art, and in the evening helter-skelter back to London for a state banquet for the President of Chile at Buckingham Palace. And on Thursday in London the annual general meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. (She is its president, but unlike its counterpart for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it is not entitled to the prefix "Royal"; in England old priorities die hard.)

Legend attributes to her the tart retort, when admonished by the Queen for some trifling dishevelment: "You look after your empire, I'll look after my gloves." A completely private life, though, could never satisfy her. The Crown is too close, the excitement of great affairs is too real, and perhaps the perverse magic of royalty works upon its practitioners too. She likes to find a president at her right hand, a foreign minister at her left.

Her wing of the palace is set among the lawns and ponds of Kensington Gardens, overlooked only by the upper floors of the new Royal Garden Hotel. Princess Marina, the former Duchess of Kent, lives in another part of the same building, and yet another is the London Museum. It is an exceedingly posh sort of house to inhabit. The Ministry of Works spent almost $200,000 to restore it two years or so ago, and there cannot be many more desirable residences in London. It is furnished, for the most part, in a richly formal style—satiny sofas, excellent unnoticeable pictures, marble Negroes holding standard lamps, and all that sort of thing. Princess Margaret has a lady-in-waiting, three extra ladies-in-waiting, chauffeurs, maids, nannies and the usual run of footmen (sworn in advance to discretion, since the unfortunate revelations of one of Her Royal Highness's butlers). Her clothes are seldom exciting, but always unmistakably expensive. Her hair and makeup have a millionairess gloss. She is a rich young woman and lives like one.

But there is more to it than that. From time to time the moment comes when the princess must sweep down to Buckingham Palace on a ceremonial occasion; and then, as she sinks into the seat of her Rolls with a swish of silk and nylon, as the great engine purrs almost inaudibly in front, and the flag on the fender unfolds and flutters—then, on such an occasion of state, she can hardly help feeling how very special it is, how far beyond the aspirations of plutocrats or politicians, to be a royal princess in England.

Out of her palace she glides, flunkies bowing at the gate, and into the streets of London, the family capital. The way has been cleared for her progress. Policemen line her route. Every face is turned upon her, every car halts, the office girls giggle from their windows and the tourists gape from the sidewalk. Opposite the Albert Hall, great-great-grandfather

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Albert—*dear* Albert—watches her go by from his high memorial; through the shutters of Apsley House, perhaps, peers the ghost of the Iron Duke, Prime Minister to her great-great-great-grandfather George IV. Away down Constitution Hill sweeps the Rolls, down between the plane trees, with royal parks all around, and past the wedding-cake memorial from which great-great-grandmama Victoria gazes with perpetual distaste toward the ancestral home. And there is a clash of arms from the sentry at the gate, a flash of scarlet and bearskin and white from the assembled guard in the courtyard, a numb, bemused stare from the crowd around the railings; and so she is driven silently into the carriageway, into the familiar bosom of English royalty, home to the padded assurance of Buck House, where her father the Emperor of India lived, and her sister the Queen is waiting to kiss her affectionately but meticulously on the pink-white cheek.

But beside her, as likely as not, sits her Tony—Constable of Caernarvon Castle, to be sure, but also a busy press photographer who used to live in not-so-fashionable Pimlico. If she is always aware of her towering heritage, she is never far from her racy present. Tonight she may dine with the President of Chile; tomorrow, Peter Sellers.

There are signs of the dichotomy even in her splendid residence. Most of it is opulent English traditionalism, but parts of it show Lord Snowdon's touch. He has a darkroom there, and a hole in his study wall through which he can project slides into the princess's drawing room next door. When they restored the palace, he made some of the new moldings with his own hands, learning the skill especially. Guests of many kinds are entertained at their table—duchesses and ambassadors still, of course, but also actors, painters, publishers—whoever is currently smart or interesting in the world of entertainment and the arts. Princess Margaret is a gay and worldly, even voluptuous woman, and she loves everything related to the stage. She loves to meet the Dietrichs, the Cowards, the Sinatras, the Beatles. She loves to drop in on the newest cabaret unannounced and hates to miss a smash musical. Her tastes, I am told, are middle-brow—"sort of Rodgers and Hammersteinish," one acquaintance suggested to me. She doesn't read much, but she enjoys the conversation of clever, busy men—"in-group" men, such as you read about in the Sunday supplements.

All this means that her range of acquaintance and experience extends far beyond the normal focus of modern English royalty. Her admirers claim that by displaying a genuine royal interest in the affairs of the arts, by encouraging the avant-garde and implicitly thumbing her nose at philistinism and snobbery, she is performing a national service all her own, for which a distracted nation should be grateful. For myself, I cannot really see that it makes much difference to the nation one way or the other, but I always find Princess Margaret's double life enthralling to observe from a distance, and I am sure that when, in a couple of hundred years' time, some eager researcher in Iowa undertakes the definitive biography of the princess, it will be greeted by the reviewers as a proper microcosm of her age—a melting age, a thaw, when the old social icebergs disintegrated at last, and all was jostling, messy floes.

And what kind of woman will the narrative reveal behind its symbolisms and paradigms? A curious mixture herself, it would seem, of innocence and urbanity, modernity and staunchness. Shirley Temple still occasionally speaks in her, and often, they say, you sense in her conversation an evocation of prewar nursery days, starched nannies, ring-around-the-rosy, and solicitous attendant ladies. It was an overwhelmingly powerful ethos that surrounded her then, inherited from centuries of certainty, and it has never lost its force.

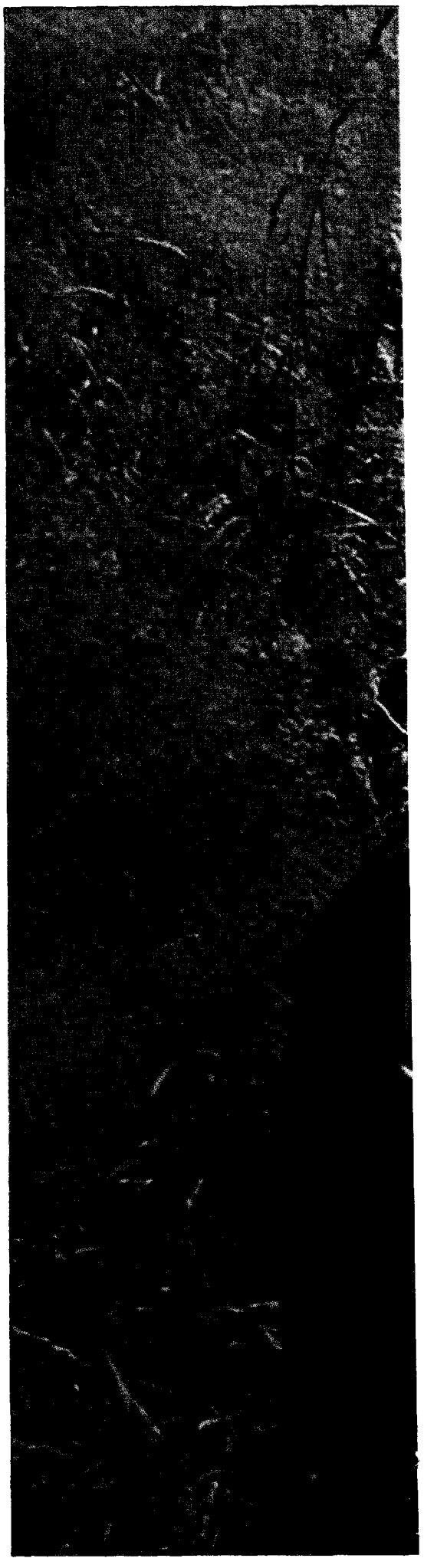
Public opinion often sees her as a heartless mother, leaving her children at the drop of a plane ticket to the West Indies, but I am assured it is not true. Certainly she is anything but a heartless wife. It was a love match, and it has patently worked: She still has the air of a very happy woman, and she is intensely proud of Snowdon's varied accomplishments—not least his having handcrafted the palace moldings. She clearly prefers male company to female—too many ladies-in-waiting, perhaps, in adolescence—though when stuck inescapably beside another woman on the sofa, faced with the prospect of a stilted exchange on clothes, babies or the state of the roses, sometimes she finds she actually enjoys herself.

Or so it seems. One cannot ask her. She lives a life that is half private, but her relationship with the world remains utterly abnormal. Her closest friends never call her Margaret, always Ma'am. Sometimes she looks distinctly disapproving when Tony's friends address him as Tony. Her press officer will give you information only about her public life and would probably regard as an intolerable intrusion any inquiry about her taste in soups or the color of her eyes (which are, as it happens, rather a lovely blue).

For far more powerful, I suspect, than any emanation of intellectuals and entertainers is the influence of that imperial background—that splendor of Glamis and Sandringham, that ghostly parade of gillies, nursemaids, dukes and marshals, distilled so mysteriously in history and romance. Princess Margaret is well known in the nighttime haunts of Chelsea, but she remains astonishingly grand—grand beyond the attainment of ordinary mortals, however rich or eminent. No Rockefeller could be colonel-in-chief of five regiments, plus Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. No Audrey Hepburn could be both a Dame Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order *and* a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

So tread warily if you meet her. Do not call her Meg or try to hold hands under the table. Remember her nephew Charles is Prince of Wales and Lord of the Isles. Margaret Rose, Countess of Snowdon, is far more a princess than a housewife, or even a Bohemian soul-mate. A man I know once caught a revealing glimpse of her standing on the doorstep of a private house in Kensington. It was not a particularly imposing house. She was having one of her Sunday-supplement evenings. Lord Snowdon had driven her there in the Mini, but bang outside the front door somebody else had parked a car, and they had to settle for a space a little way down the street.

The unsuspecting owner of the other car was still inside it—listening to the radio, perhaps, or figuring his football pools. And as Princess Margaret passed by along the sidewalk and mounted the steps to the front door, she gave him a *look*—a sharp, high, saberlike, instantly royal look. Tony was there at her shoulder, pocketing his keys—yet on the doorstep, just for a moment, the Cid escorted her, and the Conqueror, and Charlemagne, and all those tremendous old potentates of her lineage, who would none of them know a Brownie camera from a Hasselblad nor think twice about decapitating an importunate serf. □



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Lovingly grouped, "the Snowdons" display
the naturalness and humanity that make them less remote than royalty usually seems.
Viscount Linley is four, his sister Lady Sarah one and a half.

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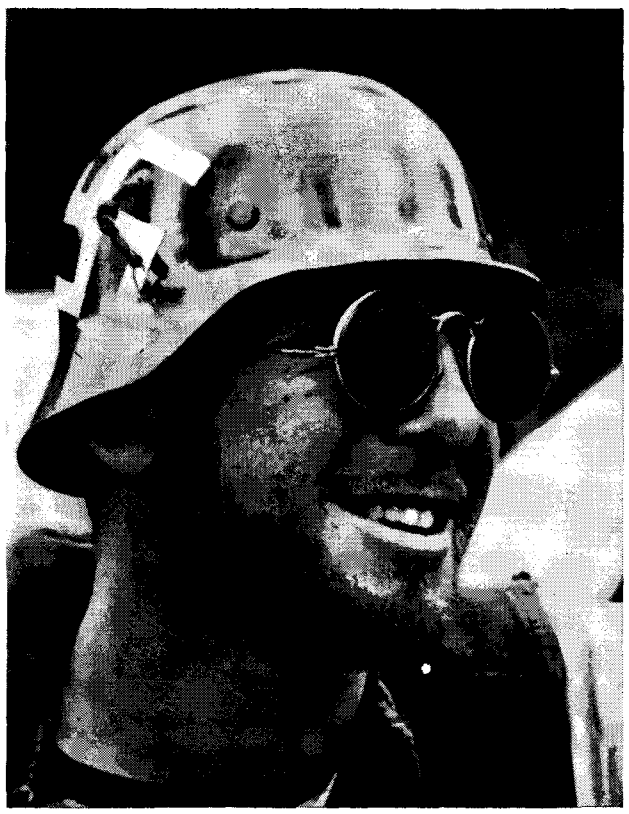
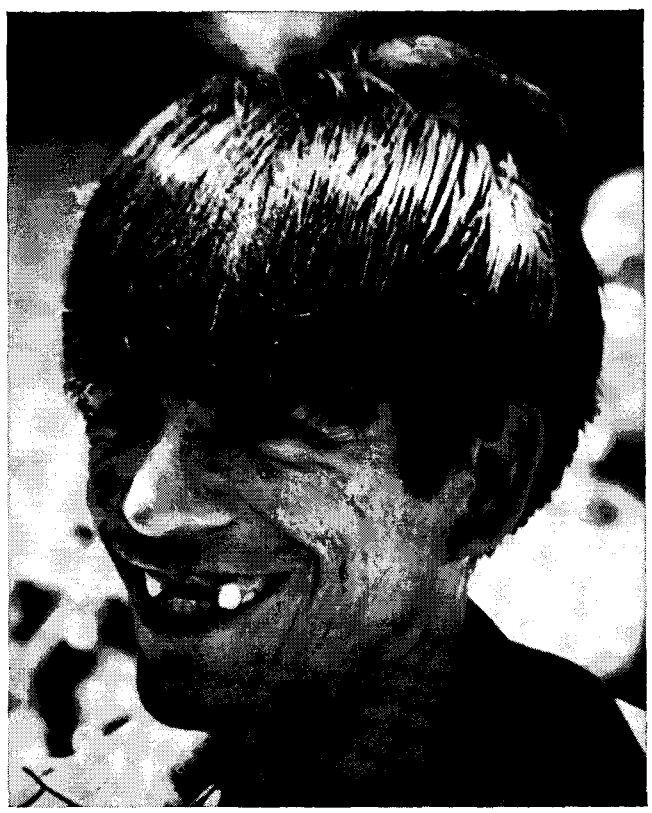
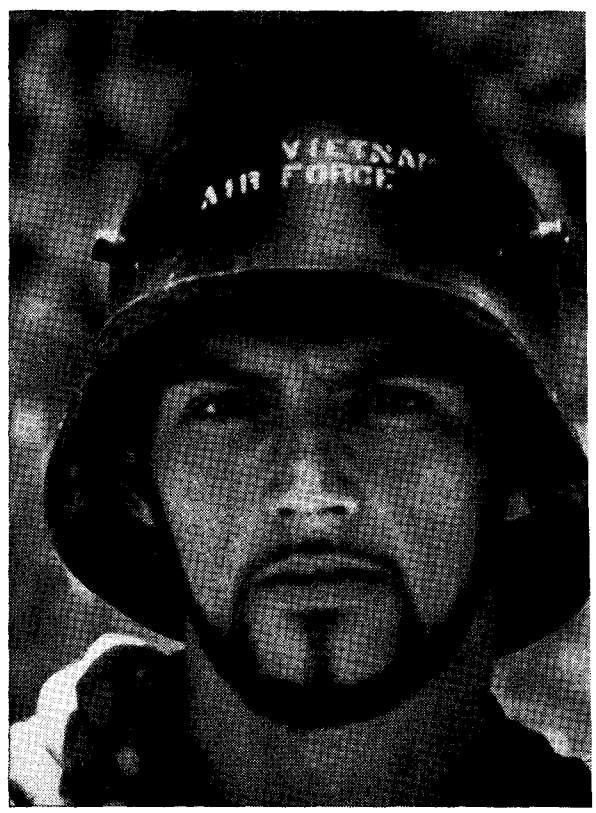
Roaring into town on their motorcycles, they are both a menace and a myth. They have been called everything from barbarians to 'the last American heroes.' They are against everything but each other. And they glory in the title of

HELL'S







Appearance is important to the Angels. "When you walk into a place where people can see you," one of them says, "you want to look as repulsive as possible." Swastikas and other N

By William Murray

My first impression when I walked into the Blue Blaze was that I had blundered into some sort of obscene children's party. There were about 15 men in their early 20's, and five or six of their girls, standing at the bar, sitting around the small dance floor, huddled by the jukebox, shooting pool, perched out on a patio beside which a row of motorcycles gleamed silver and black in the light from an open doorway. The girls, with chalk-white faces and dark glasses, wore Levis and boots and sawed-off jackets. The men wore the same carefully ratty uniform, but with decorations: wings, swastikas, *Luftwaffe* insignia, cloth patches of a skull wearing a winged helmet, patches with the number "13." The decorations glinted oddly in the dim orange light, and the whole place had the ludicrous air of a costume party. Nonetheless, I was with two detectives, Inspector Larry Wallace and another plainclothesman of the San Bernardino, Calif., sheriff's substation, and I was supposed to pass myself off as a detective. I was getting my first look at some members of the Hell's Angels, the most notorious and feared "outlaw" motorcycle club in California.

One Angel, fat and curly-headed and thick-lipped, with his back to the jukebox and an arm around the neck of a tiny girl with stringy blond hair, was swaying gently, but not in time to the music.

"Hey," he said, to no one in particular, "how's about we all get into the shower together?"

The girl laughed harshly, pushed him away, and

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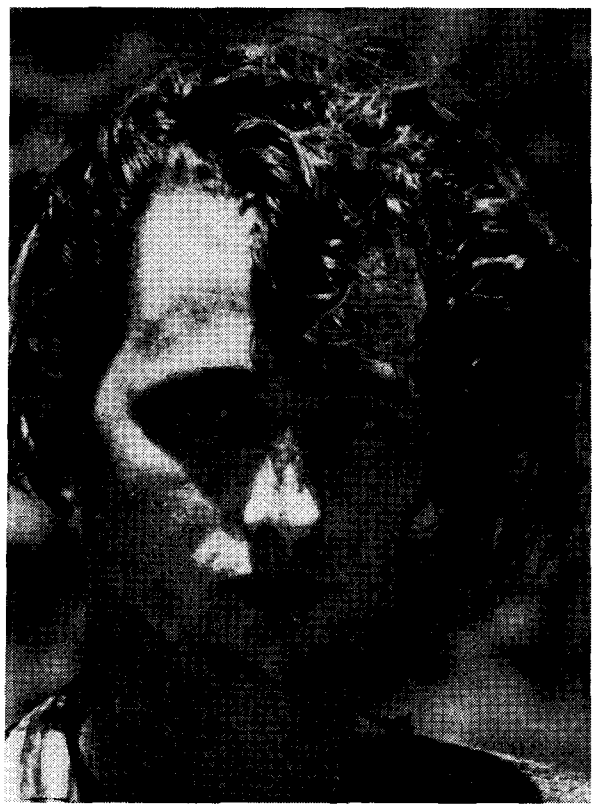
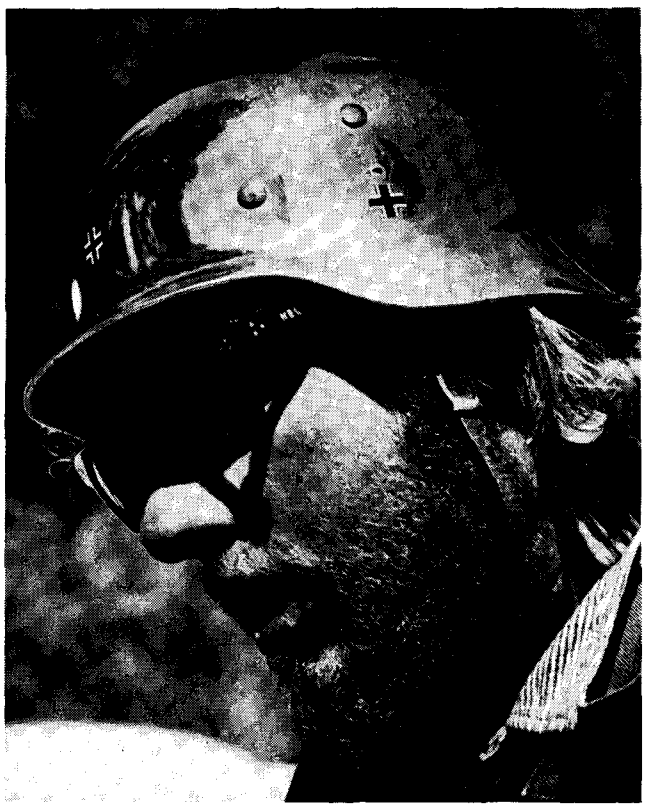
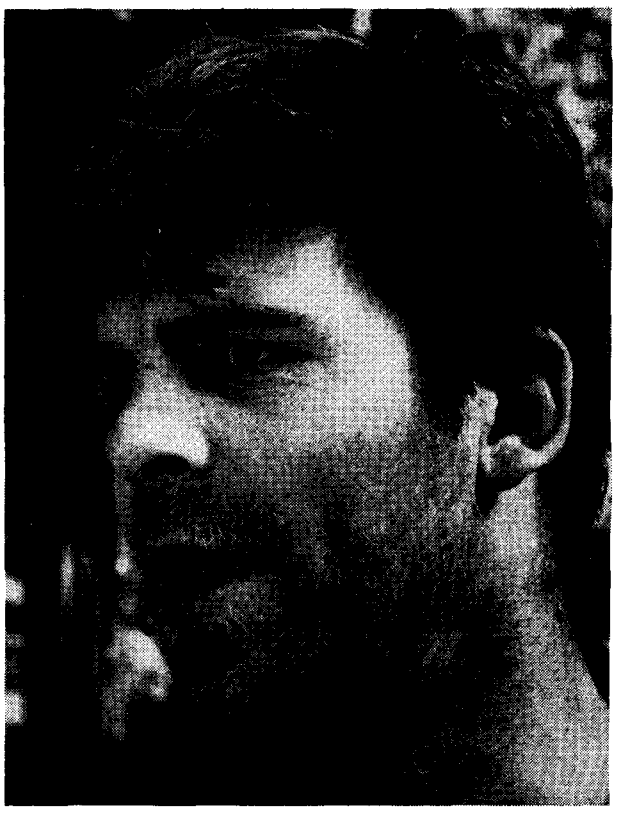
ANGELS







gnia are nonpolitical and in defiance of public opinion. Another proud badge is the numeral "13," which stands for the 13th letter of the alphabet, "m," which stands for "marijuana."

joined the group around the pool table. The players were cursing and laughing with every shot. One young Angel with long, greasy locks and a pointed beard would run around the table every time he put a ball away and kiss everyone. "Mother, mother, mother," he'd exclaim and snap his fingers in the air. Around the dance floor, three couples swigged beer and joked with each other; one girl got up and began doing a slow jerk in time to the music, but she was quickly hauled back by her partner, a burly Angel with anchors tattooed on his biceps. She squealed with delight and flopped on his lap.

Otto, the Fontana club president, eyed us warily, but Wallace smiled. "No sweat, Otto," he said. "We're just having a look around. How's it going?"

"Lousy," Otto said. "The goddam heat is on everywhere."

Several Angels and girls gathered around him. It turned out that they blamed the press for some difficulties they had been running into. "We can't ride nowhere no more," one of them said. "We can't even wear our colors hardly, except around here." Otto was especially pessimistic about the way things were going. "We ain't even heard from that actor Sal Mineo since we let him know we wanted three grand, which don't seem like a lot for a whole damn movie, now does it?" he said bitterly.

At the bar the proprietress, a plump middle-aged woman, dispensed beer and whiskey. Angels were scattered along the length of the bar, but down at

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'You won't see an Angel wearing his colors on the sidewalk around here,' an East Los Angeles sergeant said.

The Angels and members of affiliated clubs form a funeral procession en route to a cemetery in Hayward, Calif. A member of the Hayward branch had been killed in a knife fight.

one end a small group of young Negroes drank silently together and warily surveyed the scene around them. I sat down next to a husky Angel of about 25, and a pretty blonde, whom I'll call Skip and Rosie.

"What do you guys keep coming around here for?" Skip asked me. "We ain't doing nothing. Why don't you leave us alone?"

"Yeah," Rosie said. "They want to make sure you take a bath, that's all."

"I took a bath, honey," he said.

"You didn't take one once for two months," Rosie said. "It's a good thing I got lousy sinuses."

"That was last year," Skip said, grinning. "Now we're as clean as all you good citizens, ain't we, Rosie?"

Rosie grinned.

"He don't care, anyway," Skip said. "To him, I stink. And to me, he stinks. The last cop that came in here got *his* bath, only it was in beer." Skip and Rosie walked off toward the dance floor, their arms around each other.

"Hey," the thick-lipped curly-head at the jukebox said to the room at large, "what do you say we all get under the shower together, huh?" Everybody ignored him.

A little later, as I headed back to the car with the two detectives, I told Wallace I thought maybe I should have told the Angels who I was. Then I could have hung around longer.

He took my arm and stopped me. "Listen," he said, "I don't know where you're going from here on, but don't ever make the mistake of underrating the Angels. They're tough and they're mean, and that's the truth. I don't think they'd be dumb enough to stomp on a journalist, but you can't count on it. And when they're all together, dressed up and partying, anything can happen.

"Now you take this bar here: We're going to have a real bad situation in there in a few weeks. You seen there was a few colored boys in there tonight? They've been staying away, but it looks like they're going to come on back. Now when we get a dozen or so of these colored boys in here with the Angels, well, you'll see what'll happen."

I asked Wallace if the Angels were racists. "No, not really," he said. "Maybe deep down they are. There ain't no Negro Angels. But the main thing is the Angels ain't *for* anybody, and that makes them anti-Negro and just about anything else."

The Hell's Angels have been around for 15 years, but they came to national prominence when they roared unexpectedly into California's Monterey Peninsula on Labor Day weekend of 1964. According to newspaper reports, there were some 300 of them from all over the state, bearded and long-haired, bizarre-looking and foul-mouthed, noisy and menacing, all wearing their colors: swastikas, wings, Levis, the short denim jackets, the numeral "1," which means the wearer belongs to the "outlaw" one percent of clubs not affiliated with the American Motorcycle Association. They were making one of their celebrated "runs," a flocking together in some sparsely populated area in order to have a party; the sort of party, authorities contend, that can degenerate into a drunken riot, such as the one that overwhelmed the small town of Hollister, Calif., back in 1947 or raged in the streets of Laconia, N.H., last June.

In Monterey the Angels set up camp near the small town of Seaside, built a huge bonfire at the water's edge, and began to drink and roughhouse and paw the strange-looking women they had brought along with them. They had come, they said, to solicit contributions from the membership to send the corpse of a dead buddy of theirs, who had recently been killed in a highway accident, back to his mother in North Carolina. And why Monterey? "Because we get treated good here," one of the Angels explained to a local reporter. "Most other places we get thrown out of town."

And so, under the watchful eyes of Monterey's police, the Angels proceeded to throw their fund-raising party. Here is California's Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch's account of what happened next:

Early on the morning of September 6, complaint was made to Sheriff's officers by the erstwhile companions of two girls, aged 14 and 15, that they had been taken away from their boyfriends by some Hell's Angels at the site of the camp. Shortly, deputies found one completely nude and another with only a small amount of clothing on her. Both alleged that they had been raped by five to 10 men just prior to the arrival of the officers. They professed to be unable to identify any responsibles at that time. Some hours later, four men were arrested after being identified by the girls. Two of the men identified themselves as presidents of the North Sacramento and Richmond Hell's Angels chapters. . . .

The next day the police escorted the Angels and their girl friends out of town, detaining the four suspects for questioning. The newspapers splashed stories all over the front pages, and a local politician named Fred S. Farr, a state senator, requested Attorney General Lynch to investigate not only this specific outrage but also the whole question of the Hell's Angels and outlaw motorcycle gangs in general. Alarm over such gangs was not new; the Hollister riot of 1947 had introduced outlaw motorcyclists to the nation and had inspired the movie *The Wild One*, starring Marlon Brando. What was new, however, was the almost panicky determination to do something about it.

Lost in all the hullabaloo was the fact, reported obscurely or not at all, that on September 25 all charges against the four Hell's Angels had, for some reason, been dropped. Still, the impression lingered on that foul deeds had been committed and the authorities had been aroused.

The attorney general's report was made public at a press conference in the middle of March, about six months after the events in Monterey, and it caused an immediate sensation. For days it was almost impossible to buy a newspaper anywhere in California that didn't contain some terrifying account of what the Hell's Angels had been up to. "No act is too degrading for the pack," *Time* magazine wrote. ". . . But their favorite activity seems to be terrorizing whole towns." The article went on to describe how the Angels and some allies had all but wrecked the tiny town of Porterville, Calif., (population 7,991) in September, 1963. The attorney general's report itself cited 17 specific instances of "hoodlum activities." It declared that the offenses most commonly committed were forgery, assault, auto and motorcycle theft, rape, sex perversion and habitual use of dangerous drugs.

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Nonetheless, on closer reading, the report turned out to be oddly temperate about what had actually been proven. It noted that the Monterey rape charges had been dropped because "further investigation raised questions as to whether forcible rape had been committed." It revealed that not one of the 17 instances of hoodlum activities had resulted in a major conviction, most not even in arrests. It turned out that 151 Angels or associates had actually been convicted of a felony and 85 had actually served time. The 1,023 misdemeanor convictions reported were mainly for traffic violations. Furthermore, these figures covered 15 years, a fact omitted from the report. This wouldn't qualify the Angels for Good Conduct Medals, but it did make for slightly less dramatic reading.

By the attorney general's own count, there were 463 Hell's Angels in the state, almost all of them either in the San Francisco Bay area or in and around Los Angeles. Two hundred and seventy-six ex-Angels were reportedly among the 438 other outlaw motorcyclists belonging to such groups as the Coffin Cheaters, Satan's Slaves, Devil's Henchmen, Outlaws, El Diablos, Gypsy Jokers and East Bay Dragons (a Negro outfit).

But lurid stories continued to appear regularly in the press. The Angels were suddenly everywhere, committing all sorts of atrocities. The climax came when the 18-year-old daughter of a police lieutenant was raped in Reseda. The girl had been lured into a house containing 12 to 20 men, including 3 to 11 (depending on which story one believed) of "the notorious Hell's Angels." The police rounded up 16 suspects, and the girl's father subsequently shot down one of them, who had had nothing to do with the crime, in a corridor of the West Valley police station. Ultimately five suspects were indicted. None was a Hell's Angel.

About this time a newspaper called The Porterville *Recorder* ran an editorial which indignantly took issue with the published stories that the Angels had gone berserk in Porterville. The truth was, said The *Recorder*, that at the first sign of trouble, the Angels had been escorted peacefully out of town. The paper was annoyed that no credit had been given to the Porterville police department and allied enforcement agencies for having prevented exactly the sort of hell-raising the outside press claimed had taken place.

Shortly after the Porterville editorial, the Angels themselves showed up on, of all things, a half-hour television program on a local California station. It was called *Rebels on Wheels*, and showed the Angels in their hangouts around Fontana. Among their spokesmen were an almost inarticulate brute known as Blind Bob and a tough-talking brunette named Donna, who would have been pretty except for a scar that ran from the corner of her mouth practically to her earlobe. They were all puffing away on cigarette butts and their speech was oddly slurred, either from drink or from whatever they were smoking.

The program was largely a protestation of innocence. Donna said the Angels were good guys, that charges against them were always dropped because the authorities never had anything to go on. Why did she hang around with the Angels? "Everybody believes in something. Some people believe in God. I believe in the Angels." A sociologist, Dr. Lewis Yablonsky, pointed out that society tended to aggrandize the Angels' behavior because "there is a touch of this in all of us." But the most vivid moment of the program came when Blind Bob, inarticulate during the interview,

A motorcycle is a "hog," and it is a means of escape from the square world. The Harley-Davidson 74 is the favorite.

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'I went through all that school and family jazz. Boy, am I glad the Angels took me in! I don't ever want to be anything but an Angel!'

An unattached girl is a "Mama," an attached one an "Old Lady." Above, Jim "Mother" Miles and his Old Lady (and wife) Ann.

was shown planted on the back of his "hog," riding down the highway. He had handled that big, powerful machine with consummate ease, steering it casually with one hand, like Valenzuela bringing Kelso to the starting gate, the wind blowing hard into his face, and his mouth set in a tight grin of pure enjoyment.

As I thought about all these happenings—the Monterey accusations, the attorney general's report, the published accounts, the actual facts, my TV glimpse of the Angels themselves—I decided that whatever the Angels were, they were not simple, either by themselves or as a social phenomenon. I decided to try to get a clearer idea of them, and of those who dealt with them.

The five sergeants and lieutenants in the East Los Angeles sheriff's station all belonged to the Special Enforcement Detail. They were all agreeable but stern-looking men with short haircuts, and they were all in agreement. They thought the attorney general's report had not gone far enough. They felt they had matters under control in Los Angeles County ("You won't see an Angel wearing his colors on the sidewalk around here"), and they thought other areas ought to crack down harder. They told a number of atrocity stories about "Angel weddings," in which Angels earned "red wings," red-enameled USAF flight insignia, by committing indecent acts. It was all part of something the Angels called "showing class," acts defined as "real mind-snappers."

"Now," one of the sergeants said, "if you want to get in touch with the Angels, we can give you a contact. Fellow named Ed Roth. Call him up."

"He makes things for them," said another sergeant. "And he likes them. Look, you might have to pay him something."

"Pay him something?"

"For the Angels," he said. "They're interested in money."

"What is Roth to you?" I asked.

"We have an agreement," a lieutenant said.

As I left, one of the sergeants handed me a card:

SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
PETER J. PITCHESS, SHERIFF

"Be sure you spell Peter J. Pitchess right," the sergeant said. "He's the sheriff around here, and that's an elective office."

Ed Roth is called Big Daddy, and he has been praised by Tom Wolfe in the title piece of a book, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, as one of the country's most brilliant designers of custom-built automobiles. His designs were reproduced in plastic kits by the Revell Company and sold in the hundreds of thousands. Big Daddy Roth Monster T-Shirts, in 200 different versions, went at the rate of 1,000 a day.

Roth had his own ideas about the Angels. "They're the Wild Bill Hickoks, the Billy the Kids, the last American heroes we have, man," he said over the phone. "They've got plenty of loot now, and they're not going to talk to you. They're sick of all this publicity." He said another reporter had gone to Bakersfield with them last spring. "The cops had traps laid for them, and he picked up all their traffic tickets. Man, he must have poured twelve hundred bucks into the Berdoo [for San Bernardino] treasury at least. But now they're mad as hell. The piece hasn't come out

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yet, and they're sore about all this other crap that's been done about them, and especially that TV program. You saw Doug and Hambone, they were flying, man. Then they promised to cut out all that stuff about marijuana, but they go ahead and run it anyway. Just last night they had a meeting and voted to turn the press off."

I told Roth I still wanted to talk to him.

"OK, come on down here," he said. "But don't wear a necktie."

Roth lives and works in Maywood, a desolate-looking, smog-filled community out toward Long Beach. He calls his small complex of boxlike buildings a studio, and there is a sign proclaiming: ROTH: MONSTERS THAT MEAN BUSINESS!

Big Daddy was out in back, working over his new car, a bright-yellow drag racer called Yellow Fang, which he said could hit 190 miles per hour in nine seconds from a standing start. Roth is in his early 30's, he is six feet three or four, and he must weigh close to 300 pounds. He sports a scraggly goatee and a moustache, and he was wearing a gaudy, flowered shirt with an "I Like Bikes" button on it. I found out later he's been happily married for years, has five children, and won't drive any of his own drag racers.

Big Daddy revealed that Sal Mineo was supposed to have coughed up $3,500 for the Berdoo treasury, and that the Angels were thinking of renting the corner of Sunset and Vine to put themselves on public display at 25 cents a look. He had advised them against it and urged them to hire a lawyer because their civil rights were being violated. I asked how all these projects jibed with the Angels' determination to avoid publicity. "They got to do something gigantic," Roth said. "Something that'll put them over, take the heat off." Later, he unveiled his newest creation, a Big Daddy T-Shirt with HELL'S ANGELS' FAN CLUB stenciled across the front.

Fontana is a sleepy-looking town in San Bernardino County, and the first thing that strikes you as you near it is the sheer flatness of the land, the wide country roads, criss-crossing each other endlessly, all but empty of traffic. There are no curves, and even on the back roads cars can go 70 miles an hour. It's a motorcycle paradise.

Seventeen thousand people live in Fontana itself, and they are almost all recent arrivals, drawn into the area by the great iron heart of Fontana, the Kaiser steel plant. You can see it for miles, its great, black chimneys and slag heaps soaring high above the palms and eucalyptus and citrus groves. The plant was built 20 years ago, during the war and, until it came, there were only a few thousand Okies and squatters, who grew oranges and lemons, raised chickens and rabbits. There are many Negroes and Mexicans in the area, and they live in desperate squalor, in rotting shacks and coops. The sun always shines, and it's always warm.

The first chapter of the Hell's Angels was founded here in 1950. Most of the Angels come from lower-income groups and have had little or no education. If and when they work, it is usually at menial tasks, on factory assembly lines or as garage mechanics. A few hold down white-collar jobs (Tiny, in Oakland, is the credit manager of a television-and-electrical-appliance store; Skip from Richmond was for seven years a clerk in a small food-chain outlet, until he was fired last July for refusing to quit the Angels). Most tend to move from job to job, taking work only when they absolutely have to. Their basic expenses are not high, since they often share houses and costs. Some refuse to work at all, but will live off the earnings of employed girl friends or from whatever they can steal: The police claim that the Angels are the country's ablest motorcycle thieves and geniuses at assembling a "hot" machine from the scattered parts they pick up here and there in their wanderings. In any case, whatever money they manage to acquire is only a means to an end, best symbolized by their clothes. The Nazi uniforms are worn only because they have become identified, through comic strips and men's adventure magazines, with the license to band together, to push people around, to be somebody. "When you walk into a place where people can see you, you want to look as repulsive as possible," said one Berdoo Angel. "We're bastards to the world and they're bastards to us."

The motorcycle is the chief instrument the Angels use in the achievement of freedom and power. The Harley-Davidson 74, the machine most of the Angels ride, is an awesome beast to start with—a roaring charger easily capable of 100 miles an hour, a concentration of power you can merge into, do tricks with, escaping at terrific speed from whatever is pursuing you, with your buddies front and back and all around, there to protect you, to smash through the sad square world that hems you in, leaving no past behind you, expecting nothing of the future, living strictly in the moment and the immediate thrill.

The Angels reduce a machine to its essence, jamming the seats down, stripping away the chrome and extras, replacing standard parts and fittings with improvisations of their own, turning what started out as a "garbage wagon" into a "chopper." Some Angels can dismantle a motorcycle in two hours. When they get through tinkering with it, the hog is a lean, dangerous beast.

A number of Angels have died on the highways, and most have had serious accidents. They refuse to wear crash helmets and shun leather, which affords some protection in a spill. They choose to live as close to death as possible, which is what attracts into their ranks the few members who come from prosperous backgrounds. "Yeah, we're honest with each other, we can count on each other," one of the Oakland Angels told me. "I went through all that school and family jazz. It's all crap. Boy, am I glad the Angels took me in! I don't ever want to be anything *but* an Angel, and that's it!"

The Angels make a considerable show of being free from social restraint, but they also have a charter, elect a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant at arms, and collect dues. They must wear a uniform and drive a certain kind of motorcycle, must attend meetings regularly, must not join other clubs, and must do what the leader says. The conformity an Angel lives under would depress an executive trainee.

As for sex, the Angels believe in its cruder aspects, and in license. They are followed by coveys of sad little girls, mostly in their teens or early 20's. There is one girl to every four or five Angels, and the turnover is terrific. If a girl wants to be a mama and "pull a train," which means make herself available to everyone, then she'll be welcome at any Angel party. There are very few mamas around, and they don't last long. They sometimes get auctioned off to another Angel for a gallon of gas or a pack of cigarettes or as little as 12 cents.

The girls the Angels favor are their Old Ladies, and an Old Lady is a girl who belongs to one Angel, is often married to him and bears his children. Inspector Larry Wallace recalls bursting into an Angel pad to rescue a couple of children who had been living with their mothers and some Angels on beer and cornflakes in an apartment cluttered with cans of motor oil, sprockets, dirty dishes, garbage, empty beer cans and last month's sheets.

"Dirty Ed" Wiley and "Sonny" Barger's Old Lady.

In Fontana, Friday is the night the Angels gather, and you will see them in the late afternoon, four or five of them, buzzing around an A & W Root Beer stand on Sierra Avenue, practically in the middle of town. They park their hogs there and sit down to munch hot dogs, while around them mothers with broods of children sip root-beer floats and sodas. In Fontana the Angels do not misbehave in public, and they are tolerated. "Four or five of them together, that's all right," Wallace says. "A whole bunch of 'em, ten or twelve or more, and we bust it up."

Larry Wallace has had to deal with the Angels ever since he arrived in Fontana seven years ago. He is 32, and he speaks with the kindly drawl of his native Oklahoma. When you first meet him he is likely to remind you of a plump, amiable little boy. Actually, Wallace hasn't much fat on him; he has been lifting weights since he was eight and he is a 235-pound chunk of muscle. He walks into bars, and tough customers make the mistake of concentrating on his kindly smile and innocent, light-gray eyes; they see easy pickings, and they come in swinging. What happens next, says Wallace mildly, "is just awful." He shuns all fancy footwork and modern refinements like the karate chop. "I just grabs 'em around the neck," he says dolefully, "and slam 'em up against something hard." Even the Angels respect Larry Wallace.

In his private office Wallace keeps a souvenir to remind himself of what the Angels mean to him. It's a two-by-four framed reproduction of a

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'You're not going to buck an army,' the uncomplaining neighbor said. 'They wouldn't have stood for it. They're like a bunch of animals.'

A familiar scene—this time on a "run" to Bass Lake.

Modigliani woman he confiscated out of an Angel pad. The lady is sleepy-looking, long-necked, with a prim little mouth. An Iron Cross has been scrawled over her head and the word "help" is entwined in her hair. Around her neck hangs a Star of David with a swastika stamped into it, and there's a bullet hole in her throat, with a drawing of the bullet emerging from the back of her head. Scattered here and there are Angel maxims of the day:

As you were I was.
As I am, you will be.
H. Himmler

Dope Forever
Forever Loaded

Honest officer, had I known my
health stood in jeprody (sic) I
would never had lit one

And this rather plaintive one:

When we do right no one remembers.
When we do wrong, no one forgets.

Wallace watches the Angels as they shift around from place to place, moving into apartments or small houses in shabby neighborhoods, a dozen Angels and two or three girls sharing the place, usually for a week or two or three, before moving on. They are easy to keep track of because they always sport their colors, run in packs, and make noise. "Between you and I, they're just disgusting," says Wallace. "I mean, when you see an Angel you don't forget him. They got to do this because they couldn't do anything else."

During my visit to the Blue Blaze, the Angel who was most eager to talk to me was a blond, pink-cheeked giant with a sweet smile and soft handshake who introduced himself as Alvin Ray, president of the Fresno chapter. The introduction alone made Ray unusual, because Angels make a point of not saying who they are or where they come from or what they do, and it's not considered good form to ask. Alvin Ray was eager to show the bike, but he wouldn't have it until the next day, and he was going straight back to Fresno.

"You come to Fresno," he had said. "Find Ratcliff Stadium, that's out on Blackstone Avenue. Ask for me at the filling station across the street, they'll know where I am." He smiled dreamily. "I'm sometimes hard to find." Later he said he'd gone down to Selma, Ala., on his wonderful bike—not to march with the civil-rights people or anything like that, but just to see what was going on. "I thought maybe them niggers was getting out of hand," he had said, with the same sweet smile.

I decided to look up Alvin Ray, but nobody at the filling station in Fresno admitted knowing anything about him or the Angels. After some prodding, one of the attendants said he'd heard rumors, that was all, to the effect that there had been some motorcyclists in a house down the road a piece. "But they ain't there now. They was thrown out of there about a week ago," he said.

The house was set back 100 or 200 yards from Blackstone Avenue, which is the main road north to Yosemite, and it was just one of many similar ones in the neighborhood—a one-story, white-frame, three-room bungalow with a tiny front yard and a general air of dilapidation. Nonetheless, it was hard to miss. Part of the fence had been flattened, all of the windows had been smashed, one of the fenceposts had been rammed through a door, and the branches of two small trees in the front yard had been torn away from the trunks and dragged grotesquely on the ground; between them, an armchair sprawled face down, gutted, its arms smashed. On the back of the chair, written in red ink, were the words:

Hells Angels
13 卐 69er
Dee—Berdoo

I went into the house and stood in the center of what must have once been the living room. It was hard to tell, because I had never seen such utter chaos: Every piece of furniture had been smashed; debris littered the floors—broken glass, torn clothing, empty cans, wine and beer bottles, crockery, boxes. Every door had been ripped off its hinges, and a large hole gaped where an air conditioner had been torn away and carted off. The word "cops" had been scrawled in large red letters over a caved-in bed and used as a target for bottles and anything else that had come to hand. Under it was written "yea Fresno," over another swastika. All the walls had been defaced, and on one of them a partying Angel had carefully composed a poem:

Day & Night—
Whoever crashed; he painted & burnt
But!!!!
One day he crashed and—
was burnt—
and was also painted
But!!!!!!
Now he's off and running—
Strong—
He doesn't hold a grudge
But PLEASE don't get him wrong
Because if you *CRASH*
It will certainly be your - - - !

The immediate neighbors were respectable people whose houses were not more than a few yards away; they said that the house had been rented to a single girl who had seemed all right. The next morning the motorcyclists had started to arrive; there must have been 20 or 25 of them, including their girls, and their party had lasted nearly two weeks, until the police had finally come without being summoned. No one had protested or called for help. The man who lived directly in back of the house, and who hadn't had a night's sleep in all that time, explained why. "You're not going to buck an army," he said. "They wouldn't have stood for it. They're like a bunch of animals."

I got a more direct idea of the sort of feeling the Angels can inspire when I arrived in the San Francisco Bay area and began to see something of the Oakland chapter and its leader, Ralph (Sonny) Barger. Barger is 26 years old and has been an Angel since he was 16. I had telephoned him directly and arranged to meet him at his house. He lives with his Old Lady, a willowy brunette named Elsie, and her two small children in a roomy old house on a quiet rundown street in East Oakland. Barger has a deep chest, and long, muscular arms, heavily tattooed, and his full beard and lengthy, reddish hair make him look forbidding. He stared at me out of cold, expressionless brown eyes, shook my hand limply and turned to unlock the door. "The Old Lady's out," he said. "I just got back from seeing my lawyer. I'm going up on an assault rap in a couple of weeks, but I got witnesses, and I'll beat it."

Barger's furniture was much used and battered, but it was comfortable and had been recently dusted; there were a couple of cheap framed landscapes on a mantel, and some photographs of the kids. Everywhere I looked there were trophies—great rococo clusters of wooden columns supporting cups, statuettes, gilded toy motorcycles—all won by the Oakland Angels in various motorcycle shows and races. There was a Nazi flag on the wall directly opposite a rack holding two semi-automatic rifles, and on a side table a large photograph of Sonny staring into the camera and delivering himself of a rousing Bronx cheer.

We talked affably enough for half an hour or so, and at one point Barger grinned and said, "Well, nobody ever wrote nothing good about us, but then we ain't never done nothing good to write about." But the convivial atmosphere changed when five other Angels stopped by. At first they pointedly ignored me, talking over, around and through me directly at Sonny. The talk was mainly about what a bum deal they had been getting from everybody. Everytime a car slowed down in the vicinity, they would get up and glance quickly out the windows. One, a surly black-bearded youth named Buzzard, was sporting a porkpie hat and a cane he had picked up somewhere; he waved the cane about as he talked and jabbed it idly at me from time to time. I suddenly got the clear impression that he would have enjoyed using it on somebody. Buzzard was a Berdoo Angel, a refugee from the pressure being applied down south, and he was angrier at the press than most of the others. As soon as I could manage it, I said good-bye to Sonny and got out of the house.

A few days later a huge Negro made the mistake of dropping into the El Adobe, then the Angel bar in East Oakland, and getting into an altercation with one of them; he was taken out into the parking lot and jumped by the whole pack. After he had been carted away in an ambulance, and the police had begun asking questions, the Angels all agreed that the Negro had pulled a knife on their buddy; what could they have done but go to his assistance? No charges were preferred against them. The whole incident seemed to be regarded by the Angels involved as something of a lark.

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Confined to a small area in Bass Lake, sealed off by 100 armed policemen with dogs, their beer smuggled in by a reporter, the dejected Angels mill around an abandoned gas station.

The Angels always claim, possibly with some justice, that they never start a fight but only retaliate after provocation. Their retaliation is often massive, and out of all proportion, however; and there is always an atmosphere of potential violence about the Angels, even when they are in no danger. Singly or in groups of two or three, they are often easy to talk to. They can be sociable drinking companions, and a few of them are articulate. But in a body, especially when partying, they are unpredictable and dangerous.

Most of all, they are alone, defiantly, aggressively alone. They have no friends, except other outlaw motorcyclists, and they haven't any natural allies. As self-proclaimed rebels, they'd be welcomed everywhere in beatnik circles and on some campuses today. But the Angels despise the new radicals. "They're a bunch of Commie bastards," one of them said. Just last month six Angels charged into the student demonstration over Vietnam; one Angel got a split head and was arrested.

Isolated, highlighted and so few in number—there are probably fewer than 200 active members in the whole state—the Angels are playing a bizarre role, part menace and part fall guy. They are in a perfect position to be exploited by politicians anxious to impress the electorate, by policemen unable to put a stop to high-level crime, by hustlers looking for a new teen-age fad to launch, by reporters and commentators hungry for headlines, by entertainers who need new sensations to feed the hungry public. And in dealing with the Angels, who are genuinely antisocial and out of step and unattractive in the extreme, everybody looks good, no matter what his motives. Sonny Barger is almost right when he says, "All these mothers are using us and making a scene, and we ain't getting one damn cent out of it!"

What the Angels are getting out of it, in fact, is nothing but trouble. Even the Oakland Angels, who have suffered less from the publicity backlash of the attorney general's report than their sister chapters, have noticed that the police are keeping the heat on, and it has become almost impossible for them to go off on their runs unmolested.

The last time they tried it, when they started out on what was supposed to be a statewide run to Bass Lake, a resort area north of Fresno, they were followed all the way by police and their progress was reported regularly in snappy, alarmist radio bulletins. Ultimately only about 150 riders, including girls and members of other outlaw clubs, got through, only to be met in Bass Lake by 100 heavily armed officers with dogs and all the latest electronic-tracking equipment. They were served with John Doe summonses, calling for them to appear in court to show why they shouldn't be restrained from ever coming back, and they found themselves confined to a small area of the resort and sealed off from the outside world by roadblocks and patrols. Furthermore, stores were reluctant to sell them anything. (Their beer supply was finally secured through the efforts of a blockade-running free-lance writer collecting material for a book.) When they pulled out, after an uneventful two days of mild carousing, they were escorted by the police and forced to leave a dozen of their members behind to clean up their campsite under the eye of forest rangers. The Boy Scouts couldn't have made less of a splash.

The Angels are puzzled and resentful at what has been happening to them, but this is because they have no clear conception of their position in society. The Angels are hipsters, but hipsters rarely see the world as clearly as the people they despise, the squares who, after all, manage to make society in their own image and run it to their own advantage. Hipsters, for the most part, don't know or ignore the fact that the odds are stacked against them, and the Angels are no exception. They are the sort of rebels who, in Germany in the 1920's, would have been recruited into the Brownshirts—chronic malcontents who enjoy smashing up beer halls, looting stores and breaking heads. When the party comes to power, it liquidates many of them, and they can never understand why.

"If they don't take this heat off us," Sonny Barger said one afternoon, "we're going to have to do something drastic. I sure would hate to see that happen." The implication was that the Angels would be forced into open warfare with the police, an occurrence I suspect the police would welcome.

At war or at peace, with the heat on or off, the Angels' barbarian image seems destined to last, and it makes it hard for some people to absolve them of anything. Even after it became clear they had had nothing to do with the Reseda rape, one police officer insisted that the suspects were really "just *like* the Angels." When rioting broke out in Laconia, N. H., during the 44th Annual New England Motorcycle Rally last June, the local police said it was all started by "a handful of Californians who call themselves Hell's Angels," and Mayor Peter Lessard declared he believed they'd been trained in riot techniques in Mexico. "Are the Communists behind it?" he asked darkly.

Well, there were no Angels in Laconia last June, and one of the offers the Angels actually did receive was from a television producer eager to find out when they were making their next run on a small town, so that the TV cameras could be on hand to record the carnage. The Angels are currently weighing that offer and dickering with another show that has offered them $2,000 for taped shots of Angels at work and at play.

The Angels believe more firmly than anyone else in their own press clippings, and it helps to sustain them when the cold winds blow. They are all—Sonny, Terry the Tramp, Tiny, Zorro, Fat Freddie, Ronnie, Skip, Jimmy, Magoo, Clean Cut, Mouldy Marvin, Buzzard, Gut, and everyone—convinced that far from being losers they are indestructible. "I wouldn't say we're losers," Sonny Barger said recently. "Whatever they do to us, we can take it because we want to be what we are, and there ain't nobody gonna change us." □

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OMAR KHAYYAM AND HIS TALKING TYPEWRITER

A miraculous machine teaches two-year-olds to read, spell, punctuate and even touch-type in less than a year.

By C. P. Gilmore

Keith Ross, a friendly, vigorous four-year-old, scrambled onto a chrome-tube highchair and stared quizzically at the odd-looking typewriter. The machine's keys, like the boy's fingernails, had been painted a variety of bright colors. While the boy looked nervously about him, the attendant on duty, a 20-year-old girl named Carol Peterson, told him to enjoy himself and to raise his hand if he needed help. Then, with no further instructions, she left.

While Miss Peterson watched through a one-way glass, Keith extended a finger and gingerly touched the letter *M*. The machine typed the letter and at the same time, a tape-recorded voice lodged in its innards called out: "*M*." Keith's jaw dropped. He touched the *M* again; again the machine typed and spoke. A tiny smile crept across his face. He rapped out a line of *M*'s across a roll of paper. Then he began excitedly punching all the keys, always getting a response. "Oh, boy," he told Miss Peterson later, "am I having a good time!"

After slightly more than a week of daily 30-minute sessions, Keith had taught himself the keyboard letters and symbols and was even learning touch-typing by matching the different colors on his fingernails with those on the typewriter keys. At this point Miss Peterson adjusted a knob outside the booth. Now the machine announced a letter and simultaneously popped up a card with the letter on it *before* Keith struck a key. The boy quickly discovered that all the keys were locked except the one the machine was asking for. In a few days Keith learned to match all the keys with their sounds and images.

He got his next surprise when three letters—*M-A-Y*—appeared on a card at the same time. After Keith typed the letters, the machine paused and said *M-A-Y, MAY*. He typed a torrent of words that day: may, day, pay, way. He had just discovered that letters put together make words.

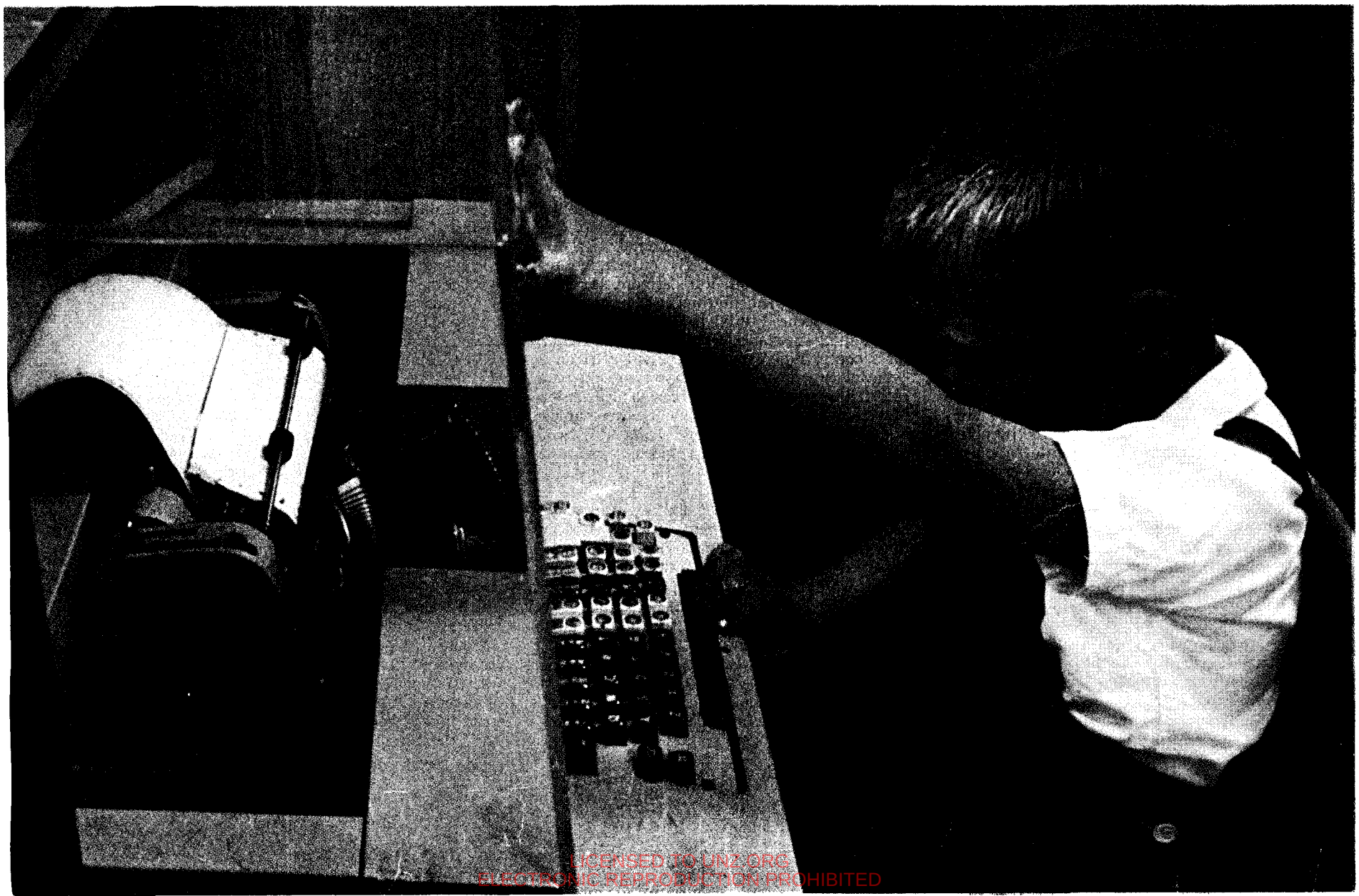
On his 16th day in the booth, Keith asked Miss Peterson to spell his name. "What letter do you suppose Keith starts with?" she said, accenting the initial sound heavily. Gradually, letter by letter, she helped him work out the spelling for himself. Keith advanced rapidly. By his third month, sentences like "Go real fast" and "Stop with your brakes" began to appear among the miscellaneous words, letters and numbers. Three and a half months after his first session with the typewriter, Keith typed his first original story:

> My supercrane picks up dirt. It has three batteries and a control with two buttons. It is fun to play with.

Keith, a four-year-old of average intelligence, had taught himself to read, write, spell, punctuate and touch-type. And he had accomplished all this in less than half the time it normally takes a first-grader to learn the same skills.

The scene of Keith's remarkable accomplishment was the nonprofit Responsive Environments Foundation, Inc., a reddish-brown, two-story nursery school in Hamden, Conn., a suburb of New Haven. Like other nursery pupils, the 20 children at Hamden spend two and a half hours each session painting, singing and playing games in a large, airy classroom. However, each child also devotes up to 30 minutes a day to what the youngsters call "the talking typewriter," and that daily half-hour session makes all the difference.

During the past five years some 400 children of all races, ranging in age from two to seven, in background from deprived to wealthy, and in ability from retarded to gifted, have chalked up



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impressive achievements with the talking typewriter. Two-year-olds exposed to daily sessions with the machine have romped through first-grade reading material before their third birthday. First- and second-graders write, edit and cut the stencils for their own mimeographed newspaper. "Sometimes typing tests disconcert me," wrote one child in the newspaper. "If it's too disconcerting you sometimes omit a few things. Then you may get into a predicament." One five-year-old felt called on to publish the following advice to a friend: "Pam, you could be a nurse someday. But when you be a nurse, you can not scream like you do now." Finally, standard tests given second-graders, who have been involved in the program for three years, show that they read, on the average, at the seventh-grade level.

The founder and director of this experimental—and highly controversial—school is Dr. Omar Khayyam Moore, a small, wiry 45-year-old professor of social psychology at the University of Pittsburgh. His major interest has for many years been in the esoteric field of symbolic logic, the study of the use of words and numbers to describe ideas and things. Some years back, Doctor Moore worked out a set of mathematical models showing how people learn; in 1958, while an associate professor at Yale, he began testing his ideas with an ordinary electric typewriter. His first subject was his own two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Venn.

"Two weeks after Venn started," he recalls, "my wife and I could hardly believe it. 'My God, look at her go!' I said." Venn was reading and writing before she was three. Moore and an engineer then designed an ingenious machine that combined an electric typewriter, a miniature computer and a tape recorder.

The first large-scale test of this machine came in 1961, when the Carnegie Corporation of New York financed a three-year experimental project at a private school in Hamden. Whole classes of children from nursery school through the second grade participated, and the results were impressive. In 1964 Moore moved his Responsive Environments Foundation to its own building a few blocks away, where it now operates with small classes of preschool children as a demonstration and training center. Last spring schools in Mount Vernon, N. Y., successfully used one typewriter with 24 underprivileged four-year-olds and this fall leased four of the $35,000 machines. Currently both Mount Vernon and Freeport, N. Y., are seeking over two million dollars in federal funds to set up programs in their school districts.

Doctor Moore explains the typewriter's extraordinary success by pointing out that very young children become highly motivated to learn when they are allowed to make their own discoveries. He also feels there is no greater deterrent to learning than the fear of making a mistake. So the children discover that when they make an error, nothing happens. The typewriter never scolds; it is never impatient. (One child gleefully struck the asterisk 75 times in succession without the machine or attendant saying a word.) To further eliminate pressure, all typewriter work is completely voluntary.

Critics of Doctor Moore's ideas and methods rarely challenge the fact that children do learn from the talking typewriter, but they seriously question the advisability of such learning at an early age. Some educators even fear that early reading may cause eye damage that will not become evident until later. Others, such as Drs. Frances L. Ilg and Louise Bates Ames of the famous Gesell Institute of Child Development, call early reading "foolish and needless." Sue Moskowitz of New York City's Bureau of Educational Research adds, "Research proves that early readers don't generally read better later on than those who learn at the regular time. Pushing an unready child into formal instruction can create destructive feelings of fear, inadequacy and frustration."

Moore disagrees. To guard against physical or psychological damage, all children in his program are examined regularly by a pediatrician and a clinical psychologist. In five years no signs of physical or emotional strain have been detected.

To those who say early reading instruction can overwhelm and frustrate a child, Moore replies that his preschool students actually develop a permanent zest for learning. Moreover, he claims that youngsters who go through his program do not get bored when they get into a regular school, even though they are usually far ahead of their classmates. "By this time they're self-starters," he says. "They don't have any trouble doing the regular work of the class, and they keep themselves occupied with special projects."

Of course, Moore's system isn't the only way to teach very young children to read. "People say that any good teacher, using conventional methods and giving children as much attention as we do, would get results," Moore says. "I would have to agree. We don't claim to have the only method, but we do claim to have a method that works."

"One advantage is that we don't need highly skilled booth attendants," adds Joseph R. Dunn Jr., who heads the school. "They have to be trained, but we can do that quickly. We're not dependent on crack teachers for our results."

Most of Professor Moore's work has been with normal preschoolers. This year, however, the school in Hamden began taking a few problem children. Among them was Bernard, an 11-year-old classified by school authorities as a nonreader. One day, after Bernard had spent about two weeks with the typewriter, the booth attendant found him perched excitedly on the edge of his chair.

As the machine called for a series of letters, Bernard typed each one and began to put the sounds together. Then, beating the machine by a split second, he shouted, "f-a-s-t, fast!" The glow on his face was one of pure triumph.

Moore's machine may hold unexpected promise for seriously disturbed children too. One six-year-old had never spoken, and several psychiatrists recommended that he be sent to a mental institution. In desperation, doctors at the Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, N. Y., decided to try the talking typewriter. The child seemed fascinated by the machine, and after several months he suddenly began to talk. He is far from cured, but it now appears that he may go to school instead of an institution. "The machine's potential may be even more enormous than we suspected," says Dr. Mary Goodwin, a pediatrician.

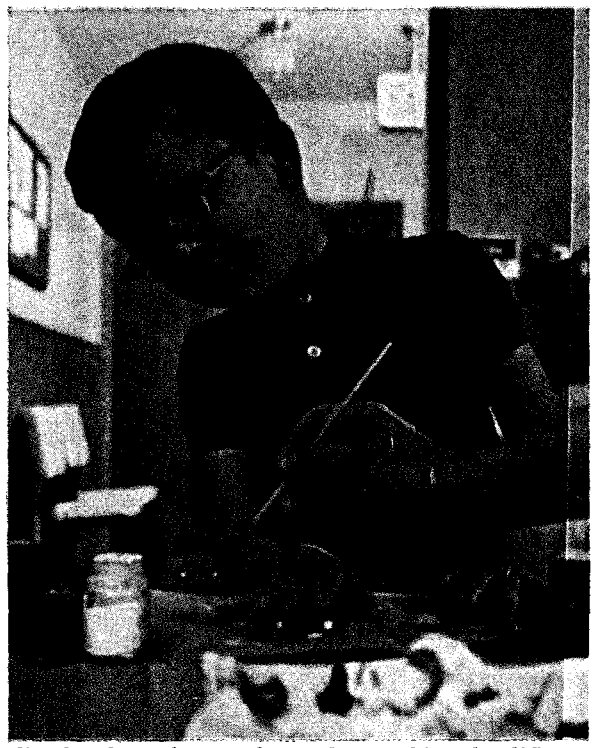
Perhaps the typewriter's greatest achievement is the way it allows a young child's imagination to soar by quickly and painlessly helping him overcome the reading and writing hurdle. Sometimes the child's creative imagination reaches truly wondrous heights, as in this story about Lincoln, written by first-grader Spencer Taylor for his school newspaper:

> Abraham Lincoln got shot. He was watching the hockey game at the fair. Someone had a gun. He shot Abraham Lincoln in the head. They stopped playing hockey and called the ambulance. It came rushing no matter if cars were in front of it or not. They shouted to the boss of the hockey game to call the police. They found the man with the gun.

Aware that some of their younger readers still lacked a certain sophistication, the newspaper's six-year-old journalists added this editors' note:

(All of Spencer's story is not true.) □

Omar Khayyam Moore first tried his invention on his own child, who became a reading wizard before she was three.



This boy learned to touch-type by matching the different colors on his fingernails with those on typewriter keys.

A nine-year-old plays a word game for nonreaders. By correctly joining cards she learns that letters make words.

Five-year-old Eric Nelson learns how to read by seeing a letter popped behind window above typewriter and by hearing a tape-recorded voice say it. He then matches the letter's sound and image by typing it on keyboard.

Photographs by Charles Harbutt

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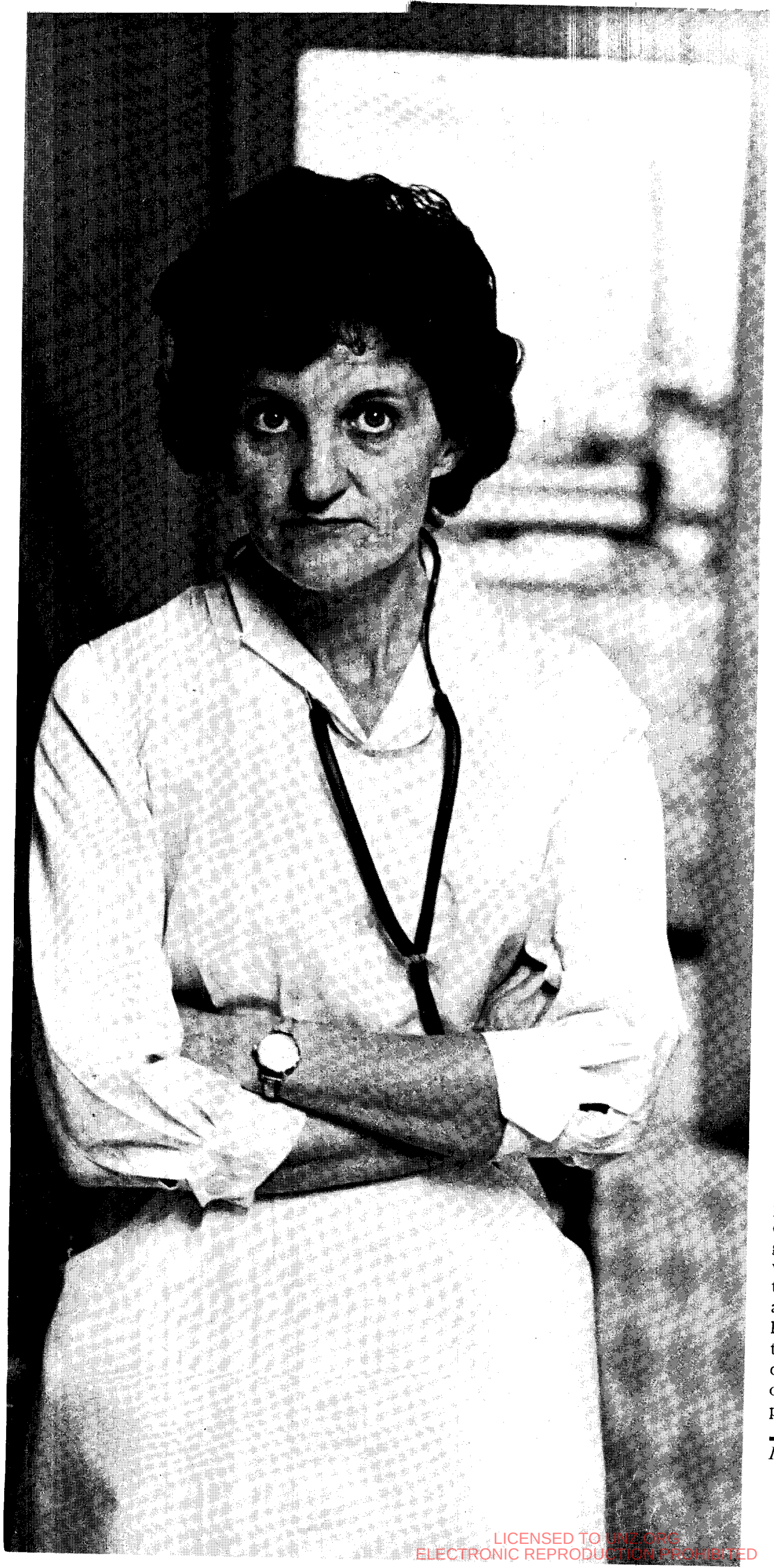

A miner's wife, with two years of nursing school, Pat Gardelius says, "I didn't look for this job. It just sort of found me. And then it grew."

By John Gregory Dunne

They had begun arriving for the trial the night before, the old people in their Scout campers. It was a long drive, a hard 200 miles from Tecopa, Calif., but it was cooler on the floor of Death Valley at night, and so they had set out after sundown through the vast empty desert, and finally they had arrived in Independence, Calif. They camped for the night on the main street, across from the Winnedumah Hotel, and in the morning they gathered in anxious little knots outside the Inyo County Courthouse, by a large boulder on which had been chipped these words from Genesis: MY LAND IS BEFORE THEE; DWELL WHERE IT PLEASETH THEE.

By nine A.M. they were crowded into the courtroom, standing five deep in the back. It was already stiflingly hot, and the heat made the old people even more restless, more disturbed, and some of them shuffled around the polished aggregate floor outside the courtroom, reciting litanies of small griefs. A miner passed among them with a brown paper bag, distributing homemade tags which said "We're from Tecopa" or "We Need Pat."

Pat was Patricia Gardelius, and she stood silently by the defense table, a slender, handsome woman, just 40, in a beige dress. She was not the kind of woman one would expect to find on trial in a criminal case. She was a practical nurse in Tecopa, a desert community so poor that some of its citizens lived in caves, so isolated that a doctor flew in only once a week, from Lone Pine, 125 miles west across Death Valley. Out there in the wilderness, Patricia Gardelius had delivered babies, cared for the sick and bound up accident wounds, and now, on this oppressively hot summer day, the State of California was putting her on trial for practicing medicine without a license.

The old people of Tecopa had come to Independence not only out of devotion to Pat Gardelius but also out of a bitterness that had begun festering long before her arrest. In part, it was bitterness at the lush new California across the Sierra Nevada. But beyond that, perhaps at the heart of Patricia Gardelius's troubles, lay the growing bitterness between Tecopa and the town of Shoshone, a few miles deeper in the desert—an acrimony born of the slow erosion of inherited privilege before an influx of new people and new ideas, and leading up to a drama

Photographs by Bill Bridges

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The embattled nurse of Jackrabbit Flats

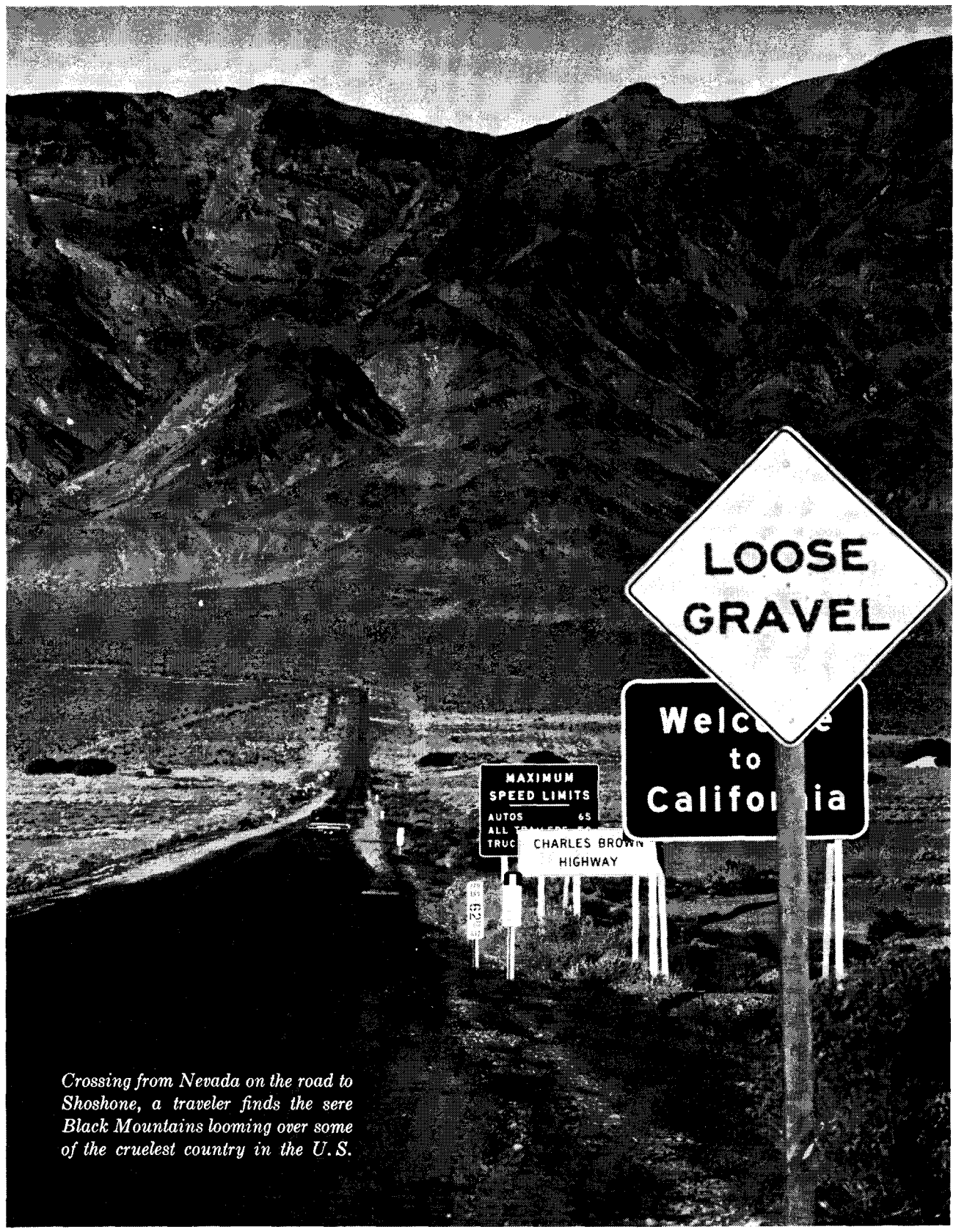
Pat Gardelius had been doctoring desert folk for years. Then someone turned her in.

which is now playing itself out like a desert version of *The Cherry Orchard.*

To understand, it is helpful to take a drive out to Tecopa. The Joshua trees stop growing first, and then the mesquite, and after that on Route 127, north of Baker, there is nothing but sand and sere, sunblasted hills and occasionally, etched against the sky, a weathered cross marking the grave of some unknown, unmourned tramp miner. It is hot, deliriously hot, the average July high hitting 136° in Badwater. The places north of Baker and east of Lone Pine have names like Badwater, Furnace Creek, Stovepipe Wells, the Funeral Mountains—and the names tell what life is like out on the eastern rim of California, sealed off from the rest of the state by the alkali desert and the bony spine of the Sierra Nevada. It is the end of the world, the jumping-off place to oblivion, the land God gave Cain, a place where a river is called the Amargosa, which is Spanish for "bitter," because its water, when there is any water at all, is undrinkable.

Tecopa is out there next to the Amargosa, a few miles east of Route 127, past an abandoned mine and the burnt-out shell of an automobile rusting away in a dry wash, on an unnumbered road. A few mangy dogs bay across from a Chevron station. There is a post office and the Faith Community Church and the Enterprise Motel and Trailer Park and a long, green cinder-block building called The Trading Post. At one end of the building is a café with a few tables and a lunch counter, which is closed during the heat of day. At the other end is a general store where the meat in the trays has a slightly greenish tinge. Between the café and store is the Snake Room, which serves beer only and does not provide glasses, unless the customer asks, and then he gets a paper cup. And that is about all.

A mile or two farther out, in Jackrabbit Flats, there are low, one-story bungalows which look as if they have been built of driftwood. Up in Tecopa Hot Springs there is a trailer colony; the people use corrugated-iron outhouses, some of them marked HIS or HERS. The trailers are surrounded by propane tanks and have aluminum foil crimped in their windows to deflect the sun and the heat. Eight miles north, by the landing strip in Shoshone, there are a number of caves, dug by hand out of the scorched hills



Crossing from Nevada on the road to Shoshone, a traveler finds the sere Black Mountains looming over some of the cruelest country in the U.S.

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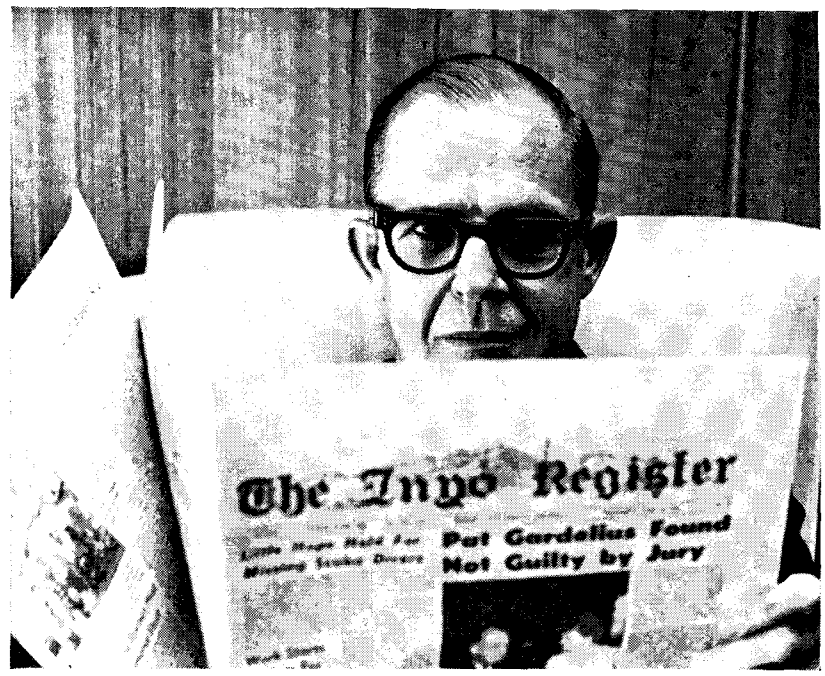
In the isolated desert communities east of Death Valley, Pat is regarded with something close to reverence.



Lawyer Willis Smith defended Pat when state brought her to trial for practicing medicine without a license. Headline reveals verdict.

in years past, and these caves are home to a constantly changing band of winos and retired miners. Littered around outside are batteries, lanterns, tire frames, and old cannibalized cars up on blocks.

Beyond the caves is Shoshone. Aside from some grass and a few more trees, there is little to distinguish Shoshone from Tecopa. But the mood is less somnolent. For years Shoshone was not so much a town as the private fief of State Senator Charles Brown, an *émigré* from Georgia who came to this wasteland to make his home and his fortune. Charles Brown was a power in the desert, a man who got things done, a man ultimately not to cross. He is three years dead now, but his spirit still pervades Shoshone, and though his legacy of power is slowly evaporating, that power is still regarded by his family as a birthright, a birthright which somehow isolates them from the way life is now lived on the desert, the way it is lived, for example, in a place like Tecopa.

The mines and the mineral hot springs are the reasons Tecopa exists. The miners gather in the Snake Room evenings and talk about distant mines and distant adventures—the drunk that started off in Barstow and ended up in Elko, the sheriff in Butte who decided whether a stranger was a miner or a pimp by the calluses on his hands. The arthritic pensioners who live in the trailers in Tecopa Hot Springs disapprove of the Snake Room. They are there to take the waters in the cinder-block baths. Under the flag of the richest, most populous state in the union, they sit naked in the springs, shielded from the sun by a corrugated-iron roof, and talk about human disintegration, ailing liver functions and *Iva Hanks, whose kneecaps are deteriorating.* Time does not exist for these people, only Social Security and a desperate fundamentalism. *The Lord needs our money*, they say in disapproval of the Snake Room regulars, and in the afternoons they sit in their trailers and talk about Tecopa. *Blink your eyes and you miss it*, they say, *but we love it.*

Even in the West, where distance is made into a virtue, Tecopa's isolation beggars the imagination. It is a community where the Montgomery Ward catalogue gets more use than the telephone book. People talk of "going out to Vegas" to shop or see a movie, and Las Vegas is 106 miles away. A garage man in Lone Pine comes over on Mondays, through Death Valley and over three lethal mountain ranges. A Catholic priest comes in to say Mass once a week, on Monday evenings at 6:30. The undertaker is in Bishop, 275 miles away, and death is a constant companion in a community of the old and the halt. And except on Wednesdays, when the doctor flies in from the hospital in Lone Pine, life and death in Tecopa are in the hands of Patricia Gardelius.

In the Snake Room and in the Faith Community Church, down in Death Valley and across the Nevada Line in Lathrop Wells, Pat Gardelius is regarded with something approaching reverence. The word she brings to mind is "capable," like those women on the wagon trains who cooked and cared for their children and primed rifles and dug arrowheads out of wounded bodies. Her husband, Douglas, is a miner, and she has four children by an earlier marriage. There is nothing of the do-gooder about her; there was a need, she had experience, she pitched in. Indeed, if Charles Brown was the symbol of rugged individualism on the desert, Pat Gardelius is the symbol of the helping hand. It was perhaps inevitable that these two outspoken people would sooner or later clash.

In the only language they know, the language of old newspaper headlines, miners unblushingly call Pat Gardelius an "Angel of Mercy," and each seems to have his own story about her to tell. "It was squirting blood like a pump," says a miner whose chest was almost caved in by a beam. "I'd have bled to death without her." A hoist man tells of the time she went 500 feet down into a shaft to save the life of a miner named Larry Lee Jr. "A boulder broke loose, crushed Larry's leg, and pinned him in the mine," the hoist man recalls. "That was before we had telephones. It was five hours before the doctor came. Pat stayed with Larry all that time down in that dark hole. Larry lost his leg, but he owes his life to our nurse."

There are other stories—about Albert Beasler, who lost his heel in a mine accident; about Ben Robinson, who was gored by a bull; about Walter Sewell, who lost 70 percent of his blood when his ulcers hemorrhaged and was kept alive by Pat Gardelius with glucose injections until the doctor flew in. There are more mundane stories about snakebites and sniffles, colds and coronaries, burns and births. "Drove over to Lone Pine when the pains were only five minutes apart," says a young mother holding an infant in her arms. The hospital in Lone Pine is 186 miles away by road. "Worried? No, I had Pat with me."

And there are stories about automobile accidents. To appreciate a desert accident, it is necessary to drive over those empty blacktop roads, where there is nothing against which to gauge speed and the needle on the speedometer creeps up insidiously toward 100 mph. Then there is a dip, a soft shoulder, and the car is splattered over the highway. The coyotes come then, if there is a body, and by the time the Highway Patrol arrives, there is often an arm missing or a leg, or sometimes even a head. Long ago an accident report brought Pat Gardelius out into the desert to spend a night alone with a body—a huge 350-pound corpse, according to its identification papers. Alive, the body had been a scientist at the Atomic Test Site in Mercury, Nev. During the night a car with siren wailing careened up to the wreck and a security agent got out. There were secret papers somewhere about, and when the agent could not immediately find them, he accused the nurse of moving the body. "Sure," she recalls telling him, "I drug it across the desert." He began berating her, and she exploded. "You silly little bastard, you think I drug *that*? He weighs three hundred and fifty pounds." The agent finally found the papers and left her then, alone with the body, and the coyotes came; and from before midnight until after dawn she sat in her car, blinking her lights, racing her engine, and honking her horn to drive them off.

Sometimes an accident victim does not die immediately, and the effort to save the flickering life becomes a race against time and nature. "We had just finished looking at the late show when the call came," Pat Gardelius says of one such case. A car coming over the Charles Brown Highway from Pahrump, Nev., had crashed. The man was killed instantly; his companion, a girl of 22, was crushed and unconscious. An ambulance had been summoned from Lone Pine, nearly 200 miles distant, but the girl was in such bad condition that if she was to be saved, the ambulance would have to be met somewhere on the road, somewhere in Death Valley. With her husband, Pat Gardelius drove to the scene of the crash and treated the girl for shock. "I didn't treat the injuries," she says. "It's shock that kills people." She gave her a pain killer and plasma and helped lay her on a stretcher in the back of a station wagon which belonged to the Inyo County deputy sheriff stationed in Shoshone. Then the nurse and the sheriff started across Death Valley. "There's no seat in the back of that station wagon," Pat Gardelius says. "I was sitting with my fanny on the floor and my legs out in front of me and no support for my back, trying to give the poor girl some plasma. Going around curves at night as fast as we were going, it's not easy to keep an I.V. going." Five miles past Stovepipe Wells, they met the ambulance *(Continued on page 49)*

Bernice Brown Sorrells, daughter of the late State Senator Charles Brown, and once a close friend of the nurse, now calls her "an unskilled person breaking the law."

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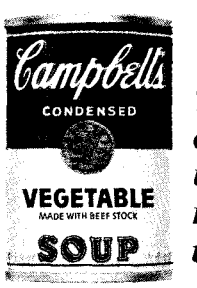
Something's happened to supper

There's a lunchtime feel to the evening meal... and soup plays a hearty role. Today's informal ways have come to supper. The evening meal is apt to be easy-going. Easy to get. Easy to eat. But good. Campbell's Vegetable Soup was made for this kind of eating. Heats in four minutes. Adds vegetables and beef broth to the bill of fare. Suppertime? Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.



They always eat better when you remember the soup

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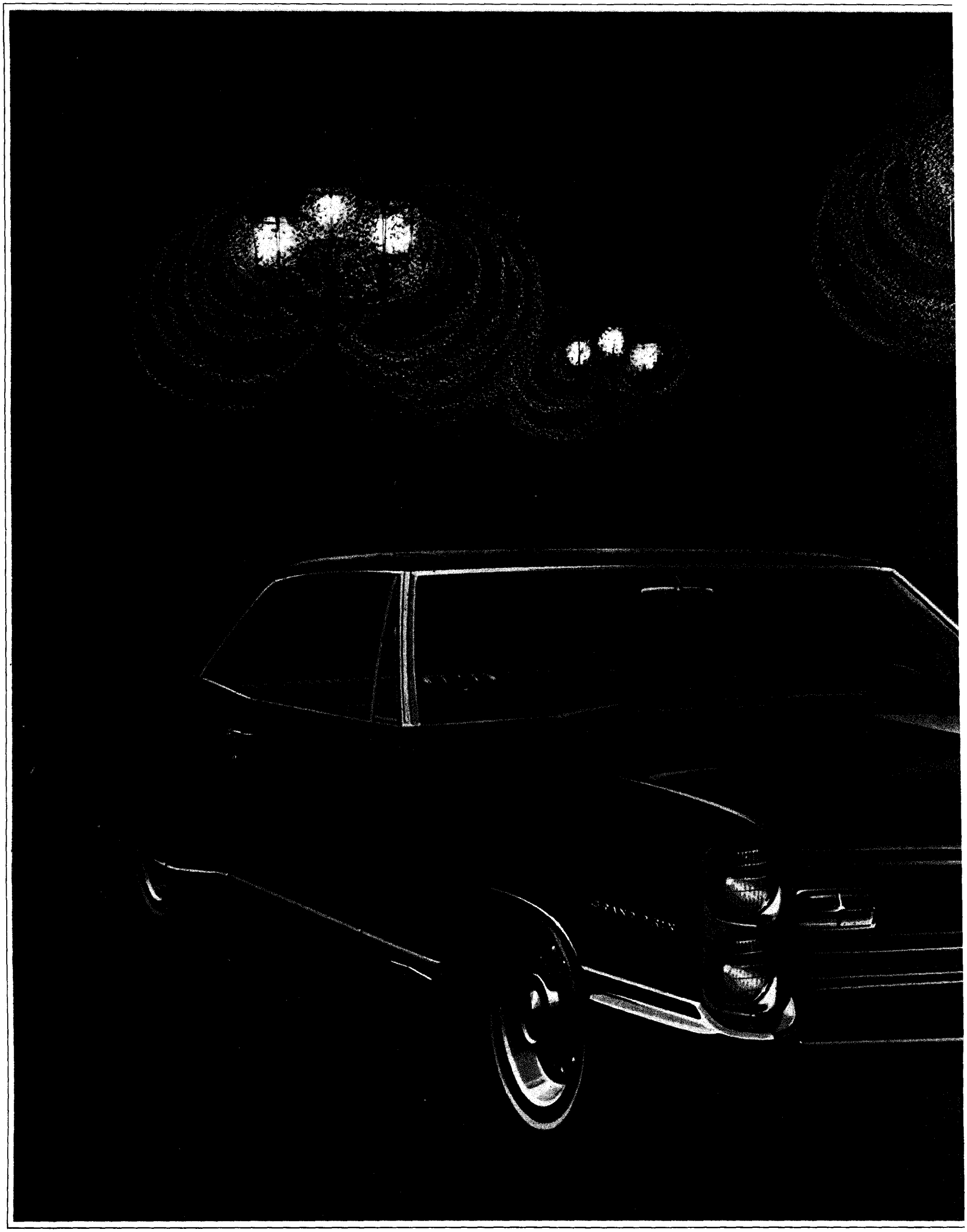

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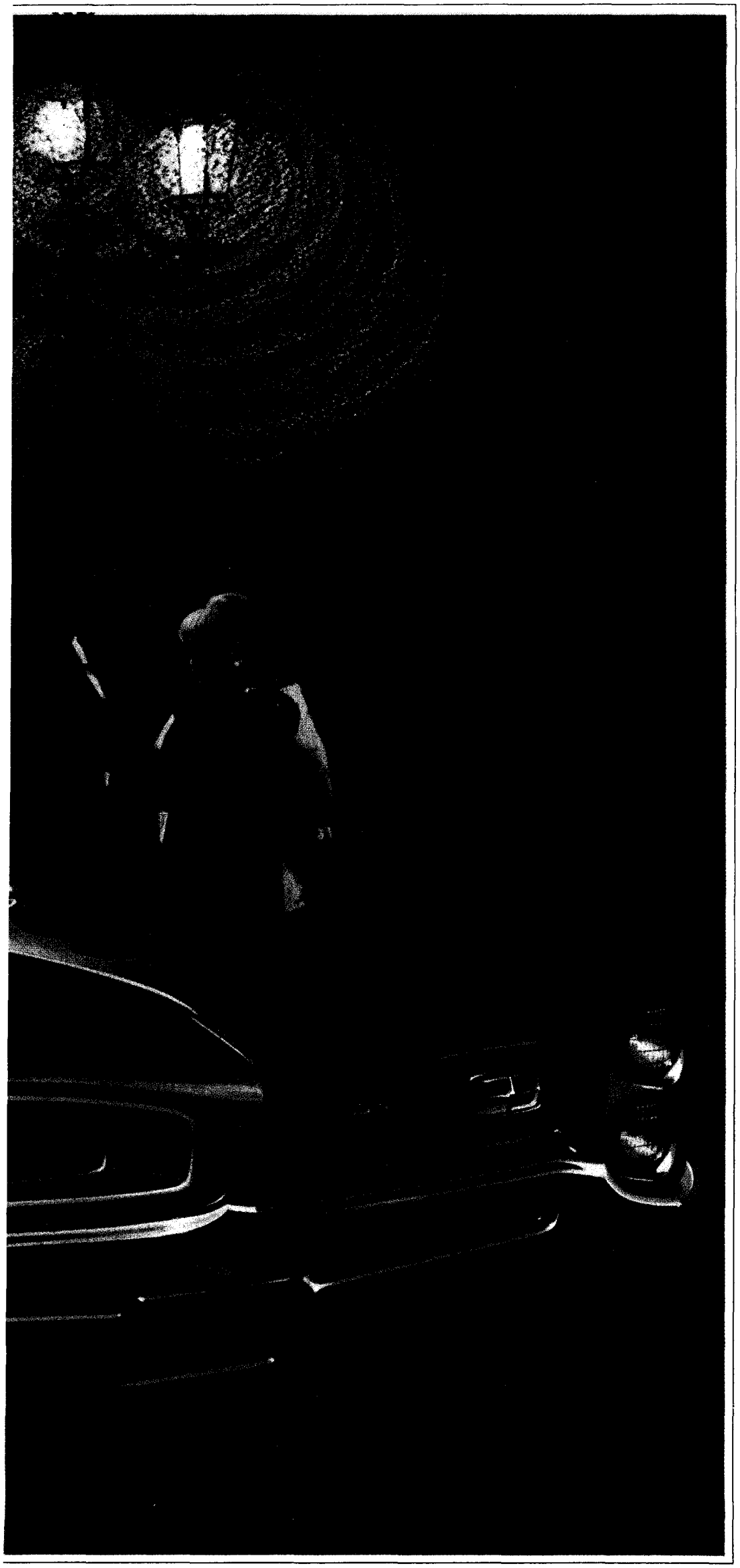

Has success spoiled the Grand Prix?

Obviously not.

Ever notice how it is? A car gets one sniff of success and it starts coming on fat and lazy, dull as dust? Meet the exception. It's all little reasons, really. Like deep bucket seats (or bench), carpeting, console and all the other niceties being standard equipment. And a big 389-cubic inch engine that puts out 333 hp. Not to mention styling that makes any other car look positively drab. We could go on, but you get the idea: the only thing going to be spoiled about Grand Prix this year will be the people inside. The tiger scores again!

Wide-Track Pontiac/'66

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

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'New kind of Health Insurance Plan

PAYS YOU FOR STAYING WELL

Generous cash benefits when you're sick or hurt... yet money back if you stay healthy

Steadily rising medical costs have put millions of Americans in a dangerous spot. Their present health insurance is no longer enough. (Recent figures released by the American Hospital Association show that the average cost of one day's stay in a hospital has more than doubled since 1952—from $18.35 to $41.58.)

Today, when sickness or accident strikes, most folks will find that instead of their health insurance paying the big share of the bills, they have to come up with the lion's share out of their own pocket. Until now there have been only two ways to solve this serious problem: You could gamble on never being sick, or take out more health insurance that you might never use.

Now, all this is changed. The insurance company that already protects millions of individuals and families from coast to coast has come up with a new answer. A new kind of policy that pays off sick or well . . . that says *you must collect.*

Like ordinary health insurance, this plan pays generous cash benefits for covered sickness or accidents off the job. These benefits are paid directly to you in cash . . . over and above what you get from any other health insurance, including group policies. But, unlike ordinary policies, with this plan you don't have to be sick or hurt to get paid! If you stay well . . . if you don't need the protection, you get money back. Instead of simply paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a cash refund at maturity. In effect, you have built an extra savings account.

Even if you use up part of the benefits provided for hospital room, doctor bills and surgeon's fees, you still get cash back as a contingent premium refund when your policy matures. All the unused benefits come back to you in a lump-sum cash payment. In other words, the policy *must* pay off. You must collect.

This revolutionary policy, NC-701, is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Company as part of the famous White Cross Plan of low-cost, high-quality protection. More than six million Americans now look to the White Cross emblem for security and peace of mind.

The complete story of this remarkable "money back" plan is told in the Blue Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you absolutely free by Bankers Life and Casualty Company.

††*To get your copy of the Blue Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation for this service.*

Cash to help with hospital and medical bills when you're sick or hurt.

Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

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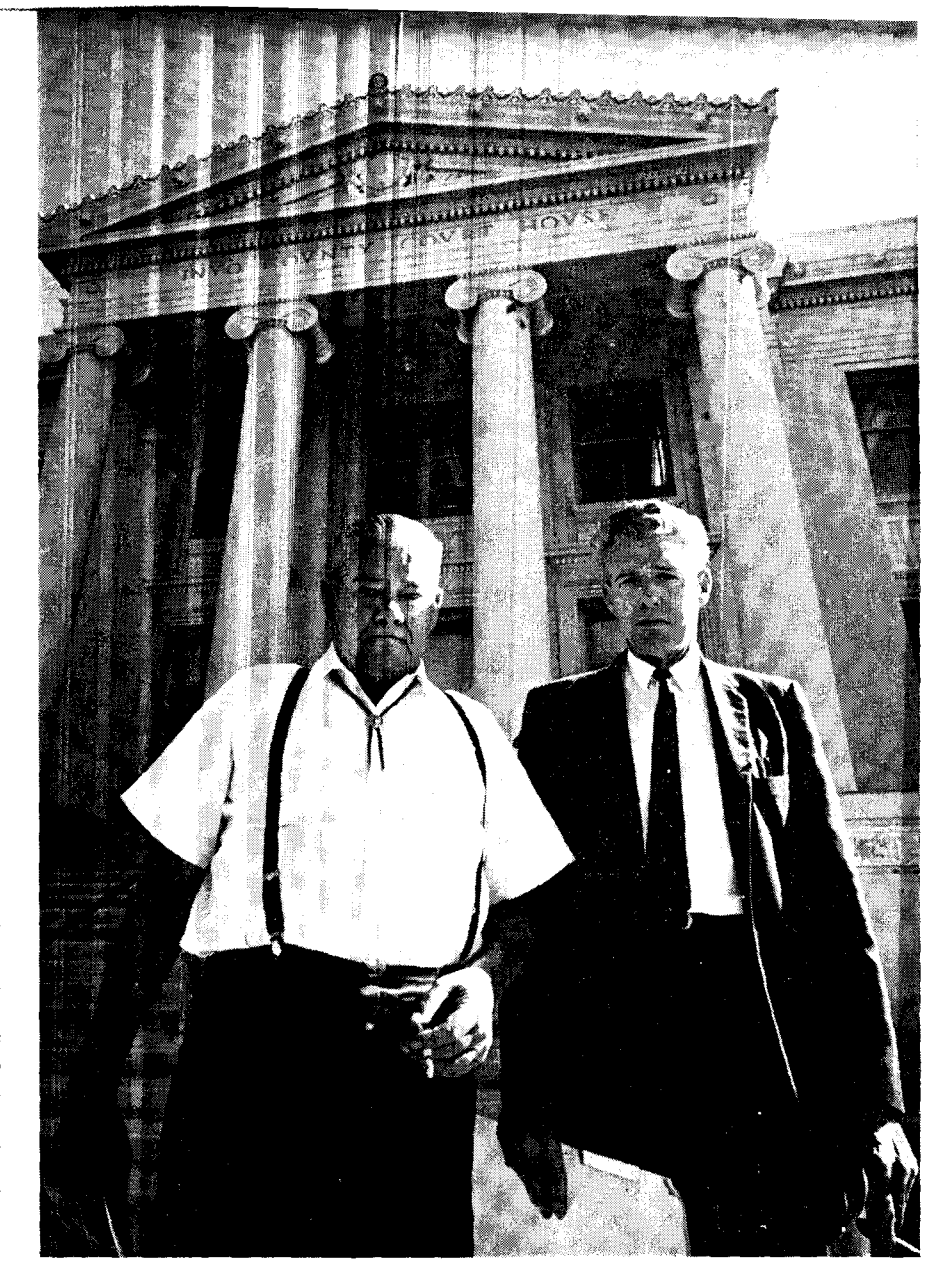
EMBATTLED NURSE *Continued from page 44*

'It's not always easy. I wish there was a doctor here. Sometimes I just hope, pray and improvise.'



District Attorney Robert Laudagin and Assistant D.A. Kenneth Murphy, who tried case against Pat, stand before courthouse.

from Lone Pine and passed the patient over, then drove the 90 miles back to the spot on the road where Douglas Gardelius was guarding the body of the dead man. "You can't leave a body by itself out on the highway," Pat Gardelius says. "It's morally wrong."

Morality takes on meaning in the desert world of Pat Gardelius. It is not something abstract, to be exercised only by groups and countries; it is something fundamental in your attitude toward your fellow man, living or dead. "It's not always easy helping the people of Tecopa," she says. "In fact, I wish there was a doctor here. Sometimes I just hope, pray and improvise."

Pat Gardelius's moral qualms about her own fallibility do not trouble Tecopa. Desert people prefer to think in reverential terms. Except for one unknown person out there on the desert, one person who perhaps resented the reverence, resented the improvisation, resented the mantle of morality that had fallen by default on Pat Gardelius. And one day last spring that one unknown person wrote a letter.

The letter brought Ira D. Sims to Tecopa. He is a short, anonymous-looking young man with glasses, thinning hair, and a slight weight problem. He drove over from Fresno, spent the night in Barstow, then in the morning drove the remaining 122 miles to Tecopa. He asked for the doctor's office and was told that it was on the dirt road behind the Rioh Garage.

Pat Gardelius was making a house call that morning and was late getting to the office. Ira D. Sims was waiting outside when she arrived. He complained of a headache, upset stomach,

On his regular Wednesday visit to Tecopa, Dr. Walter Wilson examines baby delivered by Pat, as she and receptionist look on.

sore throat, earache, and general flu symptoms. He seemed in pain, Pat Gardelius recalled later, "though he wasn't screaming. I took him at his word." She spent 10 minutes examining him, then gave him a shot of penicillin and streptomycin, two boxes of pills, and a bottle of medicine for the earache. Ira D. Sims paid her $10 for the medicine and was told to check back the next day, when the doctor was scheduled to fly over from Lone Pine.

Ira D. Sims did not show up the next day, but he did return to Tecopa a week later. He brought with him a deputy sheriff and a warrant for Patricia Gardelius's arrest. He said that he was an investigator for the California Department of Professional and Vocational Standards and that he was charging her with practicing medicine without a license in violation of Section 2142 of the California Business and Professional Code.

The arrest of Patricia Gardelius enraged Tecopa. The Tecopa Progressive Association fired off an angry letter to California Attorney General Thomas Lynch protesting the state's "shabby

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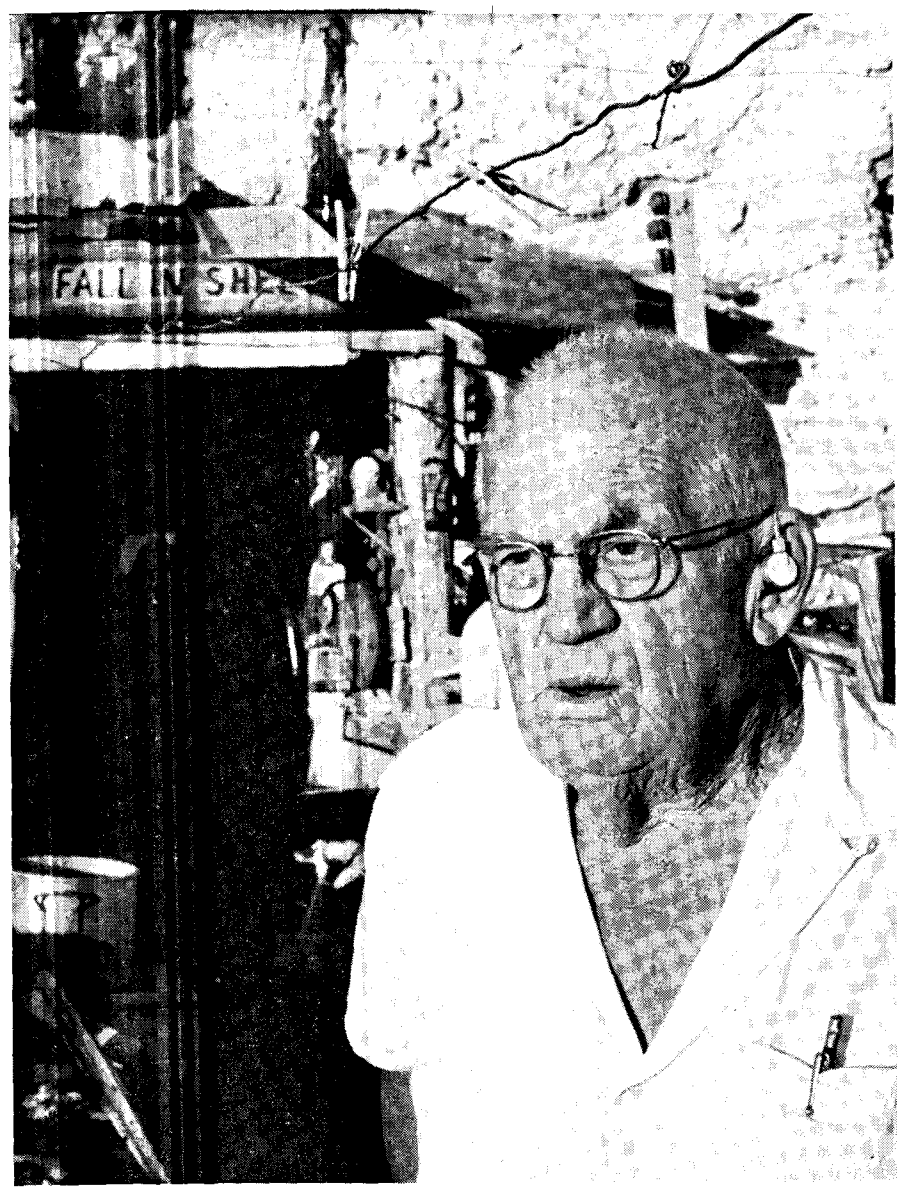
Among the miners in Tecopa there was angry talk of seceding from California and joining Nevada.



"Would have checked out yesterday, hadn't been for that Pat," Jack Norman, 80, told the doctor after suffering a heart attack while fixing a flat tire in 106° temperature.

treatment" of the town. In the Snake Room there was talk of seceding from California and joining Nevada. Miners described in detail what they would do if they ever learned the identity of the anonymous complainant to the Department of Professional and Vocational Standards. "That son of a bitch is liable to wind up with a powder stick and a short fuse in his hip pocket," said one leathery-faced desert rat who had mined from Canada to Mexico and back.

Later it turned out that Ira D. Sims had also had a warrant served on the town's only barber for operating a shop without a license, his shop being a chair in the back of the Snake Room. Nor had Ira D. Sims stopped there. He had driven to Furnace Creek, down on the floor of Death Valley, where he had a sheriff arrest May Dorval, a doughty, 83-year-old registered nurse, also on a charge of practicing medicine without a license. All in all, it was quite an expedition to the desert for Ira D. Sims.

The question that nagged at desert people as Patricia Gardelius awaited trial was who had written the anonymous letter. It was not only a breach of trust but—worse in the eyes of many—it was a breach which brought in the outside world, in the person of Ira D. Sims. "Anybody thinks I want to prosecute a nurse from Death Valley—big, glamour-deal Death Valley—must think I'm a big bird," growled Inyo County District Attorney Robert Loundagin. He is a paunchy, slow-moving man with a blotchy red face, a gravelly voice, and eminent common sense. "These bureaucratic investigators, they got to justify their own existence, so they justify it by heckling someone. I just wish they'd let us alone."

Distrust of outsiders is endemic to Inyo County, and not without reason. At the turn of the century, western Inyo, in the shadow of the Sierra, was lush farmland, nourished by the waters of the Owens River. Then, in a giant water swindle engineered by Los Angeles land speculators, the river waters were siphoned off and diverted south to the parched San Fernando Valley, where land prices soared and the speculators made a hundred-million-dollar killing by selling off tracts they had previously bought at rock-bottom prices. Their acres withering, Inyo farmers banded together in vigilante groups and nine times blew up the aqueduct south into Los Angeles County. Beaten but still proud, they fired their last salvo in the spring of 1927 with a full-page advertisement in the Los Angeles newspapers which began, "We, the farming communities of Owens Valley, being about to die, salute you."

Now, isolated from the rest of California, Inyo spreads out from the Sierra like antimatter, a desolate, embattled land slightly smaller than Belgium, inhabited by only 12,000 people. There is a wagon-train ethic out there on the desert, a pride that the beleaguered desert existence is in itself an assurance of mutual trust. No one seemed more deserving of that trust than Patricia Gardelius, no one less likely to be betrayed by an anonymous letter.

She is a woman of the frontier, born in remote Jarbidge, Nev., 100 miles north of Elko and 100 miles west of Twin Falls, Idaho; her mother was a nurse there and also the town mortician and justice of the peace, and so the idea of "helping out" was implanted early. Pat Gardelius took two years of nurse's training at Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane, Wash., leaving to get married before she got her certificate.

The poorest of all the little communities in this part of the desert is this colony of caves near landing strip in Shoshone. Dug into the earth by hand in years past, they provide minimum shelter for a constantly shifting population of winos and retired old miners.

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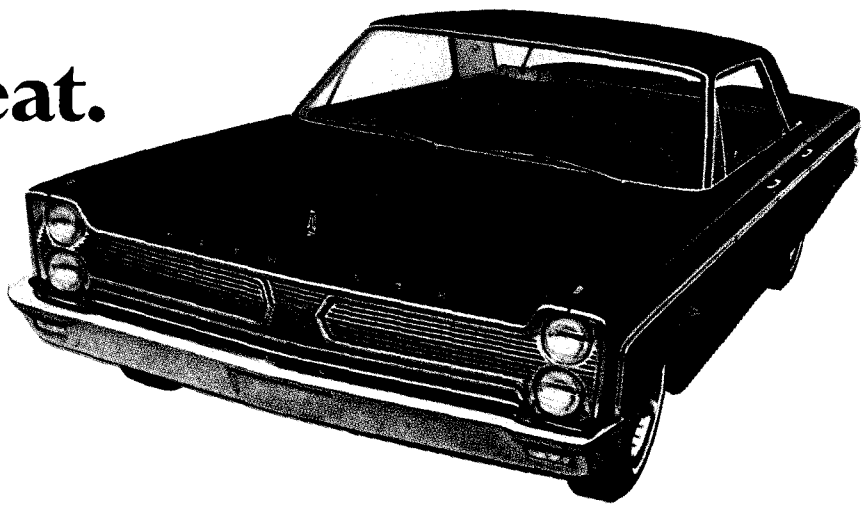
Plymouth VIP

The richest furniture at your Plymouth Dealer's is inside the luxurious new '66 Plymouth VIP.

You have a reserved seat.

Have a seat, and look around. Notice the look of fine wood paneling. The fold-down center armrests. The curved side windows. The wall-to-wall carpeting. And, on top of it all, a grained optional vinyl roof. If you want luxury in the low-price field, VIP is just the ticket. See it. Drive it. Buy it. At your nearest Plymouth Dealer's.

See Plymouth in action on NCAA and AFL Football and The Bob Hope Show, NBC-TV.



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Let yourself go... *Plymouth*

VIP FURY BELVEDERE VALIANT BARRACUDA

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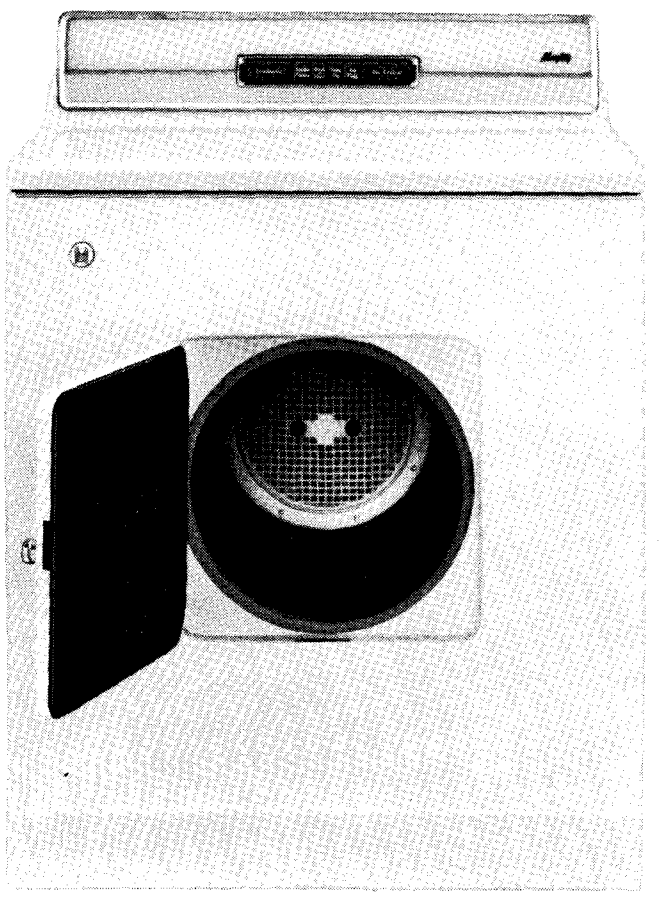
9 different fabrics.

All dried in one load.

Not one overbaked in this new Maytag dryer.



THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA. SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Throw them all in the same load: flannel, khaki, linen, denim, corduroy, jersey —all natural fabrics, all different weight. Not one will be overbaked.

The secret is Maytag's Electronic Control and low, gentle heat. The moisture in the clothes tells the Electronic Control when to turn the dryer off, which it does automatically. Never underdries. Never overbakes. Clothes-drying now becomes a simple push-button job. No guessing for time and temperature. No setting, no charts to figure. No mistakes.

Of course, Maytag gives you a Wash 'n Wear setting, too. Put all your synthetic fabrics in the same load. And again, nothing will overbake.

There isn't another dryer like it. But that figures. Look who made laundry history with the famous Maytag Washer.

MAYTAG ELECTRONIC CONTROL DRYER *Gas or Electric models*

WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY
with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer

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She had four children, three boys and a girl, but the marriage ended in divorce, and in 1953 she married Douglas Gardelius, a quiet, infinitely patient miner who legally adopted her four offspring. She had spent all her married life in a succession of mining towns like Ludlow, and finally in 1954 she moved to the Tecopa area, where Douglas Gardelius had come to work in the mines.

Tecopa did not seem to offer much more than the towns she had left behind. There had once been a railroad, the Tonopah & Tidewater, running up to the mines, but it closed down after the war and the tracks were torn up several years later. There were no private telephones and only three pay stations, one in Tecopa, one at the Springs and one in Shoshone. "And half the time they were out of order," says Pat Gardelius. Nor was there any public electricity; what power there was came from small, private diesel plants. Telephone service was finally installed three years ago, electricity two years ago.

The Gardelius family settled first in Shoshone, later moving to Jackrabbit Flats. There is an airfield in Shoshone—a wind sock, a dilapidated hangar and a gravel strip with a dip in the middle—and it is here that the doctor from Lone Pine lands on his weekly visit. The doctor's name is Walter Wilson, and he has been flying in from Lone Pine once a week for 20 years. He is a slender, smiling man of 60 with a highly developed set of Inyo County grievances against the outside world. A devout Seventh-Day Adventist, he regards his weekly visits to Tecopa as "missionary work." It was only a matter of time before the doctor discovered that Pat Gardelius had some nurse's training. Her children were growing up, she had time on her hands, and so she began working, at first more or less as a receptionist, a couple of hours a week. "I didn't look for this job," Pat Gardelius says. "It just sort of found me. And then it grew and grew, to seven days a week, and sometimes all day and all night too."

There were standing instructions from Walter Wilson for every situation she was likely to encounter. Every day she called Lone Pine to report new patients and to receive more specific orders. In emergencies she was on her own until the doctor could fly in. "You just do what needs to be done," says Pat Gardelius. "And most anything out here could be an emergency." Almost imperceptibly her authority increased, and an arrangement was worked out under which she received as pay one third of the income taken in by Walter Wilson's Tecopa office. To the retired pensioners in Tecopa Hot Springs, old, arthritic, and alone in their trailers, she helped make up for the sons who lived in Chicago, the daughters who did not write. They needed to feel wanted, needed someone to fuss over their ailments, real and fancied. "Everybody who passes out out here," says Pat Gardelius, "you get a call that so-and-so has had a heart attack."

Old couples traveling out to the mineral springs in the desert dropped off their medical records at her office before finding a permanent mooring in the trailer park by the healing waters. There were pills and capsules and medicines in the office, some of them prescription-only drugs, but Pat Gardelius had instructions from Doctor Wilson to distribute them as she saw fit. "It wouldn't do the doctor any good to write out a prescription and say, 'Take it down to the corner drugstore,'" she says, "'cause the nearest corner drugstore is in Vegas."

Wednesday, when the doctor came, patients would begin filing into the office early in the morning, signing a roster to show their place in line—a nursing mother, a miner with his arm in a sling, an old woman with her upper plate missing. The office is a one-story, corrugated-iron building with a large waiting room, several treatment rooms, and an alcove for the dentist who occasionally flies in with Doctor Wilson. Shoved up against one wall is an unpainted, homemade cradle. It is usually lunchtime before Doctor Wilson arrives, often with a large box full of Queen Anne cherries picked from his own trees in Lone Pine for the assembled patients, and from then until nearly midnight every week, he and Patricia Gardelius would administer to a seemingly endless procession of the sick.

Sometimes there would be house calls. One day shortly after his blue Cessna touched down, Doctor Wilson went directly to the cave colony on the edge of Shoshone. Metal stovepipes poked up through the sand, and wedged in the entrances of the caves was a motley collection of doors liberated from outhouses, trucks and railroad cabooses. The day before, Patricia Gardelius had treated an old miner and cave-dweller named Jack Norman for a heart attack; he had been fixing a flat tire, the temperature was 106°, and he was 80 years old. When Wilson arrived, Norman, wearing a battered gray pith helmet, a dirty sport shirt and a hearing aid, was waiting outside his cave. There were three water barrels lashed together in front of the cave, and a hand-lettered sign that said FALL-IN-SHELTER. "I thought I was going to go under," he said, greeting Doctor Wilson. "Would have, too, hadn't been for that Pat."

Inside the cave the earth walls were lined with aluminum foil. There was an unmade bed, and by it, a system of pulleys which led outside to a handmade wooden frame, on which was a mirror. Doctor Wilson began manipulating the pulleys until the mirror outside caught the midday sun, reflecting it off the aluminum foil. "Only solar lighting system in the country," Walter Wilson said. In the new light, pictures pinned to the aluminum foil became visible, pencil and pastel drawings sketched by Jack Norman from old magazine photographs—Connie Mack, Knute Rockne, Gracie Allen, State Senator Charles Brown, and John, Robert and Jacqueline Kennedy. On a shelf above the bed was a hand-carved 20-mule team and a wooden Saint Bernard with a tot of brandy hanging from its neck; on the dog Jack Norman had lettered, MAN'S BEST FRIEND AND DOG. The old miner sat on his bed, amid all his worldly possessions, as Doctor Wilson examined him. He was very deaf and Walter Wilson had to shout. "You're too old to exercise like that, Jack. The old heart won't take it. You don't want to go under now, do you?" Jack Norman nodded vigorously. "Would have checked out yesterday, hadn't been for that Pat."

It was this kind of dependence that aroused in Patricia Gardelius a sense of responsibility toward Tecopa. With her

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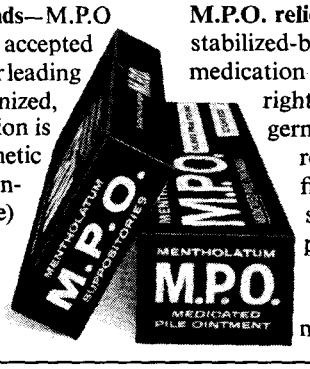

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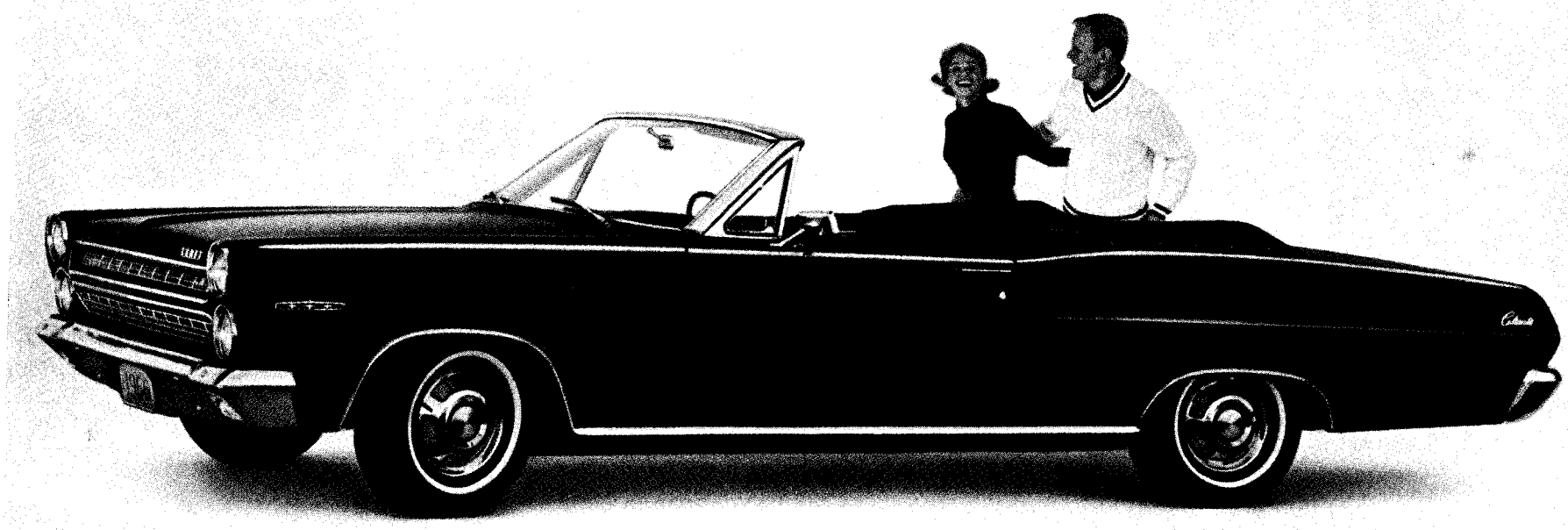

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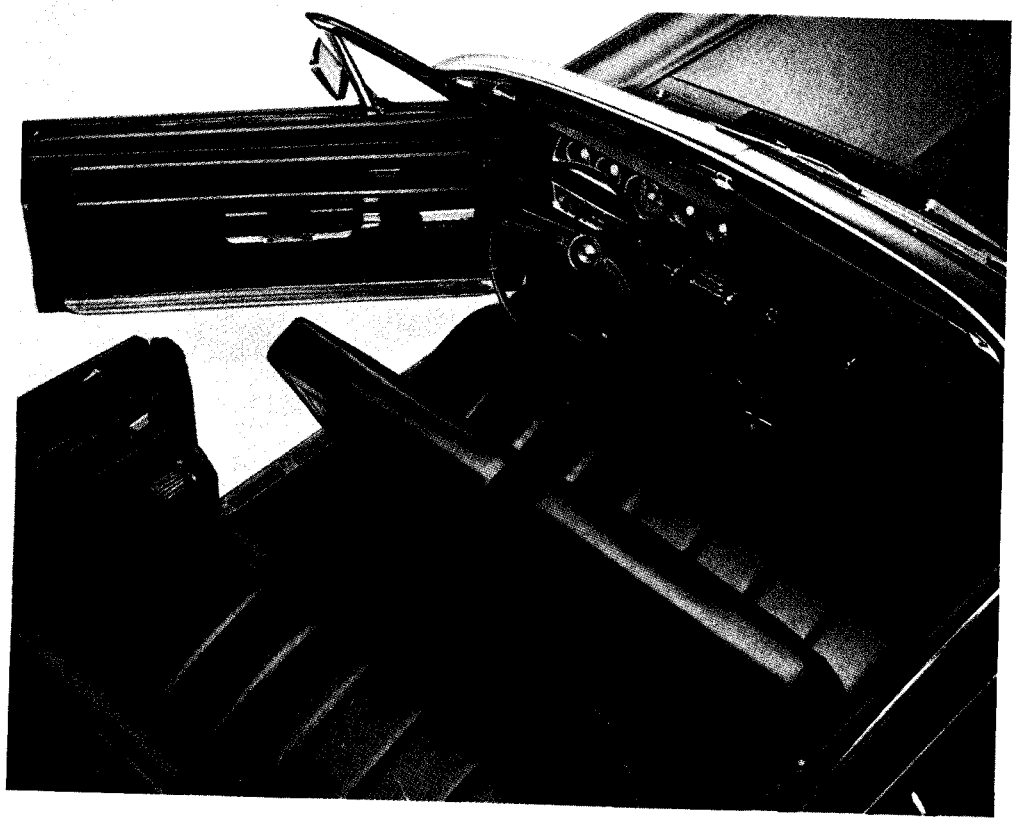

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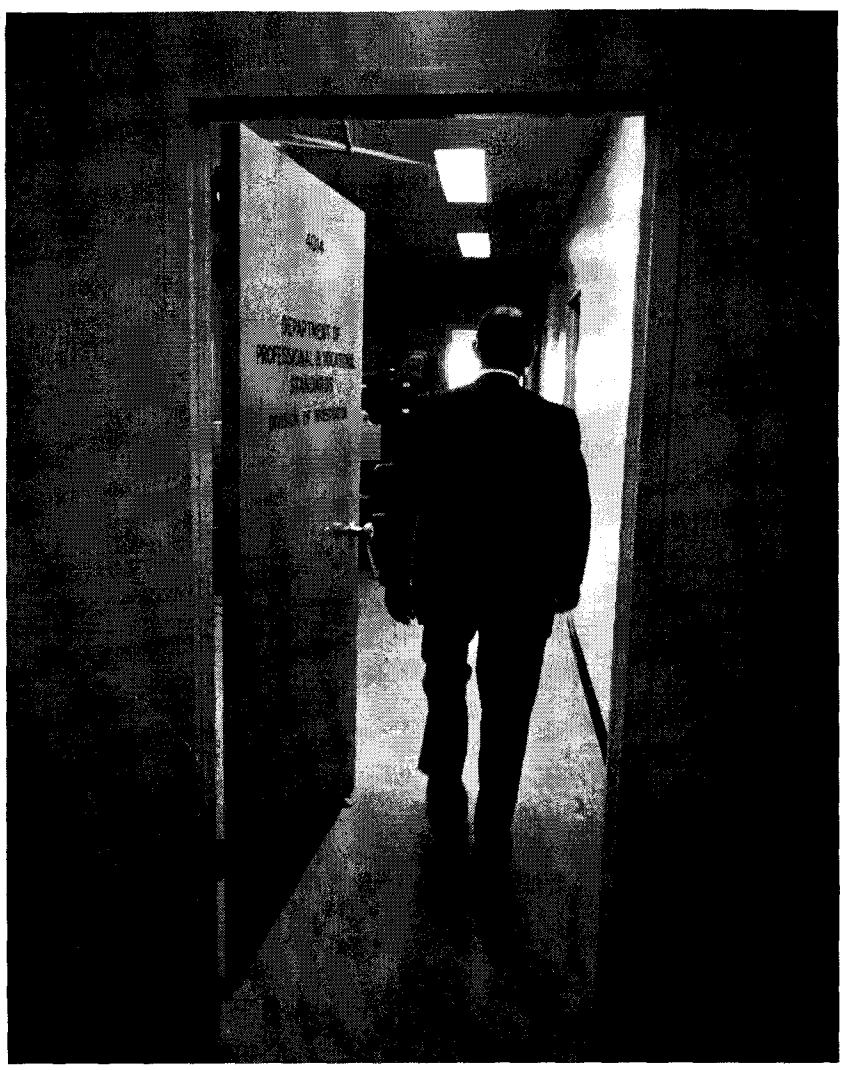
children in school, she became interested in school problems, joined the PTA, and when that was not active enough, ran for the Board of Education of the Death Valley Unified School District. "The first time you run, you don't know what you're getting into," Pat Gardelius says. "The second time you're just plain gullible."

Her election to the school board was perhaps the start of the trouble. The Death Valley Unified School District is immense, 9,000 square miles of desert with only two primary schools, one in Tecopa, the other in Death Valley Junction—and one high school, in Shoshone. High-school students bus to Shoshone from as far south as Baker, 58 miles away, as far north as Stovepipe Wells, 85 miles; as the result of an interstate agreement, the high school even takes students from across the Nevada line in Pahrump. There are 88 students in the high school today; a few years ago there was a graduating class of only one, and the undermanned baseball team lost a game by a score of 34–0. It is a poor school district, and because salaries are generally lower than in the rest of California, teachers must be recruited in such badly paying states as Montana and North Dakota. "We only hope that they're good enough so we can't keep them here," says District School Superintendent Claude Ellison. "Good ones are snapped up by richer districts. Bad ones you're stuck with."

In addition, the district's intrinsic problems were exacerbated by a growing bitterness between Shoshone and Tecopa. Everything in Shoshone belonged to Charles Brown—the land, the few houses, the gas station, the general store, the lunchroom and the saloon, which is called the Crowbar, and which, unlike the Snake Room, is licensed to sell hard liquor. For 24 years Charles Brown sat in the California legislature as senator from Inyo, Mono and Alpine counties, the largest and most sparsely populated district of the state. Most urban dwellers do not even know the name of their duly elected state senator, but in Inyo, Mono and Alpine counties, Charles Brown was known as a man with a paternal regard for his constituents. He was better known, and in many cases better thought of, than the governor of the state.

Solidly entrenched though they were, Shoshone and the family of Charles Brown still watched the migration of Social Security pensioners to the trailer colony in Tecopa Hot Springs with growing unease. Even had they wanted, the pensioners could not buy land in the Springs, and in any case, they were happy in their trailers, free of upkeep and property taxes. But to the family of Charles Brown, voters who are not taxpayers are something less than a desirable element, people with no stakes in the county, people who might upset the *status quo*. Nor was it reassuring to Shoshone that the pensioners bound themselves to Pat Gardelius, for hers was a voice in local affairs that Shoshone did not particularly like to hear. As a member of the school board, she figured prominently in an acrimonious dispute over the renewal of the contract of a teacher at the high school in Shoshone. The teacher—a friend of the Brown family—had been accused of making fun of the parents of her students, and had been judged incompetent by the school superintendent. Over the protests of the Browns, Patricia Gardelius voted to uphold the superintendent, and the contract was not renewed. "Ignorance prevailed," says Bernice Brown Sorrells.

'Pat Gardelius doesn't back away from a fight. Fact is, I sometimes think that she enjoys one.'



An undercover investigator for the state, Ira D. Sims came to Tecopa in response to an anonymous letter accusing Pat of violating California law by her practice of medicine.

A short time later, in 1960, Charles Brown was voted out of office after 24 years. The Tecopa vote was not the difference in the election, but it was a first defeat, a shadow of things to come, and Shoshone grew increasingly resentful of voters who were not taxpayers. Two years later, in 1962, these voters proposed a new bond issue for a new elementary school in Tecopa and a new gymnasium and two new classrooms for the high school in Shoshone. "We have a terrible time trying to get teachers," Pat Gardelius says. "What they had to live in was bad enough. What they had to teach in was even worse."

The school-bond fight was bitter. "Pat doesn't back away from a fight," says Claude Ellison, the school superintendent. "Fact is, sometimes I think she enjoys one. The bond fight was a dilly. Charley Brown said to me, 'Just let me get out of the hole.' Get out of the *hole?* My God, he was a millionaire." The voters in Tecopa passed the bond issue over the strong objections of the electorate in Shoshone. Shortly after the election, former State Senator Charles Brown died. "Charley was a good man," Pat Gardelius says. "We disagreed on a lot of things, but he always played it straight."

The bond fight severed any semblance of good feelings between Shoshone and Patricia Gardelius. Today Bernice Brown Sorrells can scarcely disguise her contempt. "A poverty pocket," she calls the trailer colony in Tecopa Hot Springs. She is a handsome gray-haired woman in her late 40's, and she was once a close friend of Pat Gardelius. "Pat was a mouse of a girl when she came here," Bernice Brown Sorrells says, "bright but uneducated." And now? "An unskilled person breaking the law."

The isolation of the desert holds no fears for Bernice Brown Sorrells. "We're not so isolated as those people in that poverty pocket would have you believe," she says. "You can get to Vegas in an hour and a half, and it's only an hour to Lone Pine by plane. You can get to a doctor. But those people don't want to get to a doctor. They just want somebody to cater to them, a place to go where they can talk about their ailments." The Sorrellses are breaking ground for a new development of low-cost houses. "We're going to have restrictions," Bernice Brown Sorrells says. "This isn't going to be any poverty pocket."

These bitter feelings were not assuaged by the fact that Patricia Gardelius met them with tolerance. "I

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feel kind of sorry for Bernice," Pat Gardelius says. "She never knew what defeat was until Charley got beat." Even worse, Pat Gardelius's sympathy did not keep her from adding other defeats. Last spring Maury Sorrells, Bernice Brown Sorrells's husband, decided to run for the school board as a member from Shoshone. Though not running herself, Patricia Gardelius declared herself against him. On election day Maury Sorrells was overwhelmingly defeated. That same day was the day Patricia Gardelius was arrested.

Most of Tecopa came to the trial of Patricia Gardelius, 200 miles across the floor of Death Valley and over the Funeral, the Panamint, and the Inyo-White Mountains. These travelers were old, most of them, and they wore Panama hats and faded sundresses, and a woman with a Magic Marker pencil moved among them, offering to write on the back of any plain dress: "Tecopa Needs Pat." They had brought box lunches with them, and as they waited for the trial to begin, they examined the jury panel, wondering if any among them would possibly vote Patricia Gardelius guilty, wondering if they had brought enough food to last through a long trial.

Up until 15 minutes before court opened, the district attorney's office was trying to get the Department of Professional and Vocational Standards to dismiss the case. "This whole thing could have been handled better on an administrative level," says Robert Loundagin, the Inyo County District Attorney. "There's no doubt that there was a *prima facie* violation of the law. Over the years, I suppose it's only natural to usurp more authority than you're entitled to. But this woman saves lives out there. This should have been handled by the State Board of Medical Examiners. They could have cautioned the doctor that the nurse was exceeding her authority and that would have been the end of it. But no, these damn-fool bureaucrats insist we go ahead with a trial."

Though Melvin Belli, the San Francisco attorney who was for a time the defense attorney for Jack Ruby, volunteered to take Patricia Gardelius's case, she elected to stick with an Inyo County lawyer before an Inyo County jury. His name is Willis Smith, and he is a short, cocky attorney from the cattle town of Bishop. The case was prosecuted by the Assistant District Attorney, Kenneth Murphy, like Loundagin, a friend of Patricia Gardelius. "In a sense," he said in his opening statement, "I'd rather cut off my arm than try this case." But the issue, he continued, was not whether Patricia Gardelius did good for the people of Tecopa; it was whether she had broken the law. Willis Smith quickly challenged the contention that Patricia Gardelius had acted in violation of the laws of California. The fact that there was no doctor within 106 miles, he argued, created an emergency in Tecopa, and if there was an emergency, the law was not broken. Furthermore, he said, Patricia Gardelius had been entrapped by Ira D. Sims, and such entrapment was illegal.

The main witness was Ira D. Sims. Under cross-examination, he admitted that he had received the anonymous complaint one month and three days before he had first gone to Tecopa. His voice heavy with scorn, Willis Smith hammered on the point that the Department of Professional and Vocational Standards could not have considered the alleged violation too serious if it had taken one month and three days to investigate it. Willis Smith also lingered lovingly on the fact that a grown man like Ira D. Sims made his living going around the state claiming he had a headache. He further elicited from Ira D. Sims the information that he had allowed Patricia Gardelius to treat one last patient before having her arrested.

"You didn't think it was *dangerous* for her to treat one more patient?"

"Apparently not," said Ira D. Sims.

Ira D. Sims did not return to the courtroom to hear Willis Smith's summation. In a bravura performance, the little lawyer from Bishop strutted before the jury box calling the heavens to witness the perfidy of the absent bureaucrat who had acted on an anonymous complaint. Stabbing his finger at Sims's empty chair, Willis Smith said, "The good Lord saw a creature in the Garden of Eden tempting Adam and Eve, and the good Lord said that the tempter should walk on his stomach for the rest of eternity, and that is what should happen to Ira D. Sims." His voice lowered as he called on Inyo County's ancient distrust of outsiders. "We don't need people like Ira D. Sims in Inyo County," Willis Smith said. "We don't need people like

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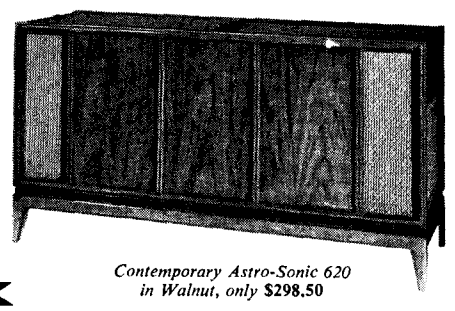

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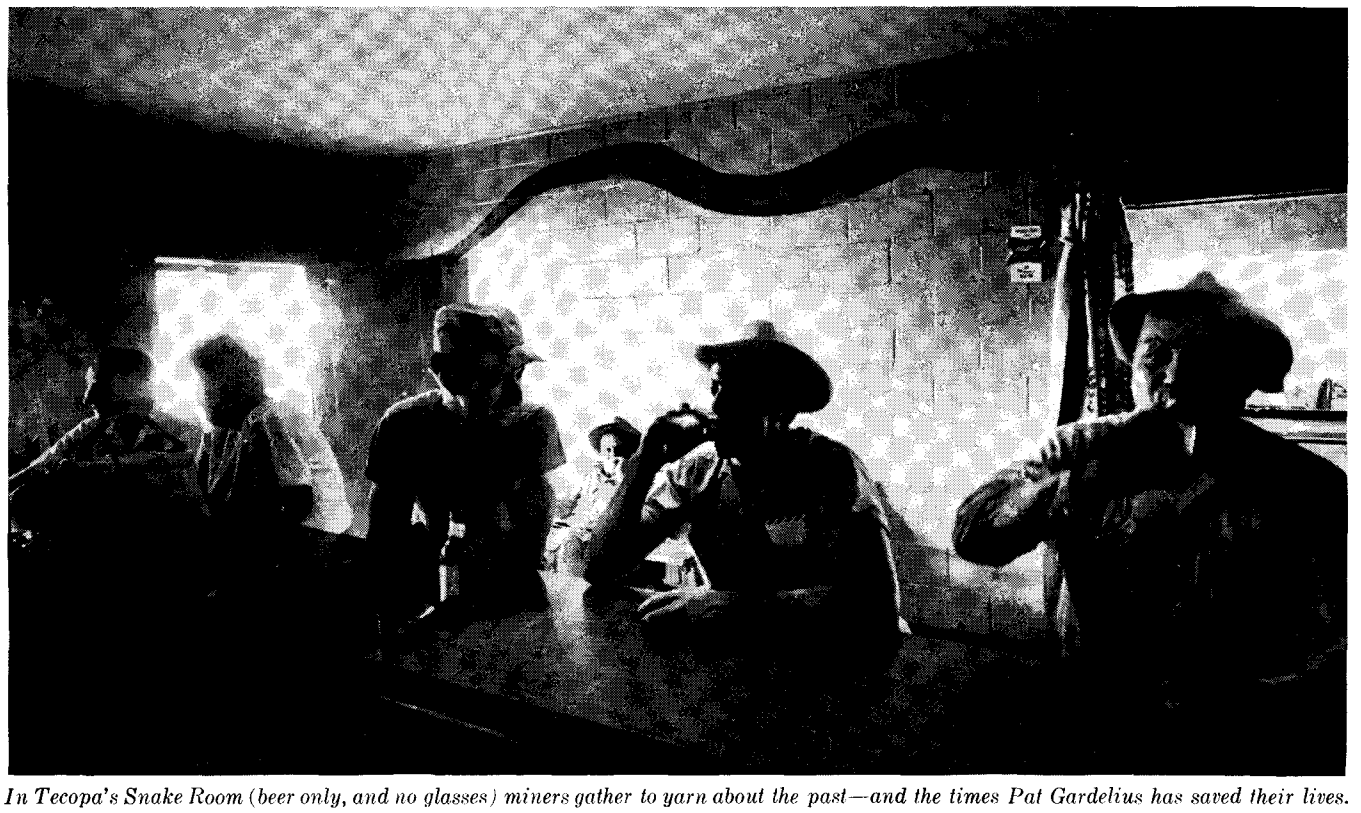

In Tecopa's Snake Room (beer only, and no glasses) miners gather to yarn about the past—and the times Pat Gardelius has saved their lives.

Ira D. Sims in the state of California."

The jury was out two hours. "I wonder who the troublemaker is," Assistant District Attorney Murphy muttered as he waited with Willis Smith for the verdict. Shortly before seven P.M., the jury returned and the foreman announced, "Not guilty." The courtroom erupted in cheers, and scores of weeping Tecopans engulfed the defense table, kissing, hugging, and congratulating Patricia Gardelius.

Things will never be quite the same again on Route 127, north of Baker. The talk is of the heat and ailments and Patricia Gardelius. She still comes down from Jackrabbit Flats every morning for a cup of coffee in the café before going to the office in the corrugated-iron building behind the Rioh Garage, and she is still on call day and night, seven days a week. But things have changed, in Shoshone as well as in Tecopa, and the changes have not been for the better. Night lights were finally put in at the airstrip, and late in July, trying them out for the first time, Maury Sorrells crashed and was killed instantly.

Friendships are ended and there is bad feeling on the surface, where before it only simmered beneath. In Independence the district attorney's office wonders why its recommendation that the Gardelius case be dismissed was not heeded. In the Inyo County sheriff's office, there is a tendency to reflect Shoshone's view of Patricia Gardelius. "A lot of those people up there aren't sick," says Under-Sheriff Mike Elerick, a slender, impassive man with clear, pastel-blue eyes. "They just talk themselves into getting sick if they're not getting enough attention. They need qualified medical attention, not an unskilled nurse. If she makes a mistake and someone dies, those people who love her so much now will be the first ones to want to hang her from the highest yardarm." Despite these views, he does not think that the sheriff's office is compromised by calling on Patricia Gardelius in the event of an emergency. "She's a public utility," he says. "We call on her just like we would a tow truck."

In Tecopa there is talk, idle talk mostly, of having Pat Gardelius run for the state legislature, and though she ridicules the rumor, it is enough to send paroxysms of rage through Shoshone. There is also talk in the Snake Room that miners have purchased two five-gallon cans of tar and some old feathers in case they ever discover who sent the anonymous letter. "If I found out, I'd never tell," Patricia Gardelius said over a cup of coffee in the café. "I wouldn't want that on my conscience." The sun was vanishing in the desert and the temperature was sliding under 100°. "And besides," she said, "I'd probably have to clean him up." □

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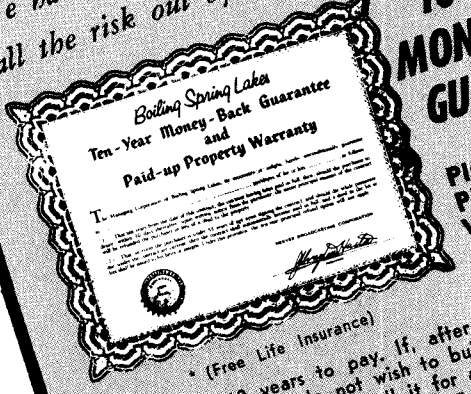

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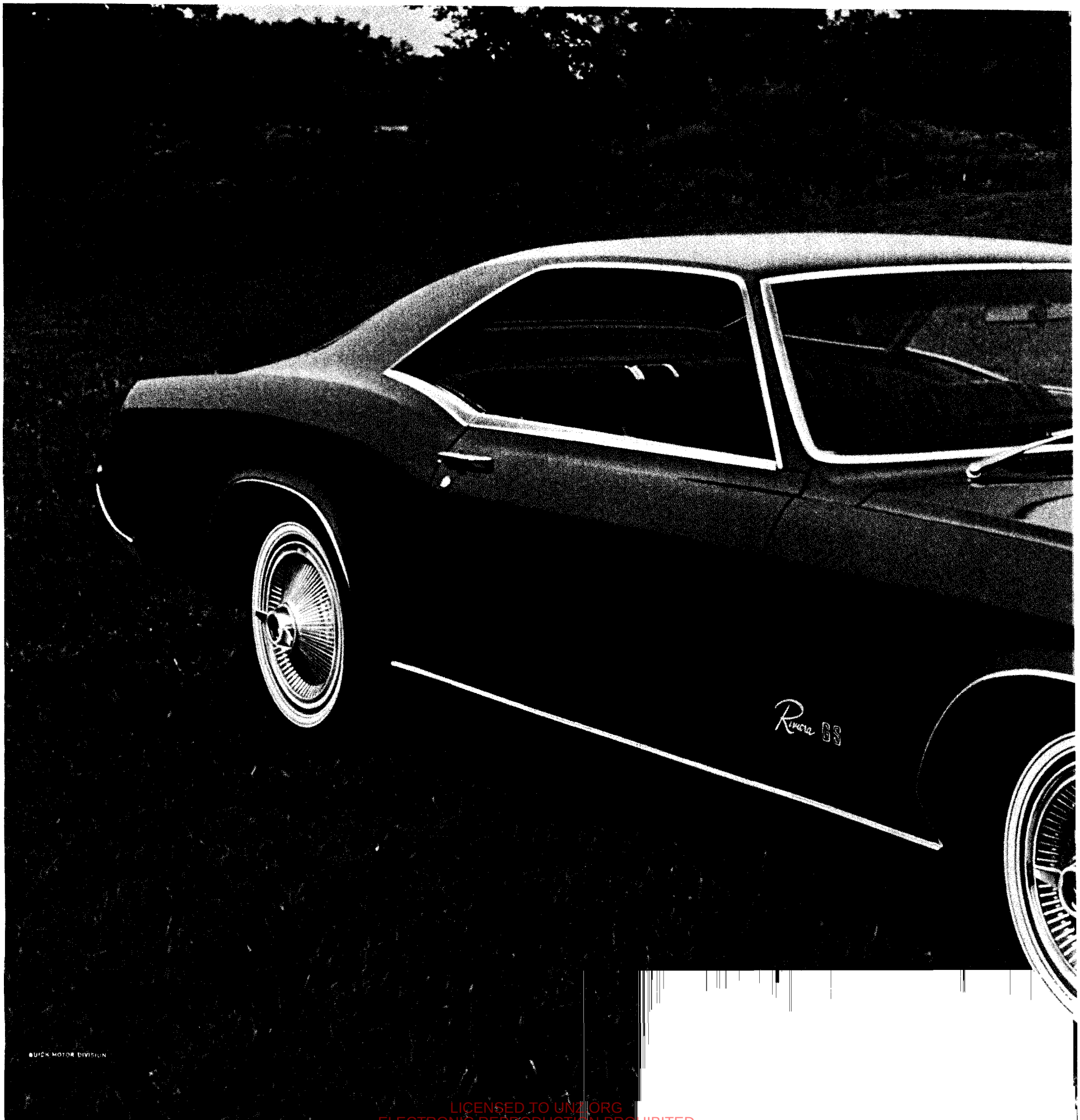

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r. That tests brakes. And ride. And han-
ıg. And the test driver's nerve.)

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ividually. (Come what may, pistons are li-
e to vary in size as much as 3/10,000 of
inch. So are cylinders. So we match them
h an ingenious machine which measures
h air.)

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e more about) than anybody we know of.
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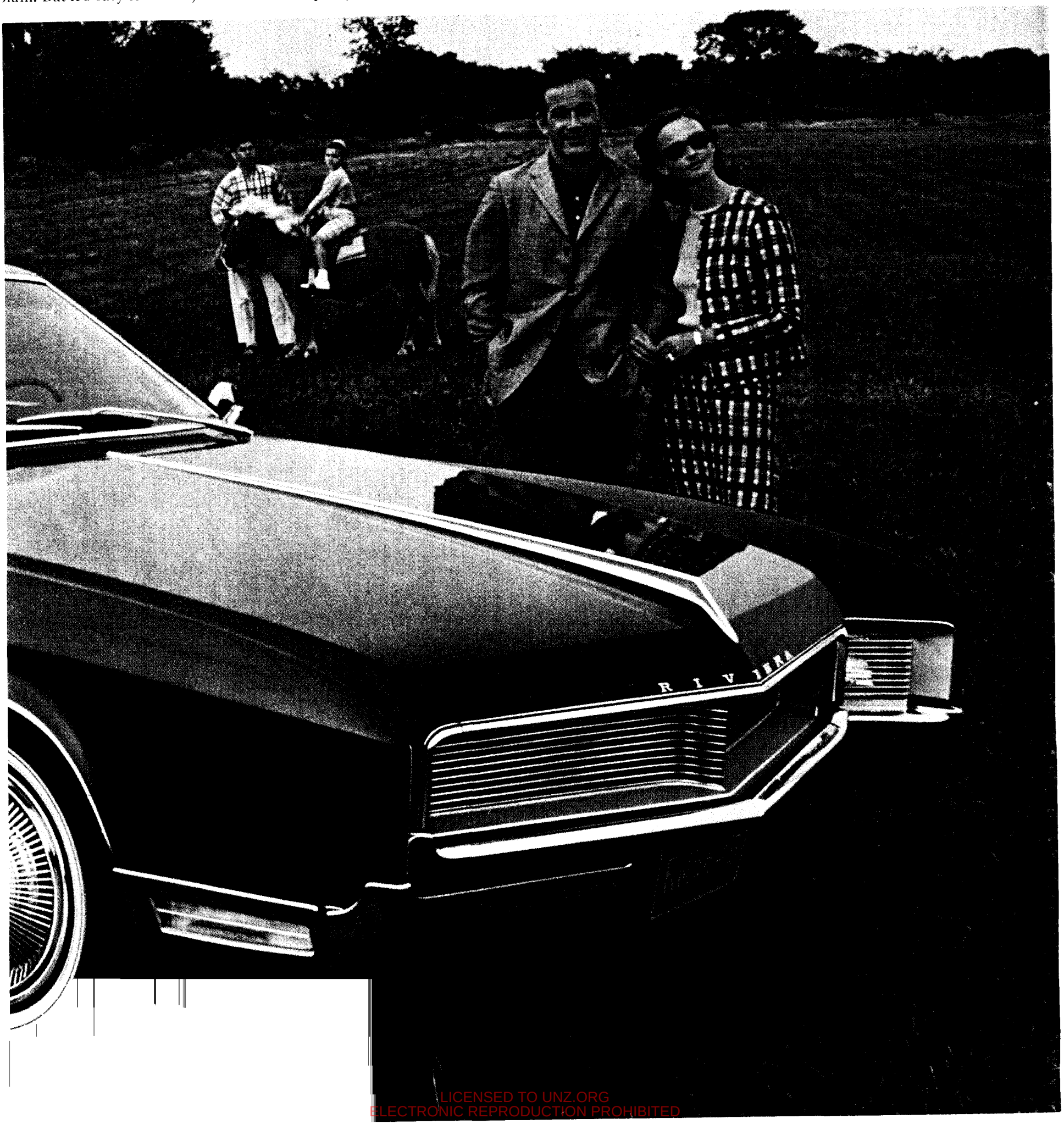

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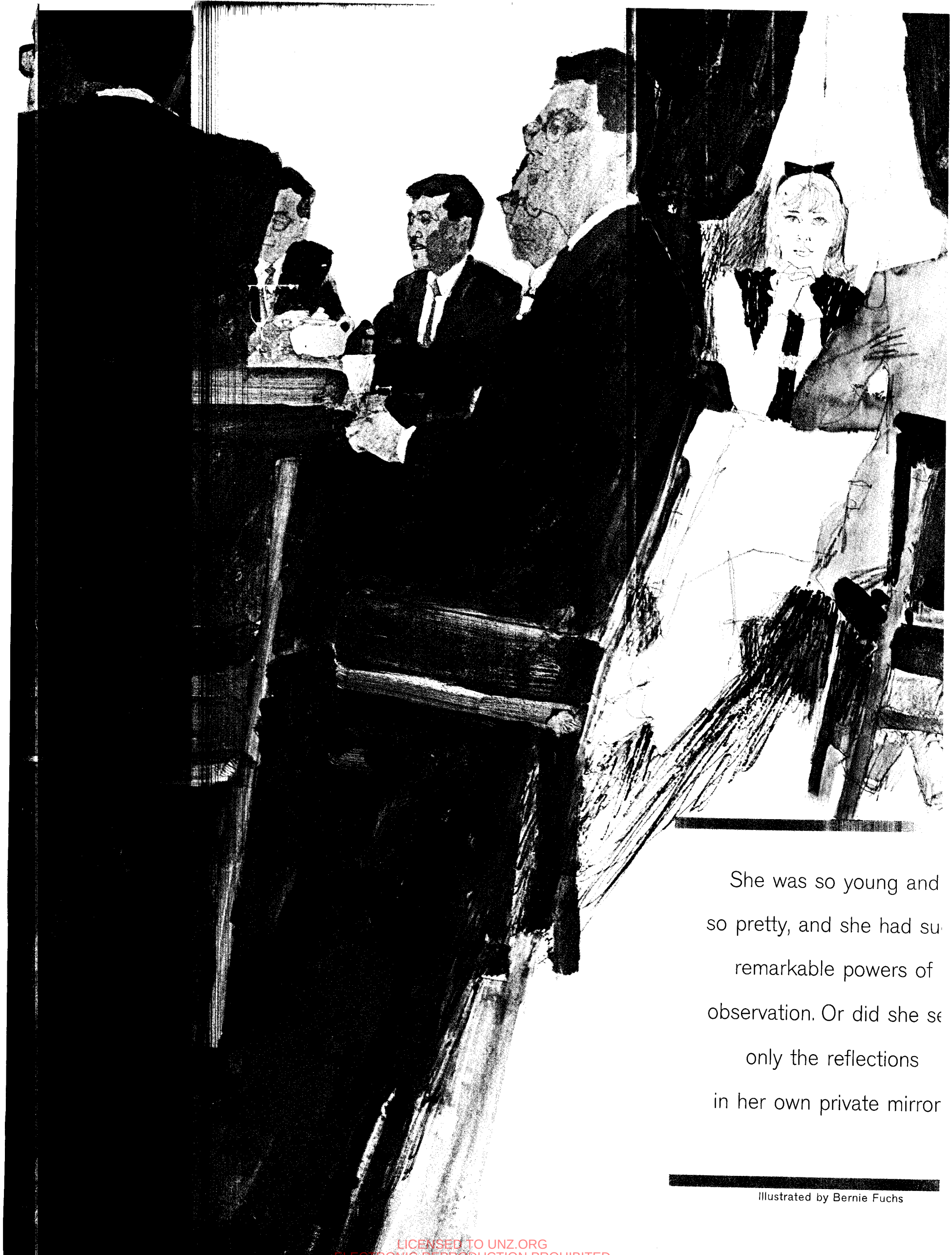

She was so young and
so pretty, and she had su
remarkable powers of
observation. Or did she se
only the reflections
in her own private mirror

Illustrated by Bernie Fuchs

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THE INVISIBLE JAPANESE GENTLEMEN

BY GRAHAM GREENE

There were eight Japanese gentlemen having a fish dinner at Bentley's. They spoke to each other rarely, in their incomprehensible tongue, but always with a courteous smile and often with a small bow. All but one of them wore glasses. Sometimes the pretty girl who sat at a table beyond gave them a passing glance, but her own problem seemed too serious for her to pay real attention to anyone in the world except herself and her companion.

She had thin, blonde hair and her face was pretty and *petite* in a Regency way, oval like a miniature, though she had a harsh way of speaking—perhaps the accent of the school, Roedean or Cheltenham Ladies' College, which she had not long ago left. She wore a man's signet ring on her engagement finger, and as I sat down at my own table, with the Japanese gentlemen between us, she said, "So you see, we could marry next week."

"Yes?"

Her companion appeared a little distraught. He refilled their glasses with Chablis and said, "Of course, but Mother . . ." I missed some of the conversation then, because the eldest Japanese gentleman leaned across the table, with a smile and a little bow, and uttered a whole paragraph like the mutter from an aviary, while everyone bent toward him and smiled and listened, and I couldn't help attending to him myself.

The girl's fiancé resembled her physically. I could see them as two miniatures hanging side by side on white wood panels. He should have been a young officer in Nelson's navy in the days when a certain weakness and sensitivity was no bar to promotion.

She said, "They are giving me an advance of five hundred pounds, and they've sold the paperback rights already." The hard commercial declaration came as a shock to me; it was a shock too that she was one of my own profession. She couldn't have been more than twenty. She deserved better of life.

He said, "But my uncle . . ."

"You know you don't get on with him. This way we shall be quite independent."

"*You* will be independent," he said grudgingly.

"The wine trade wouldn't really suit you, would it? I spoke to my publisher about you and there's a very good chance, if you began with some reading ——"

"But I don't know a thing about books."

"I would help you at the start."

"My mother says that writing is a good crutch. . . ."

"Five hundred pounds and half the paperback rights is a pretty solid crutch," she said.

"This Chablis is good, isn't it?"

"I daresay."

I began to change my opinion of him—he had not the Nelson touch. He was doomed to defeat. She came alongside and raked him fore and aft. "Do you know what Mr. Dwight said?"

"Who's Dwight?"

"Darling, you don't listen, do you? My publisher. He said he hadn't read a first novel in the last ten years which showed such powers of observation."

"That's wonderful," he said sadly, "wonderful."

"Only he wants me to change the title."

"Yes?"

"He doesn't like *The Ever-Rolling Stream*. He wants to call it *The Chelsea Set*."

"What did you say?"

"I agreed. I do think that with a first novel one should try to keep one's publisher happy. Especially when, really, he's going to pay for our marriage, isn't he?"

"I see what you mean." Absentmindedly he stirred his Chablis with a fork—perhaps before the engagement he had always bought champagne. The Japanese gentlemen had finished their fish, and, with very little English but with elaborate courtesy, they were ordering from the middle-aged waitress a fresh-fruit salad. The girl looked at them, and then she looked at me, but I think she saw only the future. I wanted very much to warn her against any future based on a first novel called *The Chelsea Set*. I was on the side of the young man's mother. It was a humiliating thought, but I was over sixty; I was probably about his mother's age.

I wanted to say to her: Are you quite sure your publisher is telling you the truth? Publishers are human. They may sometimes exaggerate the virtues of the young and the pretty. Will *The Chelsea Set* be read in five years? Are you prepared for the years of effort, "the long defeat of doing nothing well"? As the years pass, writing will not become any easier, the daily effort will grow harder to endure, those "powers of observation" will become enfeebled; you will be judged, when you reach your forties, by performance and not by promise.

"My next novel is going to be about St. Tropez."

"I didn't know you'd ever been there."

"I haven't. A fresh eye's terribly important. I thought we might settle down there for six months."

"There wouldn't be much left of the advance by that time."

"The advance is only an advance. I get fifteen percent after five thousand copies and twenty percent after ten thousand. And, of course, another advance will be due, darling, when the next book's finished. A bigger one if *The Chelsea Set* sells well."

"Suppose it doesn't."

"Mr. Dwight says it will. He ought to know."

"My uncle would start me at twelve hundred."

"But, darling, how could you come, then, to St. Tropez?"

"Perhaps we'd do better to marry when you came back."

She said harshly, "I mightn't come back if *The Chelsea Set* sells well enough."

"Oh."

She looked at me and the party of Japanese gentlemen. She finished her wine. She said, "Is this a quarrel?"

"No."

"I've got a title for the next book—*The Azure Blue*."

"I thought azure *was* blue."

She looked at him with disappointment. "You don't really want to be married to a novelist, do you?"

"You aren't one yet."

"I was born one—Mr. Dwight says. My powers of observation . . ."

"Yes. You told me that, but, dear, couldn't you observe a bit nearer home? Here in London."

"I've done that in *The Chelsea Set*. I don't want to repeat myself."

The bill had been lying beside them for some time now. He took out his wallet to pay, but she snatched the paper out of his reach. She said, "This is my celebration."

"What of?"

"*The Chelsea Set*, of course. Darling, you're awfully decorative, but sometimes—well, you simply don't connect."

"I'd rather . . . if you don't mind . . ."

"No, darling, this is on me. And Mr. Dwight, of course."

He submitted, just as two of the Japanese gentlemen gave tongue simultaneously, then stopped abruptly and bowed to each other, as though they were blocked in a doorway.

I had thought the two young people matching miniatures, but what a contrast there was in fact. The same type of prettiness could contain weakness and strength. Her Regency counterpart, I suppose, would have borne a dozen children without the aid of anesthetics, while he would have fallen an easy victim to the first dark eyes in Naples. Would there one day be a dozen books on her shelf? They have to be born without an anesthetic too. I found myself hoping that *The Chelsea Set* would prove to be a disaster and that eventually she would take up photographic modeling, while he established himself solidly in the wine trade in St. James's. I didn't like to think of her as the Mrs. Humphry Ward of her generation—not that I would live so long. Old age saves us from the realization of a great many fears. I wondered to which publishing firm Dwight belonged. I could imagine the blurb he would have already written about her "abrasive powers of observation." There would be a photograph, if he was wise, on the back of the jacket; for reviewers, as well as publishers, are human, and she didn't look like Mrs. Humphry Ward.

I could hear them talking while they found their coats at the back of the restaurant. He said, "I wonder what all those Japanese were doing here?"

"Japanese?" she said. "What Japanese, darling? Sometimes you are so evasive I think you don't want to marry me at all." □

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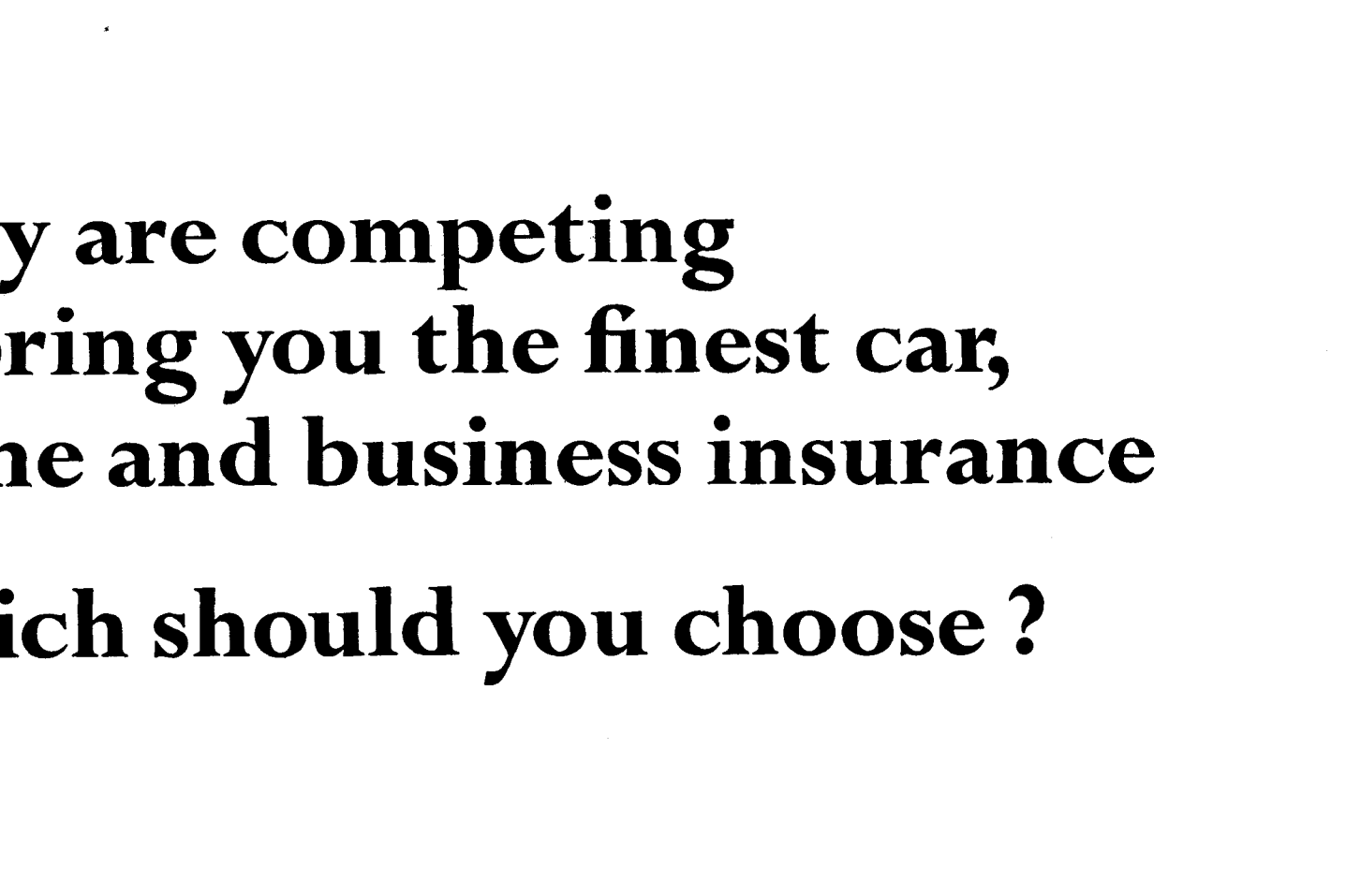

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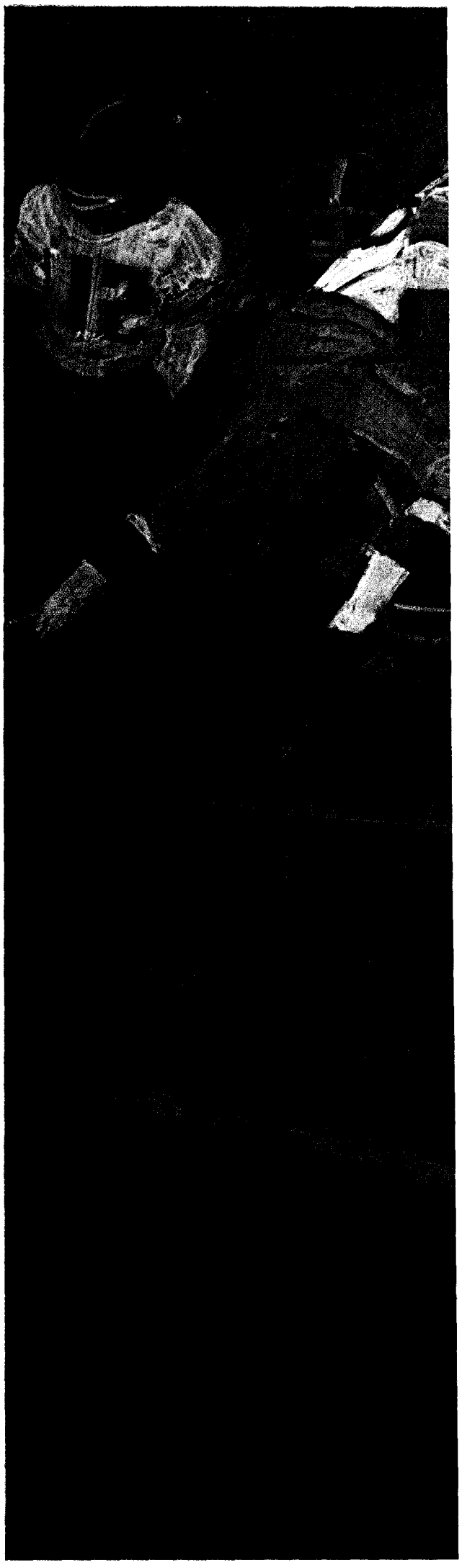

Danny Muldoon was a talented, cocky kind of hungry quarterback out of the coal-mining country of West Virginia. He'd made it big in high school, and had a great year in the Big Ten. Now he had a shot at the pros, where the big ones gobble up the little ones, and there's no one rooting for you but yourself. You were an all-American in college? Forget it. That was yesterday; this is today. And today he was only a rookie—and rookies were a dime a dozen.

BY JOHN QUIRK

Danny Muldoon, who grew up in Kayford, twenty miles back up the creek from the Kanawha River, was a high-school phenomenon, the star of Coach Culhane's undefeated Big Blue team at Cabin Creek Consolidated. The day the Pioneers defeated Stonewall Jackson High in Charleston, the miners of East Bank, Coalburg, Kayford and Eskdale shouted and paraded for Danny as though it were the opening day of Creation.

No young ballplayer anywhere was better equipped than Danny Muldoon. He was strong like his father and tall like his mother's brothers. He could run like Billy Blue Blazes and throw a football sixty yards. Culhane said softly a hundred or a thousand times, "Beautiful. Beautiful."

No ballplayer had more incentive. Where Danny lived, in a long-since-condemned ex-company house between the mine offices and the looming, rumbling tipple of Ogleby-Norton's Shamrock No. 1, the coal dust fell always in silent black rain. Danny worked two summers as shorer's helper in the farthest reaches of Shamrock No. 7, at the black, probing tips of those narrow, cold shafts tunneled miles deep into the mountains He scrubbed to get the coal out of his hair, his eyebrows, his fingernails. He couldn't scrub out the claustrophobia, the low-level terror he lived with every minute in those dark chambers with the walls collapsing at him and the low ceilings smothering him, where his blood congealed at the earthquake when the charge was set off.

The miners of Kayford were paid thirty, forty dollars a day. If there was poverty in Appalachia, it was somewhere else. This was a going mine, this was a good living, this was a wet mine, a safe mine, where no one ever was hurt, where there'd never been a collapse or explosion. But Danny Muldoon's claustrophobia was not reasonable. Intensely, single-mindedly, Danny Muldoon wanted out of Kayford and West Virginia.

He had everything going for him, all the physical and mental ingredients of a great young ballplayer. He was the scourge of the Kanawha Valley. When he

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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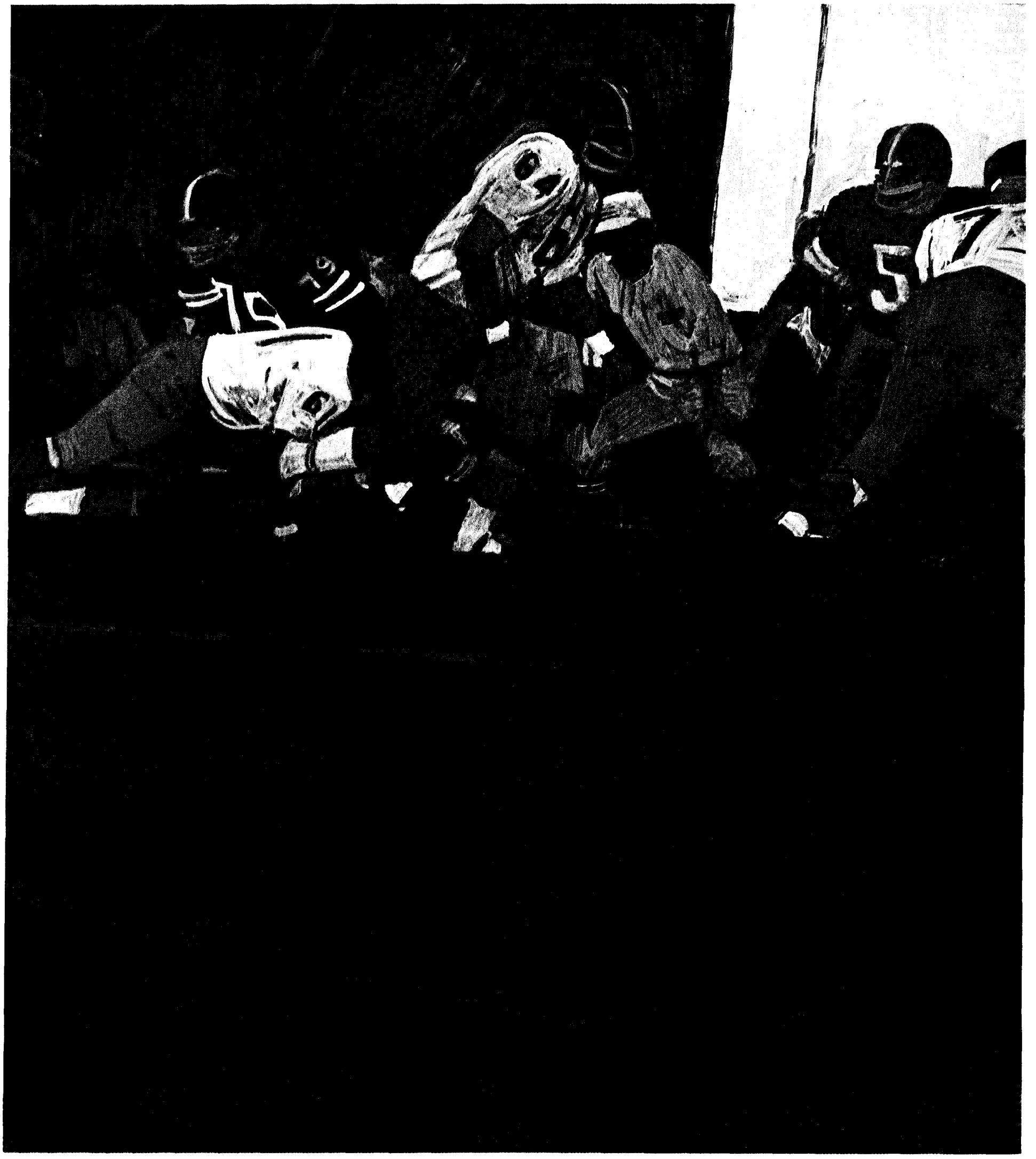
This was not a contest of skill and finesse. This was a bloodletting.



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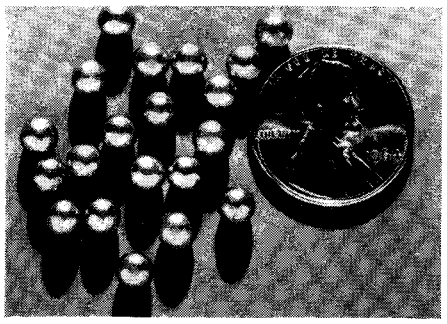

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was off the football field and not in the mines, he grinned a great Irish grin. But when he was on the field, he played with the exuberant cynicism of an Orangeman with a Catholic name in Protestant territory and with all the heroic ferocity of a man, buried alive, escaping his coffin. He was the best back in the state. The Charleston and Huntington reporters said he must be the best in the country. He was the single standout, the Most Valuable Player, in the high-school all-America game. The college coaches and the alumni came to Kayford in pilgrimage. Forty-eight colleges sent bird dogs. As many as thirty got down to cold-cash details. The best, Danny wanted the best. That was the Big Ten. Danny signed the tender for Michigan State.

The Spartans idolized him. In his sophomore year, at the tail of the season, he was thrust into the breach when the senior quarterback got himself a knee injury. When Danny trotted on the field for the first time, the knowledgeable watchers recognized an athlete—just the way he moved, the contained strength, the confident carriage.

He leaned into the waiting huddle and said, "OK, you guys, look sharp. Wing right. Power sweep right, on *two*."

The huddle broke with a clap of hands. The linemen bent. Danny put the back of his right hand between the center's buttocks. He looked over the defense. He was satisfied; the defense was not loaded against an end run.

He sang out, "Set!"

The linemen took the set stance, ready to charge.

He called out strongly, "Hut! Hut!"

On the second count the center thrust the ball into his waiting hands. He turned and tossed out to the quick, small, strong colored boy who played left half. The blockers went at the right side. The pulling guards took out the defending end and one of the linebackers. The fullback and end got another linebacker. The right halfback missed his block, but the runner got by on speed into open territory and ran twenty yards to the enemy thirty-five-yard line before he was hauled down by the safety. Danny Muldoon's first call was a success.

In the huddle, there was a sudden electricity of anticipation. This ball club had known the pleasant, good-humored Danny Muldoon of the fraternity house and the hard driver from the practice field. Now they knew the keyed-up competitor. His confidence was contagious.

He called, "Right 83. Go on *one*." It was a pass, 8 for the right zone, 3 for three men out. But when Danny dropped back to throw, his receivers were covered. Danny looped the ball to the fullback, his safety valve, and the gain was eight yards. The people in the stands yelled.

He called the next play: Dive right.

The halfback hit for the quick opener between guard and tackle. The hole closed before he got there. No gain.

Danny bent into the huddle and said, "That was last play. Now we're on this play. Buck trap, on *one*."

He dropped back to fake the pass. On the way he handed off to the fullback. The defending tackle was trapped. The fullback plunged straight ahead for three yards and the first down before the linebackers slammed him down.

He called 83 pass again. He said, "This time get free."

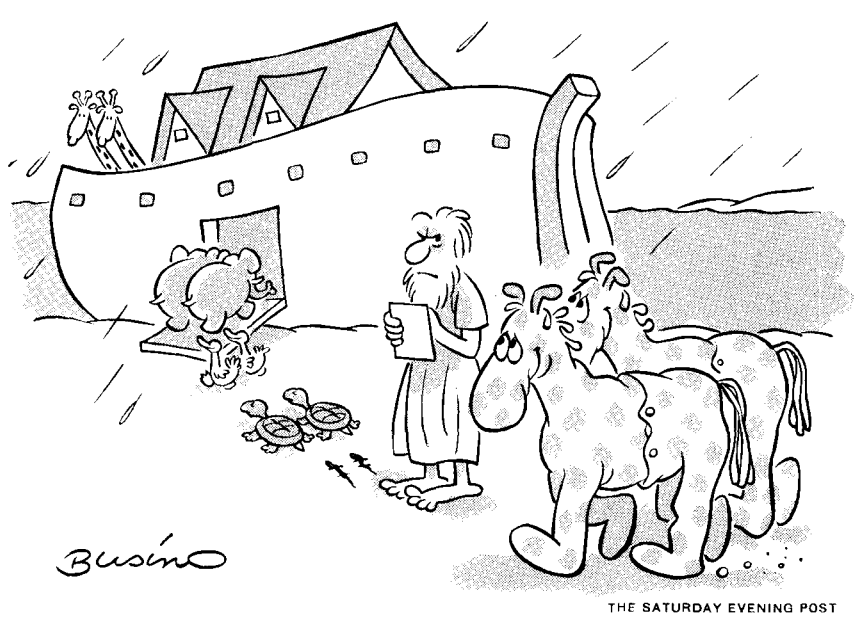
But they didn't get free. When the defensive ends got to him, he wrested loose and set out running. His receivers became downfield blockers. He sped down the sidelines with the safety angling for him. Danny Muldoon was too fast. The safety dived and missed him, and Danny went untouched into the end zone, twenty-four yards and a touchdown.

It was the beginning.

The drums beat for him in the off season. Because he was an exceptional prospect and because he played for a Big Ten school with an aggressive public-relations department, he was called an all-American before his junior year began and needed only to perform reasonably well to make it official. He played better than well. They adored him in East Lansing.

Michigan State. Danny Muldoon. On those sharp, clear October Saturdays, the Spartans roared for Danny Muldoon. He was a quarterback who could do everything. The world belonged to Danny Muldoon of West By God Virginia.

Then there was the senior year. The two big, sure-handed senior ends left for the pros. The big Polack guard and the big Negro guard left, two quick, smart linemen who had pulled out to block for him when he swept the ends on the keepers or on busted passes and



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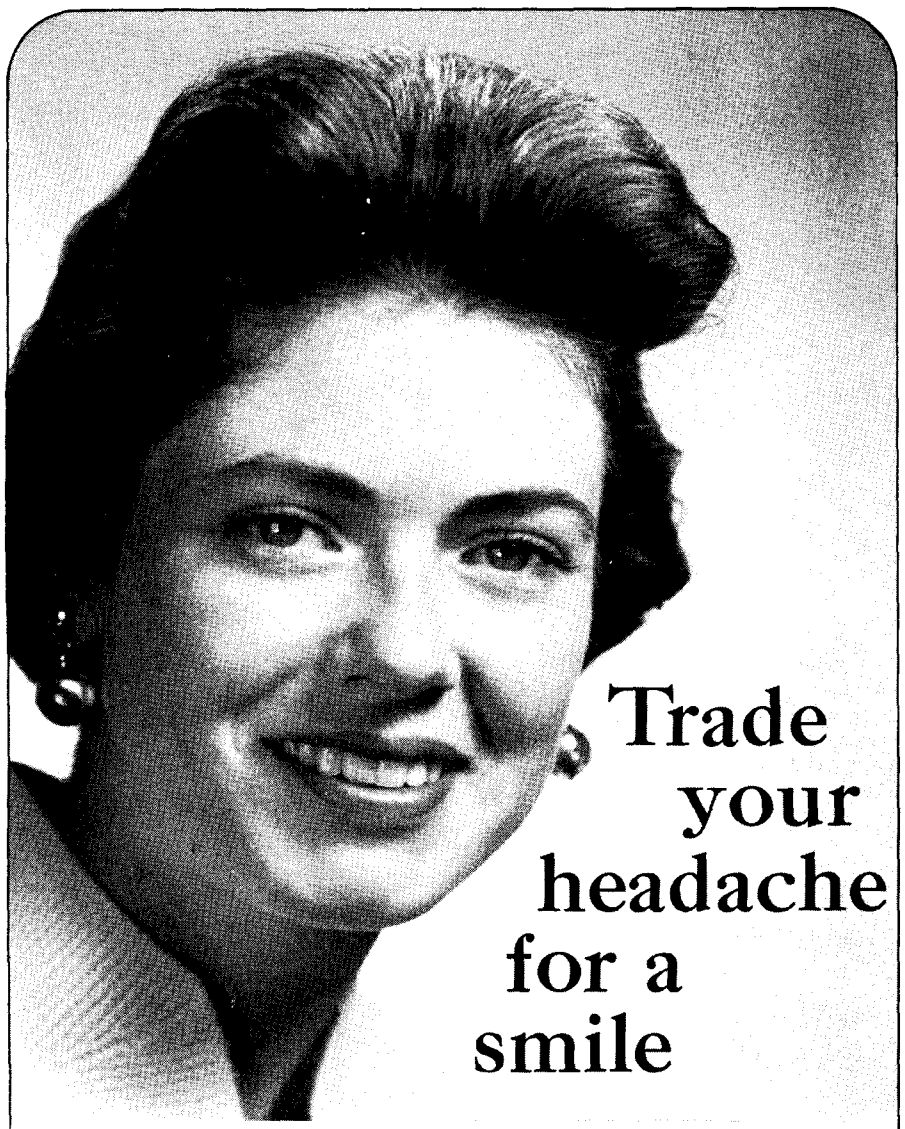

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who kept the attackers away from him when he dropped back to throw. They had been his shields. Now they were gone. The fast halfback went a harder way. He broke his leg in fall practice, just before the season opened, and was finished, and Danny was without that big-legged little man who had kept the defenses unsettled.

East Lansing wasn't worried. Danny Muldoon was back for his senior year; God was in his heaven, all was right with the world. Danny Muldoon wasn't the least bit worried. He was maintaining a solid B average in the engineering curriculum he'd rammed past his protesting coaches. He courted the best-looking girl to hit the East Lansing campus in ten years, and he courted her successfully. He came into the season healthy and supremely confident. He was the best.

It was a debacle. It was an absolute deluge of frustration, mounting each game. The new ends had no moves. Ordinary defensive backs draped all over them. When, in desperation. Danny threw bullets that hit his receivers in the hands, they dropped the ball, and came trotting back into the huddle ruefully shaking their heads, and Danny could only take another hitch in his patience. There was just no way he was going to move this team through the air.

There was only one thing left. Now when he dropped back to pass, he would take one short look at the struggling receivers and set sail. He ran. He ran for all he was worth. He was a superb runner. He was a true tailback, the complete passer-runner. But the defenses could stack against him. The defending ends sifted in wide from far outside to contain him and force him back into the center of the line. There the Big Ten linemen, the future pros, chewed up the Spartan guards and tackles and threw Danny Muldoon hard to the green turf again, again, and again, and in this year a Navy quarterback was all-America, and one from Alabama, another from Notre Dame, another from the West Coast, and one from the Southwest Conference all were ranked ahead of Danny Muldoon, the tarnished darling of East Lansing.

The pros were not entirely disenchanted. He was drafted on the second round by the American Football League and on the third round by the Cougars of the National Football League. The A.F.L. never had a chance. Danny had things to prove. He was better than those quarterbacks who were ranked ahead of him, and he could prove this only in the old, established league, the toughest league. Besides, he was kidnaped by an N.F.L. baby sitter who took him off on a pleasant trip to San Francisco while the draft was in progress and filled him with the slick story of the N.F.L. prestige, its player-insurance policies, its $821-a-month pension for fifteen-year men, and its youth image—the young commissioner, young owners, young managers, and its six young quarterbacks. In a suite at the Mark Hopkins, Danny Muldoon signed a contract for fifteen thousand dollars a year and a twenty-thousand-dollar bonus, more money than there was in the world.

Kayford's faith had never wavered. The glory-struck town held a Danny Muldoon Day. All the village's hundred and twenty-five souls turned out, and another three hundred came up from the Kanawha River towns and down from the mountain shacks to join the great doings in the big square bounded by the mine offices, the company store, the managers' gray homes, and the railroad siding. The tough coal miners and the fierce descendants of pioneers, in the festive mood, forgave the Methodist minister for speaking much too long and tolerated with vast amusement the proprietary air of the new Catholic priest who had got the notion Danny Muldoon was part of his flock.

In his acknowledgment, Danny knew what to say and how to say it. He still had the boyish look, but he was polished. He'd been through this sort of thing. An all-American quarterback is much feted, and it had been only one year since he had been an all-American quarterback. A scroll was presented to him. He accepted it gracefully and replied handsomely that he would always owe a lot to Kayford and Cabin Creek Consolidated High School. But he did break down and grin like a small, pleased Irish boy when he was handed the keys to a gun-metal-gray Sting Ray, secondhand but gleaming, a joint gift from the miners and the company, the miners who chipped in eighteen percent because Danny was their great hero, and the company who put up the rest because they relied on Cabin Creek Consolidated football to keep high the morale in the mines.

Filled with the heady wine of this grand day, young Danny hugged his blue-eyed, black-haired mother unabashedly, shook his blue-eyed, black-haired father's black-fingered hand emotionally, and headed his beautiful car down the creek road to the Charleston Pike and thence on for the Middle West to storm the National Football League. On the following noon he drove, anticipating, through the gates of Foxwood Academy, where the Cougars conducted training camp. This had to be an impressive arrival on-stage, an all-American quarterback, with twenty thousand dollars in the bank, driving a gun-metal-gray Sting Ray, nearly new. They'd have to sit up and take notice of this rookie.

He said happily to himself, "I'm here, I'm here. Look me over once or twice."

There was no one at the gate to see him.

He drove along the curving, garden-lined roads and saw no one. He parked and trudged this way and that through the big, sprawling, ivied campus of the exclusive boys' school. He saw no one. He wandered through the colonnades and among the rich brick buildings. He found no one to admire him. There was just no one alive in the world. The summer sun fell hotly down on him. No breeze stirred. There was no sound, no movement in the sumptuous cloister grounds of Foxwood.

Sudden sharp loneliness struck him. He didn't belong here. What was he doing here? This loneliness, this receptionless arrival was a warning that he did not belong, that he had no business in the training camp of a professional football team.

He said, almost aloud, "I'm Danny Muldoon. I'm an all-American quarterback from Michigan State. I'm Danny Muldoon from a go-to-hell mining settlement in West By God Virginia."

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The bravado didn't help. There still vasn't a soul to be seen, no movement inywhere. He felt a surge of panic. He vas Danny Muldoon, big star one year, lismal flop when the going got rough. Danny Muldoon, a hillbilly hotshot ome into this training camp to take he quarterback job away from Boxer Brown, the great man, perennially sec- nd in the all-pro balloting only to ohnny Unitas, who was the greatest of ll time.

This was ridiculous.

Replace Boxer Brown? Dan Mul- loon couldn't even carry the shoes of Benny Martin, the bench-warmer, the econd-string quarterback.

It was ridiculous.

He wished he were reporting in to Michigan State all over again. There he backfield coach had met him at the us station to coddle him and care for im right from the beginning. Well, e'd have to face it. When you were an mateur, they enticed you to play. When you were a pro, the sweet honey- noon was over the moment you signed our contract.

He occupied some minutes wishing e'd reported in to the downtown office f the Cougars like the other rookies, o be brought out to Foxwood by bus. Who did he think he was—Boxer Brown—driving up in his own sports ar? He was Danny Muldoon, a scared ookie, that's who he was. He was twenty-two-year-old kid, not the rown man they saw from high in the tands. A kid. A scared hillbilly kid.

He said aloud, "Who-eeee!"

He sat on a masonry wall in a garden ear the gate and waited and pondered nd waited in the July sun.

He said, "Who-eeee!"

A soft, rich voice said, "You kin say hat again. You come to try out for a all club?" A lanky Negro climbed on he wall as though he were a hundred ears old. "They call me Fox."

Danny's grin flashed. "Yeh."

"You mean I got a fox face and ointy ears? That's right, I look like a fox. And I am a fox."

"I'm sure glad to see you. You got omething to do with the Cougars?"

"Man, you got to ask me that? What's your name?"

"Dan Muldoon."

"You never heard of Jimmy Cal- oun? The Fox? You never heard of the Fox?"

"I got a feeling I should have."

"Lemme see, you ever heard of Emlen Tunnell?"

"No."

"Willie Wood? Night Train Lane? You never heard of Night Train? Man, he's only been all-pro about thirty years, and's got a remembering-type name to boot. Where you been? You ever heard of Johnny Unitas?"

"Sure. Guys like that. Boxer Brown. Bart Starr. Frank Ryan."

"Figures. You got to be a quarter- back before the kids know you. What do you aspire to play?"

"Quarterback." Dan smiled pleas- antly. "You haven't heard of me?"

"You got me there, Danny. Make you a deal. You kin play some dee- fense in my backfield in camp. Make you a good Q.B."

"Make *you* a deal. I'll memorize all the defensive backs in the league. I guess we were too busy in school with our own stuff to know everybody play- ing pro ball. I guess I'll learn soon enough now."

"Not soon enough, Danny. Not soon enough. You sitting here by yourself feeling lonely? It's going to get lots worse before it gets better. Me, I'm in camp early to get my ancient bones limbered up. Soon's the other rookies get here, I won't have a thing to say to you. That's the way it works. Man, you going to find out you just ain't nothing at all. You say you don't know who the old pros are? Well, they sure don't know who you are. You think you're some hotshot going to get took in right away as bosom pals? Well, you ain't. They been through too much."

It was said most pleasantly.

The Fox asked, "You belong to a fraternity in school?"

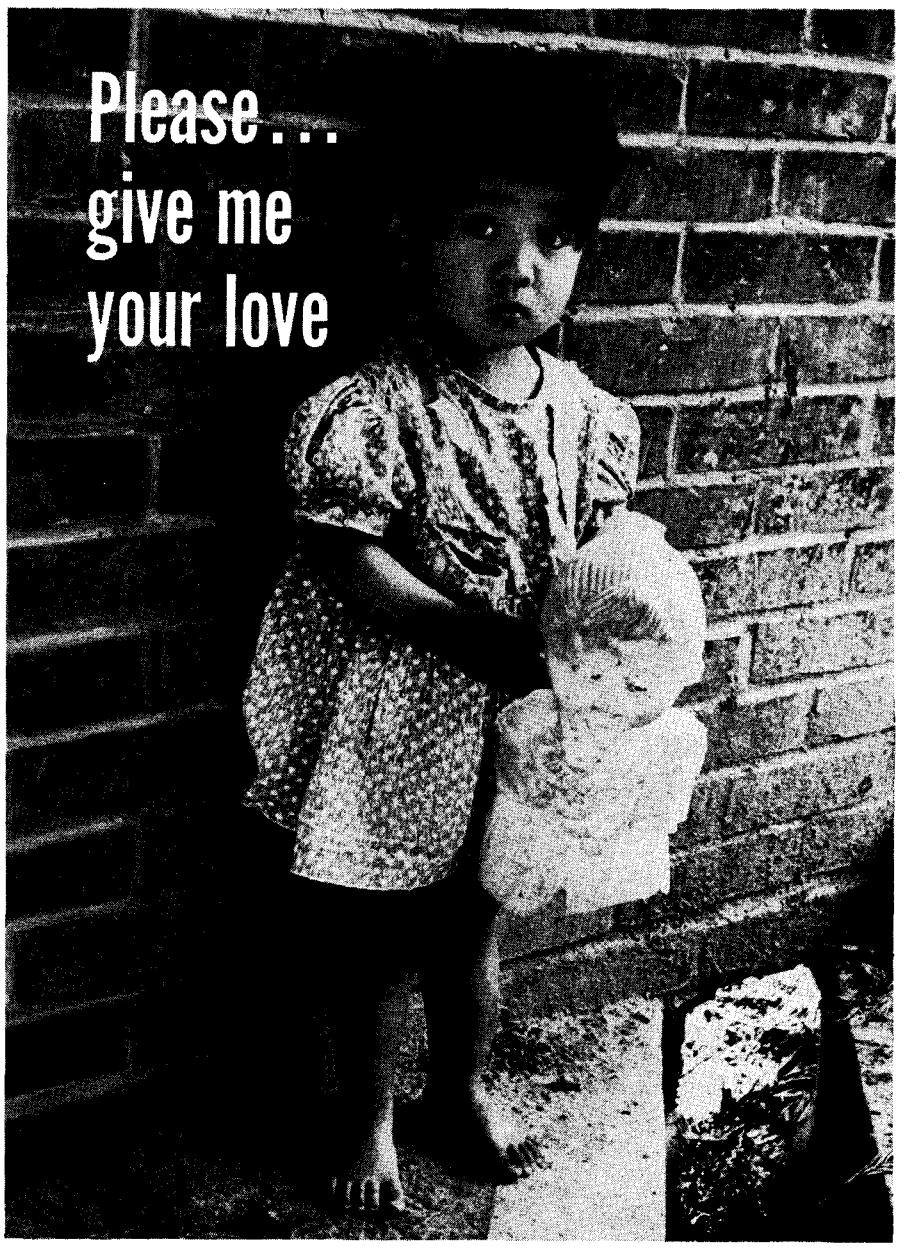
"Sure."

"What do you mean, sure? Wasn't any fraternity where I went to school. I don't mean that as a complaint, just pointing out there's all kinds on this ball club. But the main thing is, it doesn't matter where you come from. Just what you do with yourself when you're here. And you don't do it in a week. Or a month. Or a season. They just don't pick you up and hug you. But they hug each other. Man, this is one big, close fraternity where every- body always hugging the other, that's how close."

"You mean literally?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You've had that silly grin on your face ever since you joined the vice squad!"



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The Fox said gravely, "I said hug, I mean hug. Man, you will find out, but it will take you four, five years, unless you are smarter than some. This is a physical game. You got to like it, or you wouldn't be around here beating your brains out, no matter how much they pay you. A physical game. And it gets lonely, on account it's you guys on the team against the whole world. I mean, ain't nobody else in the world can really understand what you're going through, only the other guys on the team. I mean, in a physical game like this, if you lose contact with the guys, you're lost. So you reach out and touch the other guy, and rub his hair or something. You know, just to make sure he's there, and just so he'll see there's somebody else just as stupid as him in the world. I mean, you got a long way to go to get to the place where you know what it is to be a part of this fraternity."

The Fox slipped painfully off the fence and stretched. "Oh, me. Twelve years and four teams, a man should get his head examined." He straightened up. "Rookie, I don't want you talking to me, I don't talk to you first, you hear?"

Danny nodded.

The Fox walked off through the campus and disappeared. It was seventeen more long minutes before the chartered bus showed up.

The rookies came off the bus in all sizes. Among the score there were six big men. The other fourteen were divided equally between medium-sized 250-pounders and small 215-pounders. They came in all colors—whites, tans, chocolates, blacks. They came in Levis, in handsome suits, in slacks and sport shirts. They came in boots, street shoes, tennis shoes. They had one thing in common. They looked strong, all of them. Danny Muldoon wondered if he looked strong to them. They also looked uneasy, most of them. Were they as uneasy as he? He devoutly hoped so.

Twenty strong, uneasy men. Nine were this year's draftees, three were red shirts from the year before and eight were free agents. The red shirts were men who had a year of college eligibility left when their original classes were graduated. The pros had drafted them as futures. The free agents were men who had not impressed the pro scouts sufficiently to be drafted but who had applied for an opportunity to show their wares in training camp and had been signed to standard contracts. The Cougars could afford it. They had nothing to lose but a few square meals and a few dollars. The men in camp were paid six dollars a day. The salary specified in the contract did not begin until the opening day of the regular season, for rookie or veteran.

Twenty strong men. Two more were yet to come. Cochrane and Bryant, the big runner and the rambunctious middle guard, first and second choices of the Cougars, were making headlines in the college All-Star camp, preparing to meet the World's Champion Cleveland Browns in Chicago's Soldiers Field August 6.

Twenty uneasy men. Which one of the draftees was Deke Flowers, the quarterback out of Wake Forest? Was he the tall, gangly fellow? That would be him. He didn't walk like much. But he could throw, that was his reputation. He had that gaudy pass-completion record down there. Could the number-eight draft choice beat out the number-three? There had to be something wrong with Deacon Flowers, to go that far down in the draft, with his record. That was a comforting thought.

Danny sauntered up to join the group. The coach in charge asked, "Muldoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Carl, not sir. Carl Holmquist. I'm offensive backfield coach. Join up. Room assignment and draw equipment."

A colored boy called out, "Hey, Danny, man, wondered where you were."

"Hey, Cedars." Cedars Fern, the fast halfback out of Arizona State and before that out of Stonewall Jackson High in Charleston. The two West Virginians walked side by side in the group. They'd had no friendship in West Virginia. There they were the stars of blood-rival teams. But now in Foxwood it was good to see a known face.

The rookies milled about the equipment room. The equipment manager and his two assistants doled out parts and advice. The complete football player started with a jockstrap and a white T-shirt. Then would come the gleaming white plastic shoulder pads. They came in three sizes, overlapping the shoulders and heavily padded for the linemen, medium for the running backs and linebackers who needed more mobility, and almost nonexistent for the swift pass receivers and quarterbacks.

Next came knee pads, thigh pads, and hip pads, which completed the below-surface armor of an uninjured player.

A gigantic rookie fitted himself into extra-large hip pads. He laced them on backward. It was apparent that he

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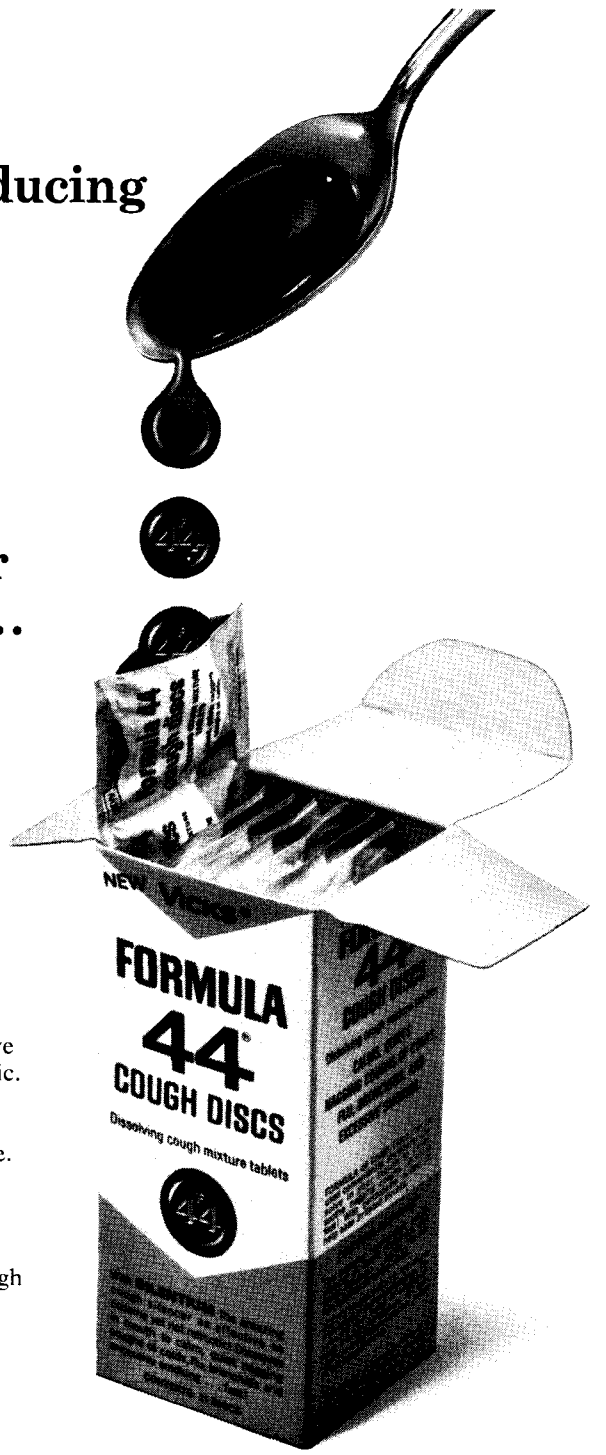

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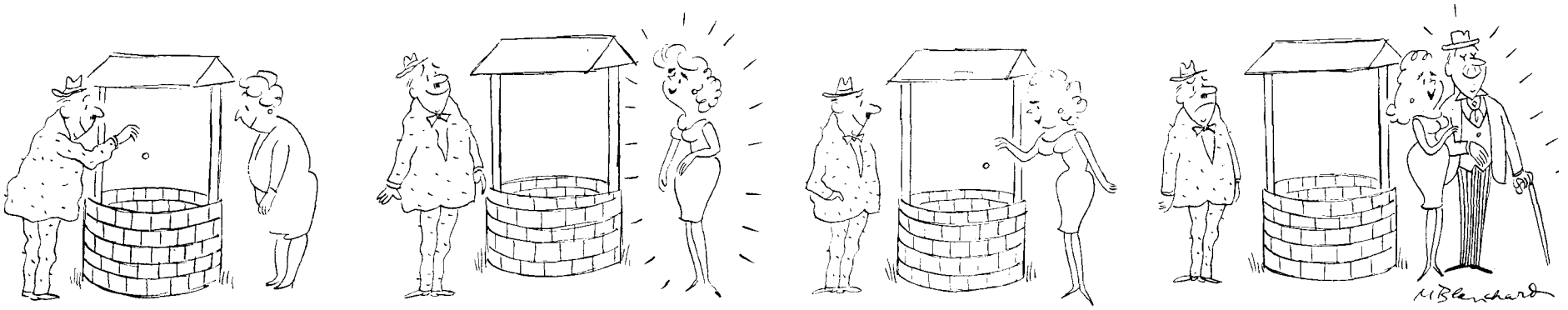

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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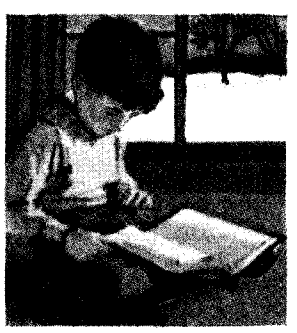

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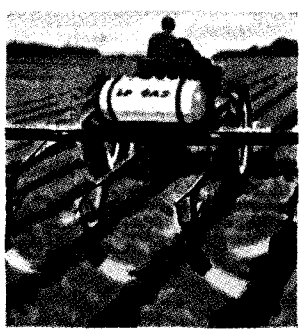

LP-GAS FOR FLAME WEEDING

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thought the pendant which protected the tailbone was designed to protect his front.

The equipment manager, fascinated, said, "You've got it on backward."

The rookies turned to watch. It must be a joke. The big man must be a clown.

The rookie said, "Oh." He was all thumbs unlacing the pads.

On the outside of the warrior, for the world to see, came the nylon-Dureen jersey, blue on blue, the Cougar colors. The game pants were made of nylon and jockey satin with a two-way stretch in the seat.

There were cotton liner socks, wool sweat socks, and the blue game socks. The big rookie inspected them. He said, "These not supposed to have any feet in them?"

The equipment manager said, "That's so your toes can breathe. Or wiggle. I guess. Nobody ever asked me about that."

Either this was the greatest actor or the dumbest rookie in history.

Cedars Fern, the ebullient kid from Stonewall Jackson, said to the manager, "Hey, man, where do I draw me some shoes?"

"You got no shoes? Guess you'll have to play barefoot."

The big, dumb rookie said, "I haven't got any shoes, either. I sure would hate to play barefoot."

The manager asked, "What's your name, big fellow?"

"Barton. John Barton. I'm a free agent."

"Where'd you play your ball, John?"

"Tell you the truth, I never played. My old man, I guess he got tired of me hanging around the house."

"And he figured you were big enough and strong enough to play pro ball, right? How did you get in camp?"

"Well, my uncle knows the man that owns the football team. I mean my uncle is his butcher. So I got a tryout. I got the contract. Do you want to see it?"

"No, I saw one earlier today."

"I had that thing on backward, huh?"

"You did. I'm glad you told me about your uncle. Seeing's how you're a personal friend of the owner, I think you should get *my* undivided attention."

"Well, I don't want anything special. I mean, I'm not so sure it was such a hot idea, this whole thing, and I wouldn't want anybody to go to any trouble."

Cedars Fern said, "Except I would like somebody to go to the trouble of some football shoes."

The manager couldn't tear himself away from the rookie. This was so good he didn't even care if it turned out to be a put-up job. "John, you'll probably surprise everybody and make the starting lineup. You're big enough. Wouldn't you say you're about the same size as Gorgo?"

"Who's Gorgo? Isn't that that thing in the movies?"

He could have danced all night

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"Gorgo, the man-eating dinosaur. He's our five-time all-pro defensive tackle. He weighs three hundred. Do you go that much?"

"Well, not quite that much. Pretty near."

"We can fatten you up some. I bet you're as strong as Gorgo. He can lie on his back and push up his own weight in barbells with his arms, and do it a dozen times."

"I never tried. I'm strong, all right."

"We got to get you a helmet. You get your choice of face guard. Single bar, double bar, or bird cage?"

"Which kind should I take?"

"Depends what you're trying out for. The men down in the bottom of the pile usually like a bird cage to make it harder for the other guy to poke your eye out with his finger. The backs and pass receivers usually take a single bar, so they can see as much as possible. What are you trying out for, running back?"

"Well, I guess my old man and my uncle figured with my size I should try out for tackle or something."

Cedars Fern said, "Mr. Equipment Manager, I got to make another representation."

"Play barefoot."

"I mean, like I am a dark-hued hillbilly and all that, but I don't want any Mr. Gorgos tromping on

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my bare feet. I just got to get me some shoes."

"You read your contract?"

"Some of it. Not the small stuff. Does it say something about shoes in my contract? What kind of contract is that? Contract at Arizona State wasn't that picky."

"You bring your own practice shoes into camp. If you make the team, you get one pair of new game shoes."

"Kargaroo? I jump my best in kangaroo. Seems like that kangaroo gives me the idea. I'm Cedars of Lebanon Fern, and I can jump higher than you."

"You sure are one happy guy."

"Man, I'm a Cougar."

"They'll be kangaroo. Then next year, they'll be your practice shoes. You get one pair of shoes a year."

"Man and boy," Cedars Fern said to Danny Muldoon, "I chew up four, five pair of shoes ever season. I mean, I'm a cuttin' and a dippin' and a flashin' around out there on that gridiron, and I just natural wear out shoes. At Arizona State, they give me all the shoes I need."

The manager said, "A guy as persistent as you has just got to stick with this club. So now you're a pro. You got no shoes, we'll sell you a pair. Twenty bucks." Under his breath he said, "I can't resist you or your name either one. You come back when the rest are gone, Cedars. I maybe can find something in my emergency stock to fit you."

The white teeth flashed in the dark face. "Much obliged, Equipment Manager."

So the rookies had their first issue of equipment. They stowed it in and atop the lockers assigned them in the locker room where the student athletes of Foxwood made ready for the fields of strife which would prepare them for Amherst and Williams. Then the backs found footballs and went outside to play catch in the afternoon sun. The big linemen gathered around the weights and began to perform their feats of strength to impress one another. There was a false heartiness in the whole thing, a sense of aimlessness, and over all an oppressing loneliness.

When the sports writers felt friendly towards Head Coach Red Hankins, which was rarely, they wrote that he was reserved and reported that he was remarkably shy for a man who'd been in the public eye for twenty years.

When they didn't feel anything about him one way or the other, which was the usual state of armed neutrality, they called him laconic. But when he had frustrated them in interviews, which was frequently, they called him taciturn, uncommunicative, and even uncooperative with the press, a capital offense in their light

He did deserve the reputation. He would rather take a beating than talk. But there were times when the head coach had no choice but to make a speech. He addressed the assembled rookies after evening meal their first night in Foxwood.

Carl Holmquist, the offensive coach, prepared the way. "Let's have your attention. This is your schedule for the first week. Reveille at seven thirty. We'll wake you up. Breakfast at eight. You don't have to get up and eat if you don't want to. I would strongly advise you to make the morning practice at ten and the afternoon practice at three. We take a dim view of anybody missing practice or a meeting. A mighty dim view."

The rookies grinned the way they had grinned for professors.

"Meeting every night at eight until ten. In your own groups by position. If there's anybody here doesn't know what position he's trying out for, don't admit your ignorance. Guess, don't ask."

That was another joke. The rookies rearranged their positions in the classroom seats to show that they were attentive and appreciative.

"Curfew at eleven. We think we can work you hard enough that you'll be ready for it. But it's not mandatory. Stay up if you want, as long as you don't leave the dormitory. In case you don't get the idea, you're on your own around here. Stay up all night, if you want to stunt your growth. Drink in camp, if you want to get kicked off the squad."

One rookie barked a single, high laugh.

"In other words, do what you want as long as you don't interfere with the other players and as long as you don't do anything which can discredit the team in the eyes of the public. You're pro ballplayers. This is now your business. That takes some getting used to. Get used to it. It will help your attitude in camp. Enjoy yourself this week while you can. Some sophomores come in camp tomorrow. The veterans come back next Monday to make life miserable for you. Red?"

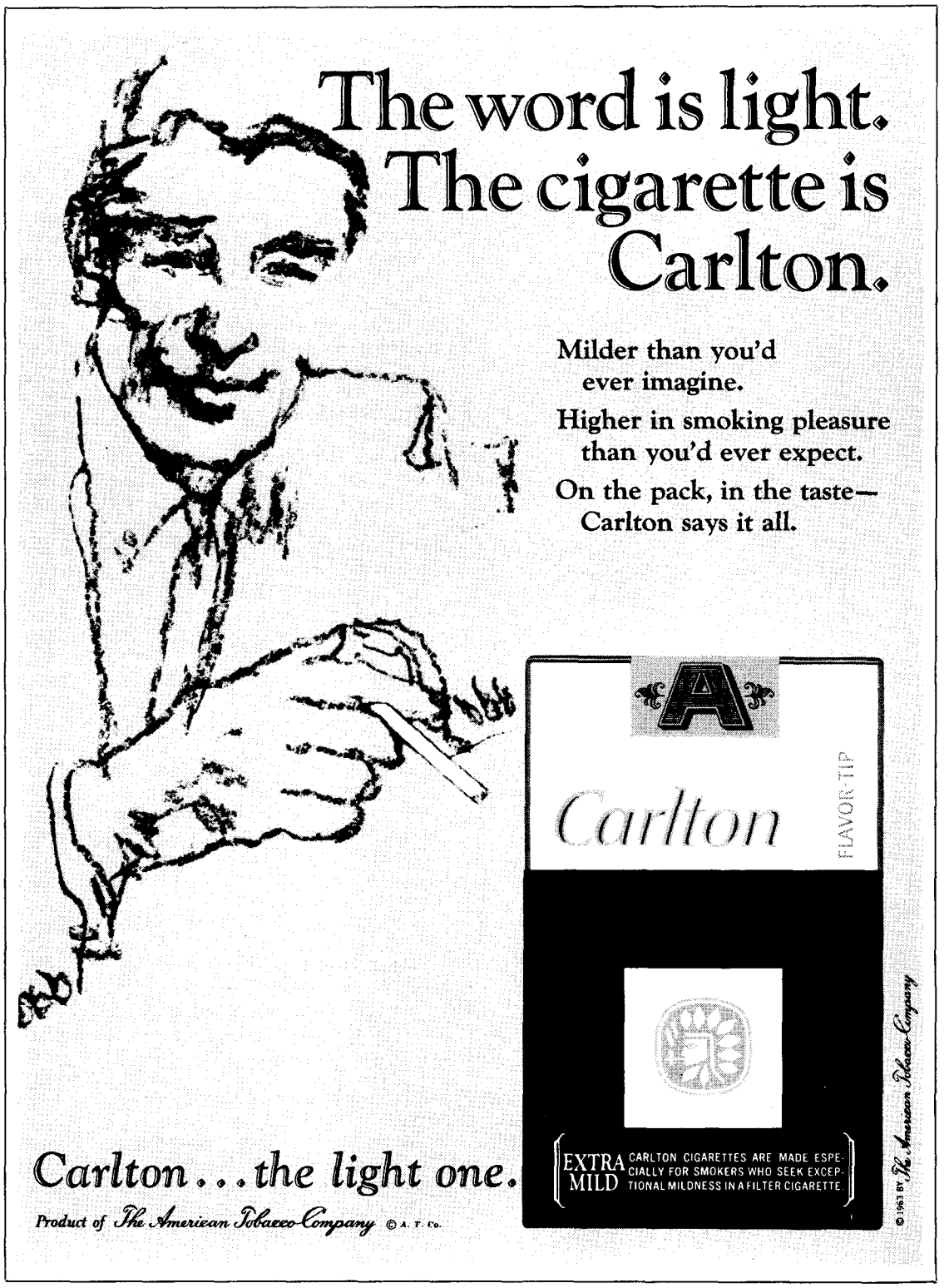
Red Hankins said without ceremony, "If you've heard that I'm a no-nonsense coach, you've heard right. I've got my ideas about the function of the coaching staff on a professional football team. We're on a first-name basis on this club, but I'm not here to fraternize with the players. If you need a friend, find him somewhere else. None of the coaches know anything about women or the stock market."

The rookie yipped the short, nervous laugh. The head coach regarded him with cold eyes.

"But if you need to know something about football, come to me or one of the staff. We know football. That's what we're here for, football, you and us. As long as you're in this camp, I want your mind on football and nothing else.

"You know what it means to make this ball club. It's your chance to be a high-paid football player. That's the only pep talk you get. I'll tell you how hard it is to make this ball club, in case you have any doubt. Only six of you, on the average, will make it. You will be interested to know that one of you has already left."

The rookies looked swiftly about them to see who was missing. They thought it would be the butcher's nephew, but the butcher's nephew sat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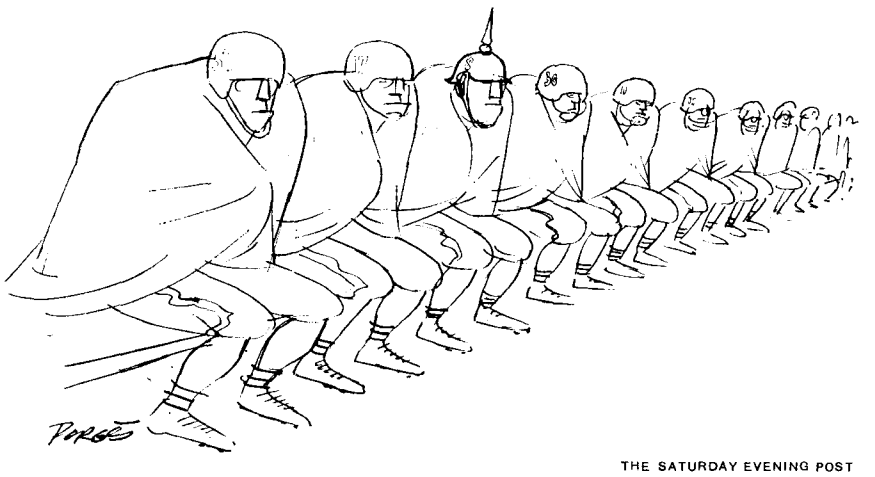

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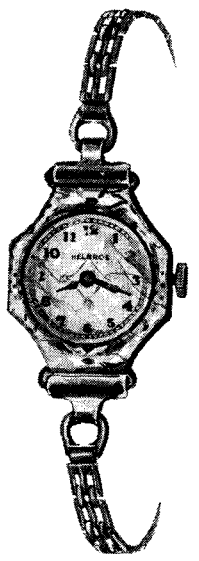

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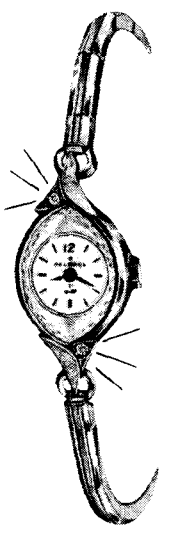

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near the back of the room, all rapt attention. Who had left? Why?

"Between now and Saturday, we will have calisthenics and conditioning. We will also run some simple plays and pass patterns. On Saturday we will have the annual rookie scrimmage. A squad cut will be made after that scrimmage, and it will be wholesale. Do you get the idea? That ends this meeting. Quarterbacks stay."

Danny Muldoon and Deacon Flowers, his rival from Wake Forest, followed the head coach and the offensive backfield coach to the smaller classroom where the quarterbacks would discuss play diagrams.

The young men waited for the coaches to speak. They eyed one another with curiosity. Each wondered if it was cricket to wish bad luck to his competitor. Poor sportsmanship or not, each hoped the other would fall down and break a leg or perform so poorly he'd be cut from the squad after Saturday's scrimmage.

Hankins began abruptly, "The quarterback is fifty percent of the offense. The other ten men are the other fifty percent. You'll get special attention in this camp, and there will be special demands made on you. Carl?"

Holmquist said, "Let's get down to business. Danny, tell me about playing quarterback for Michigan State. How many plays did you have?"

"Forty. That includes variations. Sometimes we would improvise. Forty."

"You'll have twenty basic plays with us. But with variations in blocking assignments and patterns and that sort of thing, there are hundreds of possibilities. You'll use maybe ten plays in any one ball game."

Hankins said, "We don't believe in having so many plays that none get perfected."

Holmquist asked, "Did you call your plays by number at State?"

"We called them by name. We used numbers in our signals at the line of scrimmage, but in the huddle we came out with it, drive off tackle, or trap, or buck trap, long trap, dive right, or whatever. We called the play by name, and each player knew his own assignment."

"We call by formation and then by play number. The pro teams all use about the same call system, the same terminology. The same offense and defense, for that matter."

Hankins said, "The high-school coaches and the grandstand quarterbacks wonder why we don't use more razzle-dazzle. The answer is that there's a difference between showboating and real deception. The 49ers tried the shotgun formation for a while, but it was dead when the novelty wore off."

Danny Muldoon said with a pleasant smile, "Maybe the solution is to keep changing formations before the novelty wears off."

Then he was abashed, because Hankins didn't smile. "The basic pro T is the soundest offense yet devised, and at the same time the most explosive. We are not interested in shotgun formations."

Holmquist said, "We run most of our plays off the formation we call split right. In this formation our flanker back is split wide to the right, a few yards outside the tight end, and our deep end is split wide to the left on the line of scrimmage. The flanker back and the split end reverse sides on split left. Got that?"

Neither young quarterback answered. Both nodded.

Holmquist said, "Some of this is elementary, but I'm sure you'll agree it bears repeating. Next, we have slot formation. Here we split the tight end away from his tackle and put the flanker in the slot between. This is a variation from split right intended to alter the pass-defense assignments. Got it?"

They nodded. For another half hour, they nodded dutifully as Holmquist threw his formations at them.

"We'll talk some elementary things about passing. Deke, how far do you drop back to pass?"

"Seven, eight yards. On a screen, whatever it takes to sucker the defense after you."

"What was your favorite pattern at Wake Forest?"

"We had a slant hitch for short yardage. That was our bread-and-butter play. I dropped back only three, four yards, then hit the end coming across."

"You'll have the same pattern here, same name. The pass-pattern terminology should be familiar to both of you. Boxer's favorite pattern is the post. The receiver goes straight down the field, makes his fakes, then slants toward the posts or the center of the field. Y.A. Tittle didn't like posts or any patterns that brought the receiver into the center of the field where there's more traffic. There's also more confusion on pass-defense assignments in the center, so it's six of one and a half-dozen of the other, a matter of opinion and preference, and obviously you should use both. Corner is the opposite of post. In the corner pattern the receiver goes straight downfield, then slants off toward the sidelines at a forty-five-degree angle. Post and corner are for at least fifteen yards, usually deeper. Danny, how long can you throw?"

Danny said, "I'm not sure. Sixty yards without pushing."

Deacon Flowers said, "About the same for me."

Holmquist nodded as though he already knew this vital statistic. "Sufficient. You've only got three seconds to get the ball off anyway, before the defense climbs all over you."

Danny grinned and said, "Unless you scrambled around back there like Fran Tarkenton."

Holmquist looked significantly at Red Hankins. Hankins said nothing. Holmquist said, "Let's talk about rushing the passer. How do we punish the defense that red-dogs, attacks the quarterbacks all out? Screens. Draws. Deke, what's a flare?"

"The fullback flares out to the side to take the short pass over the head of the attacking linemen. We called it a safety valve. It's the same as a screen, except there's no screen for him."

The head coach said, "We sometimes flare the halfback. We use the flare as a definite offensive play, not just as a safety valve."

Holmquist said, "Now you know all about our pass patterns in one easy lesson. You're ready to step right into the lineup and direct the Cougars. But just to make sure, I'll call a pass play for you in the huddle. The tight end is designated X. The wide man left is 8. The wide man right is 9. We're going

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to call split right. Deke, who is 8 and who is 9?"

Deacon said, "The split end is 8, and the flanker is 9."

Holmquist tapped his temple with his forefinger. "You're so right. Here's the play, just as the Boxer would call it. Split right. Green left. 9: comeback on *one*. Deke, detail that call for me."

Flowers said, "Oh, me, there's a hooker in there. Split right, our basic attack formation, puts the flanker wide to the right outside the tight end. Our split end is left. I've got a 4 back and a 3 back, the left halfback and the fullback. 9 is the flanker, so the pass goes to him. It's a comeback pattern. Flanker goes straight downfield fifteen yards, makes his fakes, then stops and comes back toward the line of scrimmage, but angling toward the sideline to get out of traffic. I do believe I have that picture. But I do believe I don't know what that green left is you threw in there."

Holmquist said, "Yes, I imagine there are still one or two things you still have to learn before you take over from the Boxer."

Red Hankins said, "I'd like to ask your opinion: What's the most difficult position to play in pro ball?"

Neither young quarterback answered.

"If you think it's quarterback, get it out of your head. The hardest position to play is corner back on defense. Quarterback is the most important and most complicated, but not the most demanding. Keep your perspective. Let's talk about bootlegging quarterbacks and scrambling quarterbacks. Can you bootleg, Danny?"

"We used it at State."

"Deke?"

"Tell you the truth, Red, we didn't much at Wake Forest. I'm not that much of a runner."

Red Hankins asked, "You a good runner, Danny?"

"I can run."

"So the scouting report says. They say you run too much. They say you're too ready to set sail. Tell me about Fran Tarkenton."

Danny was taken by surprise. He didn't think it was much of a thing for the coach to do, criticize him in front of his rival. And Danny Muldoon was not accustomed to criticism and didn't know how to handle it. Maybe the coach was pulling his leg a little. No, that couldn't be. Red Hankins would always mean exactly what he said.

Hankins went on matter-of-factly: "They say you take one quick look and then leave the pocket and run. Understand this right now. There has been no team won the National Football League championship with a scrambling quarterback. The crowd maybe likes it, but that doesn't win games. It's the Bart Starrs, the Unitases, the Otto Grahams, the Tittles, the ones who run only from fright—they're the quarterbacks that win championships. As far as this team is concerned, the quarterback can be on crutches. When he drops back to pass, he's going to pass. We're going to give him a pocket to protect him, and he's going to stay in that pocket. You think you can break that bad habit you got, Danny?"

Danny said, "I didn't know I had the bad habit. You do what you have to do. When my receivers were covered, I ran."

"Did you win the conference championship? Did you go to the Rose Bowl?"

Danny said evenly, "I wasn't aware it was my running that cost us the championship."

"We'll be happy to convince you, if that's what you need. How fast do you run the hundred? Under ten, yes? Don't bother. You'd be amazed how fast an Alex Karras or a Bob Lilly can move to cut you off at the line of scrimmage. There are old quarterbacks, and there are bold quarterbacks, but there are no old, bold quarterbacks. So if you want to survive in this league, don't run. Don't run. Am I belaboring the point?"

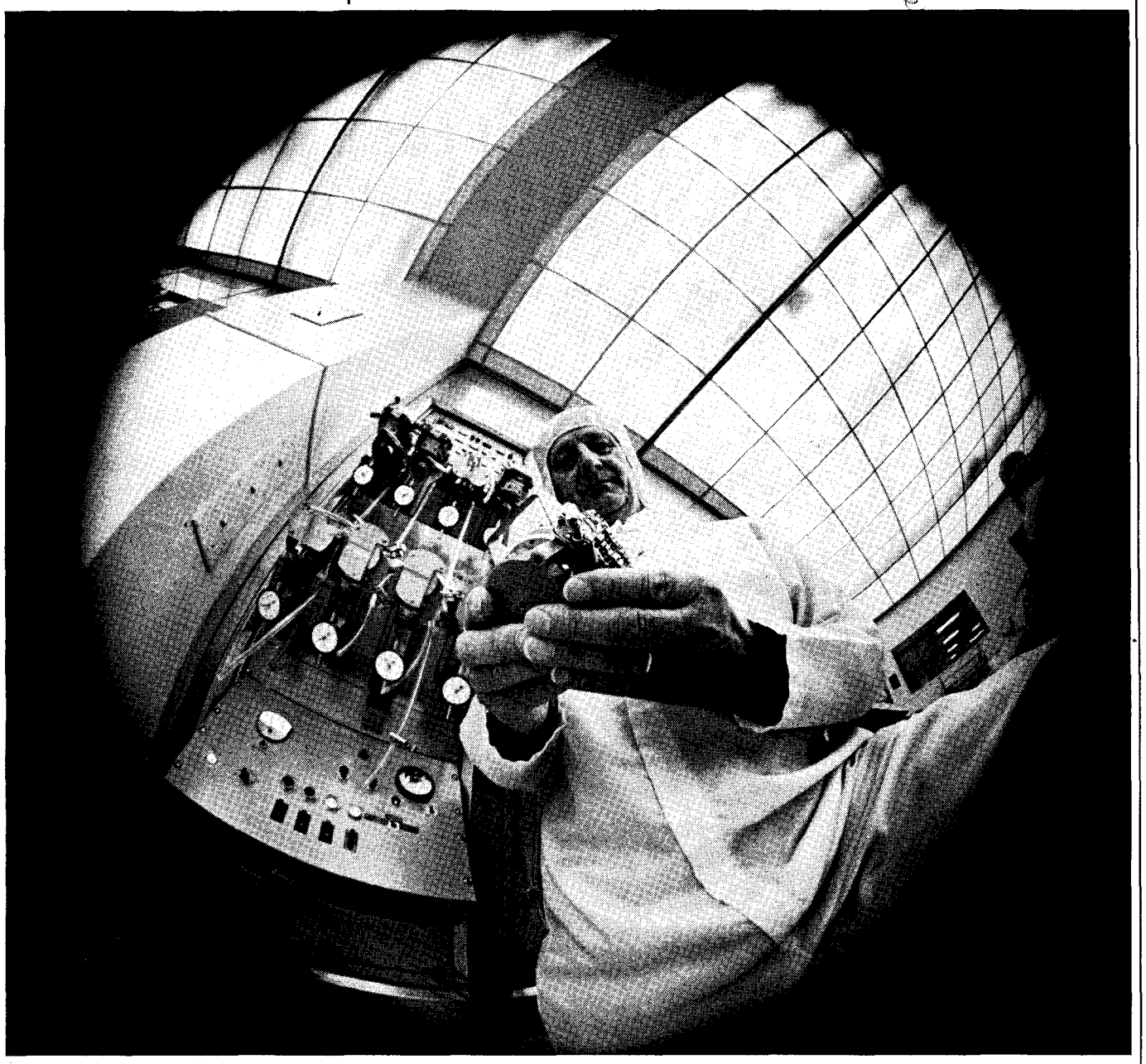
Danny didn't reply. He was angry. Was he overly sensitive? The Cougars paid Hankins thirty or forty or fifty thousand dollars a year to teach the ballplayers how to play ball. So he was humorless and lacked tact, so what else was new?

Hankins asked, "Deke, do you know your bad habit?"

"Bad habit, Red?"

"You got the habit of pumping the ball when your primary receiver is covered, while you're waiting for somebody to get free. I don't mean pumping on a fake. I mean pumping nervously for no good reason. Then when your man breaks free, you can be pumping and have to draw your arm back to throw. You don't have that kind of time up here. You got that?"

"GEARED FOR GUIDANCE" | Wausau Story



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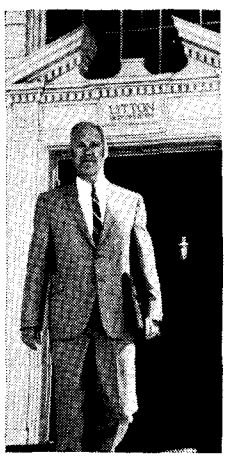

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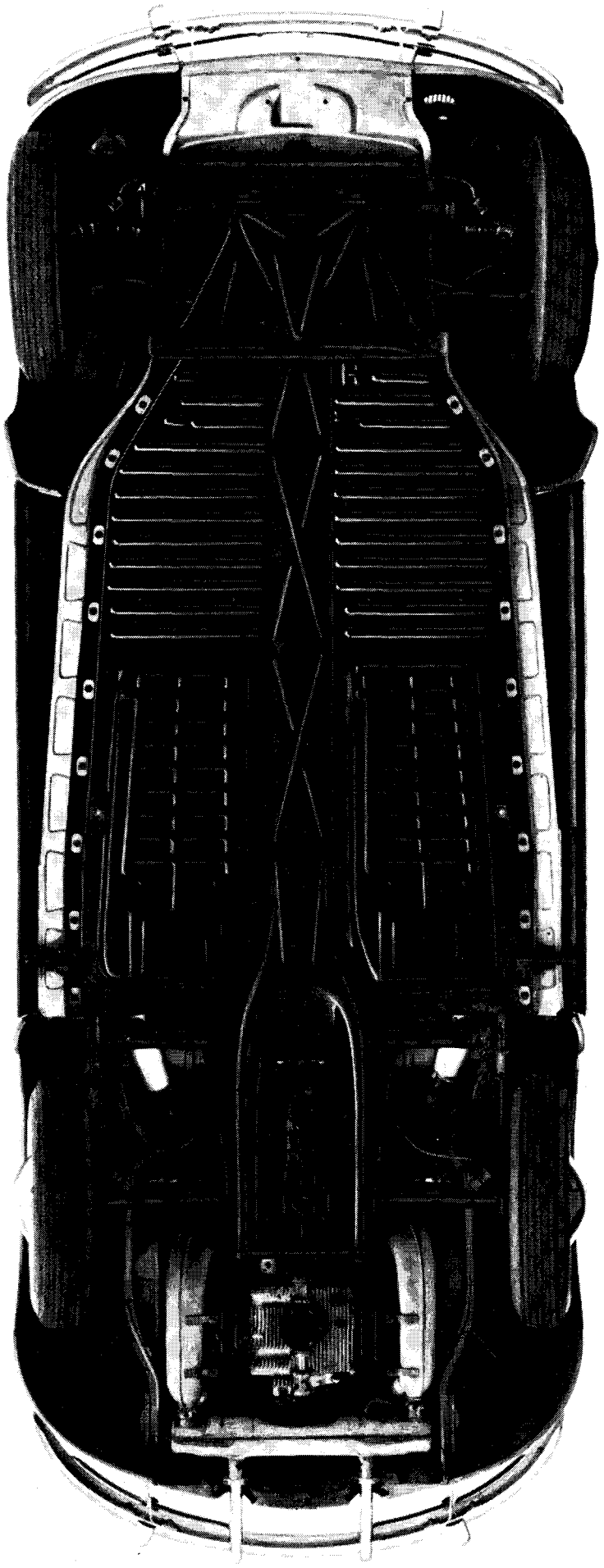

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Deacon Flowers didn't reply. He nodded. Well, that was Red Hankins, sure enough, he just up and told you what was wrong with you, without any sweet talk.

Hankins said, "Now that you've listened to us for a while and are ready to take over the offense, give us your plans. Deke?"

Deacon Flowers wasn't having any.

"Danny? You must have done some planning. Tell me what you know about the shortcomings of the Cougars."

"I reckon I don't know, Red."

"Are you telling me you haven't taken the trouble to find out about your ball club between the time you were drafted and now?"

Danny said, "Well, you win your games by defense, and almost lose them by your offense." He could have bitten off his tongue, particularly with Carl Holmquist present.

Hankins said, unperturbed, "Tell me about our deficiencies."

"Coach, you asked me, I answered."

"Are you backing down now?"

"No, sir, I'm not. I wouldn't call myself the world's greatest expert. I mean, I did talk to Coach Culhane, and everybody knows the Cougars have got the best defense in the league. They should win nearly every game. They don't, because the offense is not as good as the defense. And everybody in the stands, everybody on television and everybody on the other team knows what play we're going to run next, because it will be the same one we always run in that situation."

It was a nightmare. Here he was criticizing the coaches of the team that he hoped to make, and he couldn't stop himself.

Carl Holmquist said, "I'm anxious to hear you pass that criticism on to Boxer Brown." So the young quarterback had alienated even the friendly, easygoing offensive coach.

Danny said doggedly, "The Cougars need a running game, and we need a new attitude on offense. The Cougars never do anything new."

Hankins asked, "Are you the innovator we need?"

"Do you mean do I do things just to be different? No. But I don't do things a certain way just because they've always been done that way. The man who thought them up in the first place, he certainly wasn't infallible. On the Pioneers, when the other team won the toss of the coin and elected to receive, we always chose to kick off into the wind." Danny took a sighing breath, and went on: "When do you need the wind at your back? Everybody says you want it at the beginning to get the jump on the other team. I figure it's more important to have the wind at your back at the end of the first half and the end of the game, when you may have to kick a long field goal. Coach Culhane agreed with me, and we did it that way. I'd think that would be particularly true in pro ball, where the field goal is so important."

Hankins pale eyes were unreadable, his hard face as inscrutable as ever. "Coach Culhane, he shares your views on the deficiencies of the Cougar offense?"

"He's a student of football. He watches the pros on television and sees all the games in person he can."

Hankins said, "A last question: What team does get Coach Culhane's approval?"

"The Colts because of Johnny Unitas, and Green Bay because of perfect execution."

"I'll close the meeting with this information for you and Coach Culhane. We know the deficiencies in our running game. We drafted Cochrane number one because he's a big, strong running back like this team hasn't had in six years. As for execution, it takes a quarterback three to five years to learn even imperfect execution. Just don't get cut from the squad after Saturday's scrimmage, three years too soon, Deke, Danny."

The young men sat, unmoving.

"That's all."

The coaches left. The quarterbacks sat silent until Deacon Flowers said, "Danny, that man's a barrel of laughs."

Danny grinned once. "I'm sure bright. Have you ever met anyone as bright as me?"

"Sure. I met a man was trying to borrow five bucks from me and was telling me how stupid my politics was. No, I'll tell you, I was wishing I had something to say so I could speak up, too. I got the feeling that's what Red wanted out of you. To speak up. I think he's that kind of guy."

"Would you like to guarantee that, Deke? In writing?"

Deacon Flowers smiled slowly. "I wouldn't guarantee Red Hankins was a human being."

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Danny's room was monastic. He stood at the narrow window looking out on the deserted campus. He decided that it must be the most impressive and depressing school grounds anywhere in the world.

He sat at the desk and began a letter to his mother: "I don't think I'd send a kid to a private school. It's like being in a place where it looks like there's all kinds of space, and it's still sort of a prison. . . ."

He crumpled that letter and threw it in the wastebasket. He began a letter to the girl, that beautiful girl from Michigan State:

"Hey, Laurie. After I make the ball club, you'll have to come down and maybe spend a weekend or something. This Foxwood has got to be the most expensive private school there is. It makes Michigan State look like a poverty area. Or a cow college, one. . . ."

He threw that letter in the wastebasket, too. He ventured from the room like a gopher emerging from his hole. Cedars Fern was across the corridor and down two rooms.

Danny asked, "Hey, Cedars? Writing your girl friend? Mind if I come in?" He picked up a picture of a good-looking colored girl. "This her? What's her name?"

"Mrs. Fern, that's her name. Got married night before last. Now if you were to ask me am I sorry I didn't get a honeymoon, I'd reply I'd just as soon be here in this camp making this ball club, thank you kindly, Danny."

"You worried about making the team?"

"Some. Some worried, yes."

They sat in silence.

Cedars Fern asked, "You feel funny around this place?"

"Like what?"

"Like you don't belong. Like you're doing something wrong."

"I think that's it. Like you're doing something wrong. You got a guilty conscience, because all along everybody's been drumming it in how football is sport, and you don't get paid, and then all of a sudden we're not going to classes, we're just playing ball and getting paid for it."

Cedars nodded. "That's it, like it messes up your metabolism. I been doing some whistling past the graveyard today, but I got to tell you, I been feeling mighty lonely and mixed up. But I am going to make the team. I am going to do that. That defensive backfield is real old and needs my strong, brown legs. Why don't you come on over? I mean, lining up behind that Boxer Brown and that other cat. Maybe you should try out for defense."

Danny didn't answer.

"You don't think that's such a good idea? You got to play quarterback or nothing? I'm not faulting you, just asking. But, man, just so you get to play, that's the main thing."

That was Tuesday. Wednesday morning they were bussed downtown to the hospital for a physical exam that took six hours and included minute examinations by bone specialists, muscle specialists, foot specialists, heart specialists, and every kind of specialist the management could gather together under one roof.

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In the play practice, the two young quarterbacks took turns. Danny watched Deacon Flowers intently. The Wake Forest boy had class, despite his long, loose-jointed look. His hands were sure. He took the ball with authority and moved with confidence. He threw accurately. But he threw sidearm. Would the big pro linemen smother such throws? Was this the reason Flowers was drafted eighth? The fans who came to the Foxwood practice field to see the new crop of rookies observed this difference between the quarterback from Michigan State and the thrower from Wake Forest. Danny Muldoon threw classically, his hand close to his ear.

Two days to get limbered up. Two days to show speed, strength, grace and agility before the real test. Two days before the scrimmage that would confirm some estimates and confound some others.

The separation had already begun. The confidence now showed in some of the rookies. They'd watched their competition and decided they were going to make this ball club, because they could run faster or shove harder. The ease of their conversation in the mess hall and in the dormitory reflected their growing belief in themselves. On the other hand, there were those who had seen bigger, faster, stronger men. The sense of inadequacy grew in them, along with their homesickness. Those men who had been drained of confidence ate very

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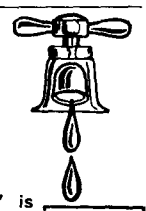

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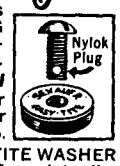

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little on Saturday morning, the day of the crucial struggle.

The scrimmage was held under modified game conditions. It started without a kickoff, but it was played four downs for a first down. It was anything but a game in intent. This was not a contest of skill and finesse. It was a bloodletting. The coaches acted as referees, but they never blew the whistle for rough play. Here was deliberate, open carnage. The coaches had not come out only to judge ability. There was only one question to be answered: Which of these rookies and sophs was willing to hit? Who was willing to play ball in the pro league? Based on this one scrimmage, conducted on only the fourth day in training camp, the coaches would make a whopping big squad cut. Perhaps as many as ten would be dropped.

So the coaches had the power of life and death. A yes vote, and the rookie would stay alive for the chance to earn the fifteen thousand a year he'd signed for. A no vote, and he had only the six dollars a day for each day he'd spent in camp—thirty dollars—plus transportation home.

It was the worst day Danny Muldoon had ever known, worse than anything in the year of the debacle at Michigan State. He was buried on nearly every play. Even when he had handed off and would have skipped out of the line of fire, the linemen bore him to the ground. Even when he'd released the pass, the chargers tore into him. He played dismally. Mayhem, mayhem, this was no game for a quarterback. The Wake Forest thrower looked ever so much better. He held his pocket better. It was obvious he was better suited for the pro-quarterback job. This had to be the end, the end for the Danny Muldoon who had already sealed his doom by lipping off to Red Hankins even before the dismal performance on the field.

The cuts would be made late at night. Coach Holmquist would harden his heart and deliver the dread message: "You didn't quite make it. Get dressed and stop by Coach Hankins' office. Take your play book with you."

Some of the rookies expected it and were prepared. Some did not expect it at all and were stunned. Some were angry. Some took it with the grace of born losers. Some felt the salt in their throats and couldn't speak. All of them would leave at daybreak or now, in the middle of the night, to spare themselves the ordeal of a last meal with men who would pretend commiseration but would be elated that it was someone else who had not measured up.

Danny Muldoon lay in his bunk with the lights out. He listened to the feet moving up and down the corridor. He waited for them to stop in front of his door. They did stop. His heart froze, his blood stopped. But the feet moved on.

He could hear a suitcase being dragged scraping down the hall. Who would it be? Deke Flowers? Let it be Flowers. Get that quarterback out of camp. He threw too accurately. He was gangly and you thought he would be clumsy, but he was so sure on his feet going back to pass. He had to go.

What about Cedars of Lebanon Fern? Would they cut the swift colored boy from Stonewall Jackson High? That wouldn't seem right. Here was a man who was versatile. He could play offense or defense. He could run with the best. He'd be a great threat on punt and kickoff returns. But did they want versatile men? Probably not. This was a league of specialists.

Well, come on, Holmquist, get it over with. Get your revenge for my lipping off.

Maybe it would be just as well to get sent off. If he went back to Kayford now, an engineering graduate, they'd surely give him a white-collar job.

Right now, in the middle of this Saturday night, he'd settle for being less than a hero. He'd settle for just sticking. Six rookies to be retained. But there were, in truth, only four spots open. Those first and second draft choices, the big, fast back and the linebacker in the All-Star camp, they had to make the team if for no other reason than to save face for the men who had made them the precious first and second choices out of all the college players in the country. Four places to be fought for by Danny Muldoon, Deacon Flowers, Cedars Fern, and a couple of dozen other young guys who had at one time dreamed so confidently of glory in the National Football League. Danny needed more time. He needed another chance to prove that he had it on the football field and that he wasn't a wise guy in meetings. Another chance.

Come on, Holmquist, get it over with. Get it over. Give me the news and get it over with.

The feet stopped outside his door, shuffling softly. Danny's heart stopped again. The door opened slowly.

Cedars Fern whispered, "You awake, Danny?"

"I'm sound asleep."

"Hey, man, thought you'd want to know, that axman, he done his duty and he's gone. Far's I could count, he only visited six, seven rooms, and man, we're two country boys that got by. We're going all the way now, Danny, you hear me?"

"I hear you. Get out of here. I want to go back to sleep."

"Man, I sure got to admire you, Danny. You got nerves like steel."

Danny grinned in the dark. Why should he kid Cedars Fern? But it was true, he was relaxed now, he was at ease. Where did all this instant new confidence come from? Just because he'd made it by the first cut? Confidence? Of course. He'd known all along that Holmquist wasn't going to call on him this night. You didn't cut a Deacon Flowers, and you sure didn't cut the third draft choice, a man with Muldoon's reputation, without a longer look and listen than just three days. He'd known that all along. Sure he did. Now he couldn't fail. Danny Muldoon was going to win out over Flowers and send him back to South Carolina with his rebel tail between his legs. Sure he was. Danny Muldoon was going to take over from the second-string quarterback and possibly even from Boxer Brown himself, this very year. Sure he was. In a pig's eye, he was.

He said, "Cedars, I'm the biggest liar this side of the Kanawha. You know I been lying in here shaking like a leaf?"

"Glad to know I wasn't the only one. Maybe I'll just sit here and calm myself and put you to sleep telling you about that girl I married. She's something else. I mean something else."

Danny Muldoon heaved a big sigh and grinned wider. The first hurdle. They'd cleared the first hurdle. Only the first. Now the vets would be coming into camp. Boxer Brown. Let him come.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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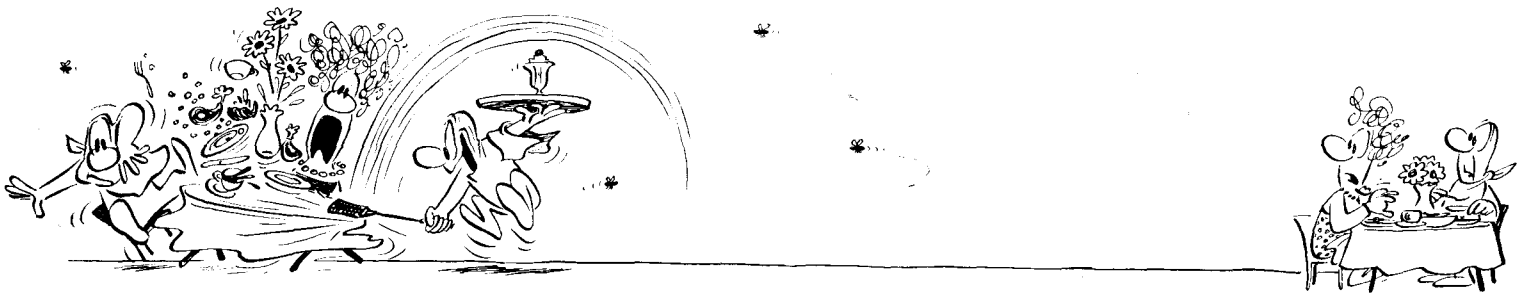
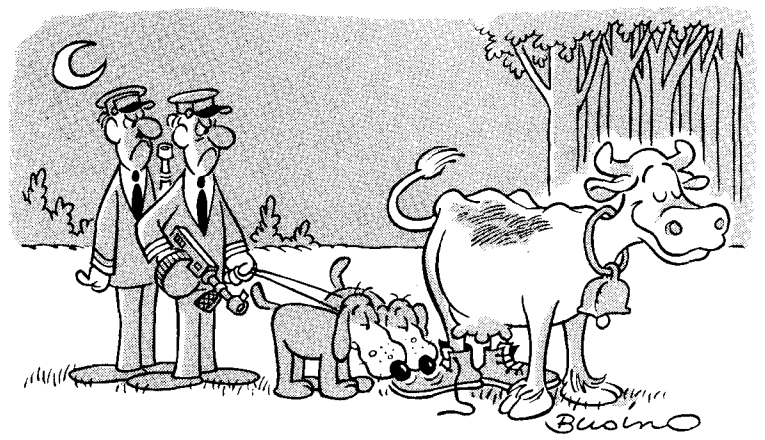
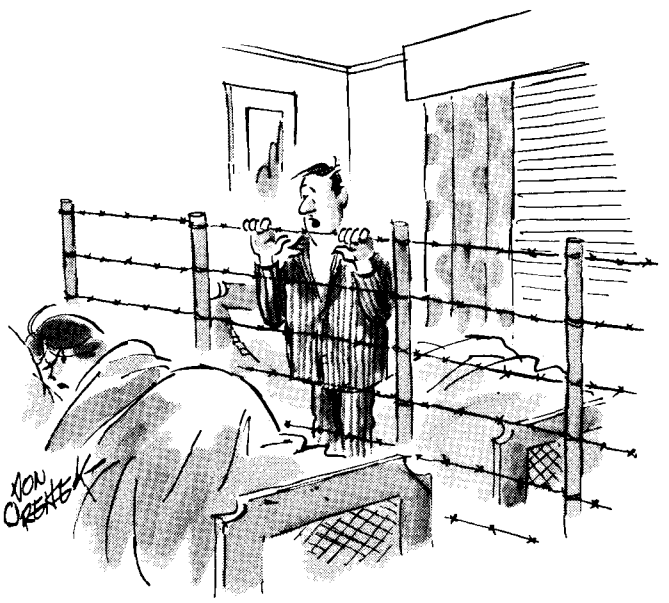
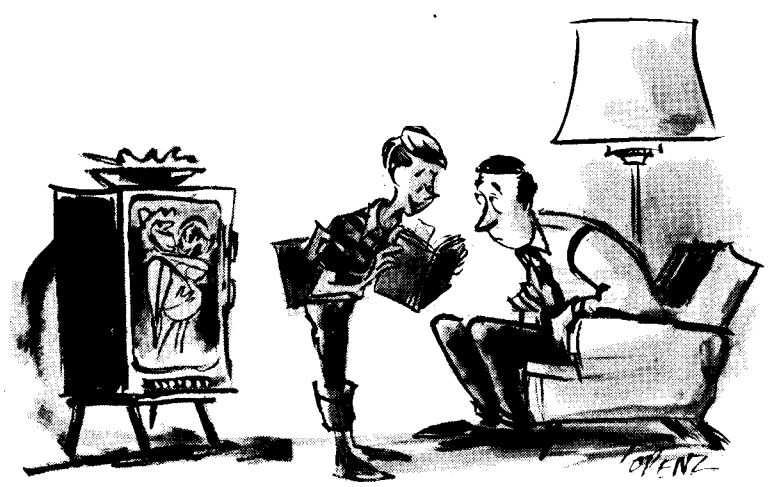




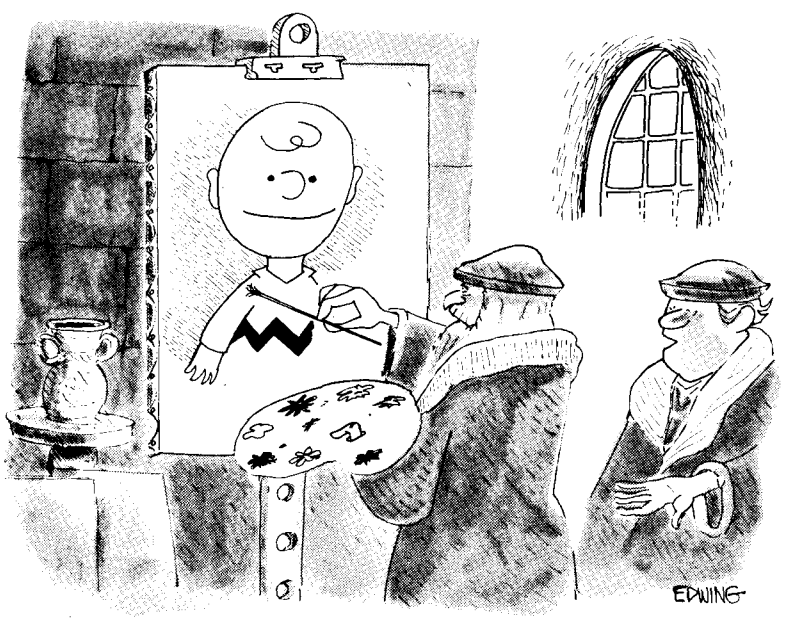
"*Not only are they regarded as sacred by my people here on earth, but think of the honors that will be bestowed on you when you return to your planet...*"



"*Want to talk about it, Suzy?*"



"*For example, Pop, if we write 210 in base 2 it looks like this—11010010.*"



"*Sure it's cute, Leonardo, but it'll never sell!*"

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So you told your mother-in-law you're not getting color tv until somebody comes up with a really lifelike color picture?

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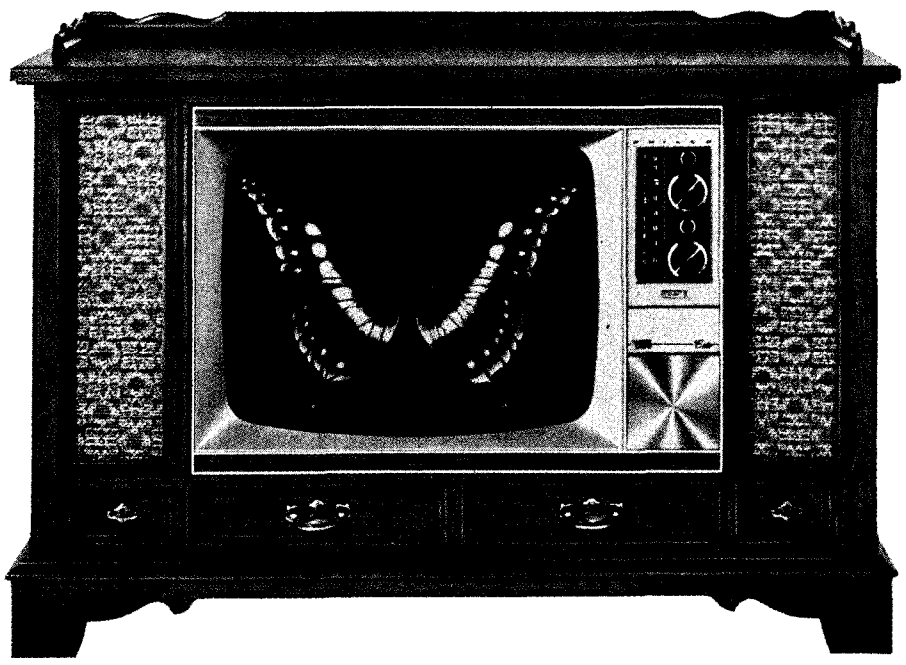

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Photographs by Don Ornitz

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Anne Bancroft: 'HEY, MA, I CAN DO THAT!'

She tells off Hollywood, she discounts audiences, but this determined "down-to-earth little Italian lady" is headed hard for the top.

By Richard Lemon

One morning early last September a small, pretty brunette named Anne Bancroft opened the stage door of the Broadway Theatre in New York City, made her way through the props belonging to the musical *Baker Street*, and walked onstage for the first day of rehearsals of a play called *The Devils*. Grinning broadly, she shook hands with the director and several members of the cast, who ranged from a cute blonde in short skirt and long hair to Jason Robards Jr. For several minutes the actors stood in clusters around the bare stage, talking in a subdued way. Then they seated themselves in a semicircle of folding chairs, listened to short speeches by the director and the producer, and started reading their lines while, offstage, a radio played Dean Martin's *Houston*. For about 20 minutes Miss Bancroft sat silent, smoking, occasionally smiling, and waiting for her first line. When she started reading, it was in an almost inaudible voice, with long pauses and sighs, and when one line—"*Don't touch my back!*"—snapped out angrily, it was so startling that a bystander had reason to believe that some brief tantrum had taken place.

A few weeks later, Miss Bancroft was asked whether this apparently humdrum beginning had been stimulating. "Listen," she said as she leaned forward intently, "it was so exciting the first few days that I used to go home and say '*Thank you, God*, for getting me this part.'"

Since that first day, the company of *The Devils* has gone through a number of transformations. The play's 51 actors and extras have moved to a hot, crumbling, dirty rehearsal hall over an uptown movie house, gone to Boston for tryouts, and come back to Broadway for the New York opening on November 16. *Baker Street* has been carted off to another theater, and the stagehands have turned off the radio. The cute blonde has become a nun, Robards has become Father Urbain Grandier who is accused of, among other things, debauchery, fornication and commerce with the devil, and Miss Bancroft has been fitted with a hunchback and become Jeanne of the Angels, prioress of a 17th-century convent and the accuser of Father Grandier. A great deal of money is, of course, riding on the success of these transformations. But whether or not *The Devils* is as successful as it was in London, where it was hailed as a major play, the prioress has already become one of Anne Bancroft's most important roles, along with Gittel Mosca of *Two for the Seesaw* and Annie Sullivan of *The Miracle Worker*. "This is the hardest part I've done," she says. "Even emotionally it's the most strenuous. In *Miracle Worker* the character was very cocky at first, so I had a whole first act when she knew what she was doing. In this play, she's nervous from the beginning." Furthermore, Mother Joan is Miss Bancroft's third acting assignment this year—she has already finished two movies which soon will be released. This will make 1965 a landmark year in her professional life.

Ever since she came reeling out of 18 grade-B and B-plus Hollywood movies and into *Two for the Seesaw* in 1958, just about every role Anne Bancroft has taken has brought her at least one award. At last count she had 21 of them, including an Oscar for the movie of *The Miracle Worker*, two Tonys from Broadway for *The Miracle Worker* and three foreign-press awards for last year's movie *The Pumpkin Eater*. There are other young actresses whose talent is as highly regarded, including Geraldine Page, Kim Stanley and Julie Harris, but none of them in recent years has been as lucky in landing fat Broadway and movie roles. Anne Bancroft is not the First Lady of the American stage but she is about as close to first as anybody. In the theater, however, it can be tough to arrive and keep moving too. Between *Miracle Worker* in 1961 and *The Pumpkin Eater* last year, Anne Bancroft was, in her phrase, kept alive by TV, primarily by guest shots on the Perry Como show, where she sang pop songs.

It would hardly be a greater waste of natural resources if Sandy Koufax were to limit himself to giving beanbag exhibitions, and the oddly simple reason for the waste was that Miss Bancroft couldn't find anything in which she wanted to act. "Listen, I could have gone on playing Gittel Mosca till I was eighty," she says. "I mean, *Gittel Mosca Goes to Paris, Gittel Mosca and the Hidden Staircase*. After Annie Sullivan, it was all heroines who have lived but never been sung about. My first two experiences on the stage were so good, so nice, and then you find out that nobody is out to do anything good, everybody's just out to make money. Broadway, Hollywood, it's all the same people. They just have different accents."

This year Miss Bancroft has come out of her inactivity like a greyhound out of a starting gate. When her good friend Patricia Neal suffered two strokes last winter, Miss Bancroft took her place as a missionary doctor in *Seven Women*. Three weeks after that picture was finished, she was costarring with Sidney Poitier in *The Slender Thread*, in which she plays a lady who gets talked out of suicide by her psychiatrist. The movies will be out in December and January, respectively. Last and least, she will also be viewable many weeks this winter on The Late Show in works from an earlier period—as a blues singer in *Don't Bother to Knock*, a model in *Nightfall*, and even, incredibly, as a gorilla in *Gorilla at Large*.

Unlike most of her peers in the theater, Anne Bancroft reached theatrical stardom after seven years in the ranks in Hollywood. Julie Harris was a star on Broadway in *The Member of the Wedding* at 25. Geraldine Page made her way from summer stock to *Summer and Smoke*. Miss Bancroft, by contrast, made lousy movies. There are actors, like the late Gary Cooper, who defend this as one of the best ways to learn to act, but Miss Bancroft feels otherwise. She was recently asked whether she had learned from those 18 movies. "Yeh," she

'Only a handful of people know what we do.'

'An actor can't be fooled by the little tricks.'

'The joy of acting is how you get results.'

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Anne as a potential suicide in THE SLENDER THREAD.

'She was always a notch above us.
I mean, this was the most predestined star.
There was no doubt in her attitude.'

said. "I learned not to make any more of them."

Her first Hollywood experience left Miss Bancroft with a violent dislike for silly roles, convention and most forms of hokum. She would much rather belt out torch songs on TV than play an insipid part. She was recently asked why she didn't make a record. "I just think at this point it would seem like a gimmick," she said, with distaste. "You know, *Agnes Moorehead Sings.*" In search of something worth doing her own way, Miss Bancroft spent a good part of her long layoff poring over scripts. "My life has become such a bore," she declared, toward the end of the period. "In the course of a week I read about four scripts. So many of them show talent. You can see it in the first few pages, and you keep thinking the talent will explode, and then it winds up being pedantic and ordinary. You can see the talent holding itself back, in order to be accepted. I know there's nothing new to say, but there must be new ways to say it, because there are new people all the time." Miss Bancroft paused a moment. "And then you get the opposite ones," she added, "that want so much to be unique they're crazy."

This disdain for convention is at least as much natural as acquired, and it sometimes drives her friends crazy. "She's so totally unimpressed by her success, it makes me angry sometimes," says her closest friend, a Los Angeles fashion model named Lydia Fields. "It's terrible that I'm more tickled by it than she is. It's disgusting. Before the Academy Awards last year, *she* told *me* not to be disappointed if she didn't win. 'You know I did a good job, and I know I did a good job,' she said, 'and it isn't that important.'

"She is really the most honest human being I ever met in my life," Miss Fields went on. "And she has the most fantastic curiosity of anybody I've ever known. She'll keep at something until she understands it, whether it's a part or an avocado she's growing. She's excited all the time. I'll say, 'I bought a pair of blue gloves today,' and she'll say, 'No *kidding*. What color, how long are the fingers?' She's excited by what she thinks is good, not by what other people think is good."

Admirable as it may be, Miss Bancroft's capacity for independent judgment sometimes causes difficulties. Two years ago she got married, for the second time, to Mel Brooks, the comedian and writer who created the new TV spy comedy *Get Smart!* and plays the 2,500-year-old brewmaster in a series of beer commercials on radio. ("We met at a Perry Como rehearsal," Brooks says. "I fell in love so hard I hurt my knee.") Miss Fields decided to send two silver cups as a wedding present. "I had the handles taken off, and then they were antiqued," she recalls. "They were dipped, and scratched, and oxidized. Then half a topaz was set in each one, and off they went to New York in a box that took a month to make in Chinatown. I mean they looked like something out of the *Louvre—like* them or not like them. When I talked to her on the phone, you know what she said? 'Hey, Lib, the glasses came.' That's all. 'Hey, Lib, the glasses came.' I said, 'Do you *like* them?' She said, 'Yeah, they're pretty.' So I told her what all had been done to them, and she was in tears. She said, 'Nobody ever gave me anything like that before.'" Miss Fields shook her head. "She's a very down-to-earth little Italian lady."

Miss Bancroft has grown very down-to-earth about audiences in recent years, and now looks on theatergoers somewhat the way a surgeon looks on a patient's relatives—as concerned bystanders who don't really understand what's happening.

"There are only a handful of people in the world who are aware of what we're doing," she says. "It's like there were only a handful of people who knew what Rembrandt was doing. There are times in a play when you are absolutely sterile—you work as hard as you can and nothing happens, it's like a block of ice. And the audience reacts exactly the same as it does on a good night. I can see an audience for its value—and it does have a great value. But their opinion of me is not as important as that of another performer. I can't go home and say, 'Oh, boy, I'm a great actor, because some twelve-year-old kid told me so.'"

Another performer, a high-school classmate, former beau and fellow movie actor of Miss Bancroft's, recently fell to talking about Anne Bancroft as a girl in Yonkers, N.Y. "She was always a notch above us," he said. "I mean, this was the most predestined star. There was never any doubt in her attitude toward the rest of us—how shall I put it . . . that this girl was going to swing. She was always sophisticated, even as a young girl, and it wasn't a false sophistication. We were all in love with her. I'll tell you something she said in high school. She used to have this wonderful, long Alice-in-Wonderland hair, and one day she had it all cut off. I was horrified. I said, 'What have you done? How come you changed?' And she looked at me very seriously and said, 'It's not me—it's you.'"

Miss Bancroft is more ready to confess change nowadays. In fact, as a final bit of realism, she has toned down her notions of what can be expected of her. "When I was a kid and saw somebody juggling twenty things, I'd say, 'Hey, Ma, I can do that,'" she said. "Now I know I can't juggle twenty things." Miss Bancroft paused, and added, "I don't say that with *study*. . . ."

If Anne Bancroft was predestined to become a star, it took a discouragingly long time for destiny to show its hand. Nine years ago she was a Hollywood starlet, once married, once divorced, and on her fourth name. She had been born Anna Maria Louise Italiano in the Bronx, some 25 years before, one of three daughters of Mildred and Michael Italiano, who worked as a Macy's telephone operator and a garment-district patternmaker respectively. She had grown up as a member of a large, close-knit, Catholic family, with 33 first cousins and as many as 75 at family gatherings. She had made about 100 TV shows under the name Anna Marno, an unhappy compromise between art and life, and had gone out to Hollywood, where she had picked her last name from a book of names owned by Darryl Zanuck. She had been married and divorced by Martin A. May, a wealthy law student, and had cut a small swath through the movie colony's social world as a bachelor girl. She also had made the 18 movies, none of them instructive, few of them memorable. "I'd be the only one to tell me if what I was doing was right or wrong," she has said, "and how would I know?"

In the forthcoming SEVEN WOMEN, directed by John Ford, Miss Bancroft is a doctor working in a China mission.

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Anne and her husband Mel Brooks met at a TV rehearsal.

In her Broadway debut she stole the play from Henry Fonda and broke loose from all those mindless movie parts.

Miss Bancroft's ticket out of these pictures was naïve, rambunctious Gittel Mosca, the Bronx hoyden, and she went after the part with determination. When producer Fred Coe opened the door of his New York office to interview Miss Bancroft, he found her with one shoe off, scratching her foot. Her first line to him was to ask where the john was. "I'd read that producers have no imagination," she says, "and so you have to be the part from the minute you walk in." She succeeded beautifully. Coe wired Arthur Penn that "Gittel lives," and sent her to the West Coast so Penn could see for himself. "It's Gittel on the hoof," Penn wired back.

Considering that she has supposedly learned everything she knows about acting since then, it was a remarkable performance. "She didn't know very much," Penn recalls, "but she was absolutely open and defenseless. She was the equivalent of a beatnik. It was a little tough to compliment Annie. She was apt to respond with 'No ----.'"

Miss Bancroft emerged from *Seesaw*'s opening night as an established actress; she had virtually stolen the show from Henry Fonda, which is a little like passing a check with Willie Sutton's signature, and she had a workable image as a rough little Bronx girl with a kookie tendency toward frankness and an interest in psychoanalysis. "My first couple of years in analysis were spent naming things," she has said. "You know, I'd say, 'What's the name for that?' and he'd say 'Boredom? Hatred?'" Two years later, however, she was appearing in *The Miracle Worker* as a middle-aged woman of great strength and character. There followed the long layoff, during which the woman of strength and character was seen mainly on TV, all dolled up, belting out torch songs, and flouncing around on a tiger-skin rug. Since then her only stage part has been the title role, in 1963, in Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, which was not a success, but for which she got excellent reviews.

Last spring, Anne Bancroft began her busiest year with *Seven Women*, in which she stars with Margaret Leighton, Mildred Dunnock, Betty Field, Sue Lyon, and Dame Flora Robson. The part requires her to do considerable riding. "I want to look like I've been on a horse all my life," she declared, early in the filming, and, under the circumstances, it was no mean ambition. "I didn't know you really hadda say 'Giddyup,'" she had said, after her first ride.

Today, Anne Bancroft still has a good deal of Yonkers in her voice, but it can also be beautifully modulated and ladylike. She is gracious and suffers fools pleasantly, if not gladly. She would have no trouble being an expert hostess, she often dresses well, and it is difficult to imagine her making a kook of herself in public. Although she had few expectations of winning last year's Oscar, Miss Bancroft went out to the Santa Monica Auditorium and gamely smiled through the ceremonies. "You know what happens?" she said later. "Your top lip begins to stick to your teeth. I said to my husband, 'I can't wait to go home and take off my smile.'"

On stage the distinguishing mark of Miss Bancroft's acting is intensity, and she is often so deeply in character that the audience feels like a Peeping Tom. Early in the movie of *The Miracle Worker*, she got down on her knees and thrust a doll at her young charge, to begin trying to teach her to associate objects with words. Her attention was so focused that pictures of the scene look more like news photos than movie stills; they have the look of life in the raw. She was once asked whether she ever studied her own acting on film. "I wouldn't know what to study," she said. "You can't study what you're thinking, you know."

Many observers of the theater have been fascinated by the transformation that seems to take place in talented actors when they step onstage and become both themselves and somebody else. Miss Bancroft recently tried to explain what this double existence was like. "You're trying to really listen to what happens within yourself, to feel an emotion, and somewhere on one level you're also aware of the audience.

"There was the time with the hat," she went on. "One night during *The Miracle Worker*, a man in the front row put his hat onstage. I was in a scene with Patricia Neal, and I remember really acting very well, and I remember being aware of his hat being on the stage and really being very angry at his hat for being on the stage. The hat was on my mark [where she was supposed to stand during one speech], and when the time came, I went right over and stepped on the hat. Consciously. A part of my brain saw the hat and decided to step on it. I remember his wife saying, '*She's stepping on your hat. She's stepping on your hat.*' And I heard it all, without ever stepping out of character. Pat Neal just broke up afterward."

Until she came East to begin *The Devils*, Miss Bancroft and her husband were living and working out of a rented house in the upper reaches of the hills overlooking Beverly Hills and Hollywood. The house was white stucco and modest by local standards, but with a spectacular view. "When you get up in the morning, it's an eye-opener," Miss Bancroft has said. "You can see the ocean—boats go by. The Pacific one," she added, "not the Atlantic one." Shortly before she left for New York, she sat on a sofa in the living room and had a conversation with a visitor about the satisfactions and obligations of onstage life.

"I think any actor would rather be appreciated by another actor—because he can't be fooled by the little tricks," Miss Bancroft said. "The whole joy of acting is *how* you get the results. I act because of the extraordinary experiences that happen to me while I'm onstage."

"To put it as crudely as possible," the visitor asked her, "why isn't that just an elevated form of getting kicks?"

"I'm there first to have the experiences, and second that the audience should appreciate it," Miss Bancroft said. "But I like an equal give-and-take. I like to give the best and get the best out of them—not give them second best and get best back." She shook her head. "I don't know how all those artists who were never appreciated survived. People sometimes talk about the 'challenge' of a part. What motivates me to do a role is not the challenge. I never thought of the English accent in *The Pumpkin Eater* as a challenge. I never thought of the fight scene in *The Miracle Worker* as a challenge." Miss Bancroft leaned forward, with her intensity going full blast. "I just hadda show the world this woman," she said. □

Miss Bancroft and Jason Robards Jr. in THE DEVILS, *a new play which is based on a book by Aldous Huxley.*

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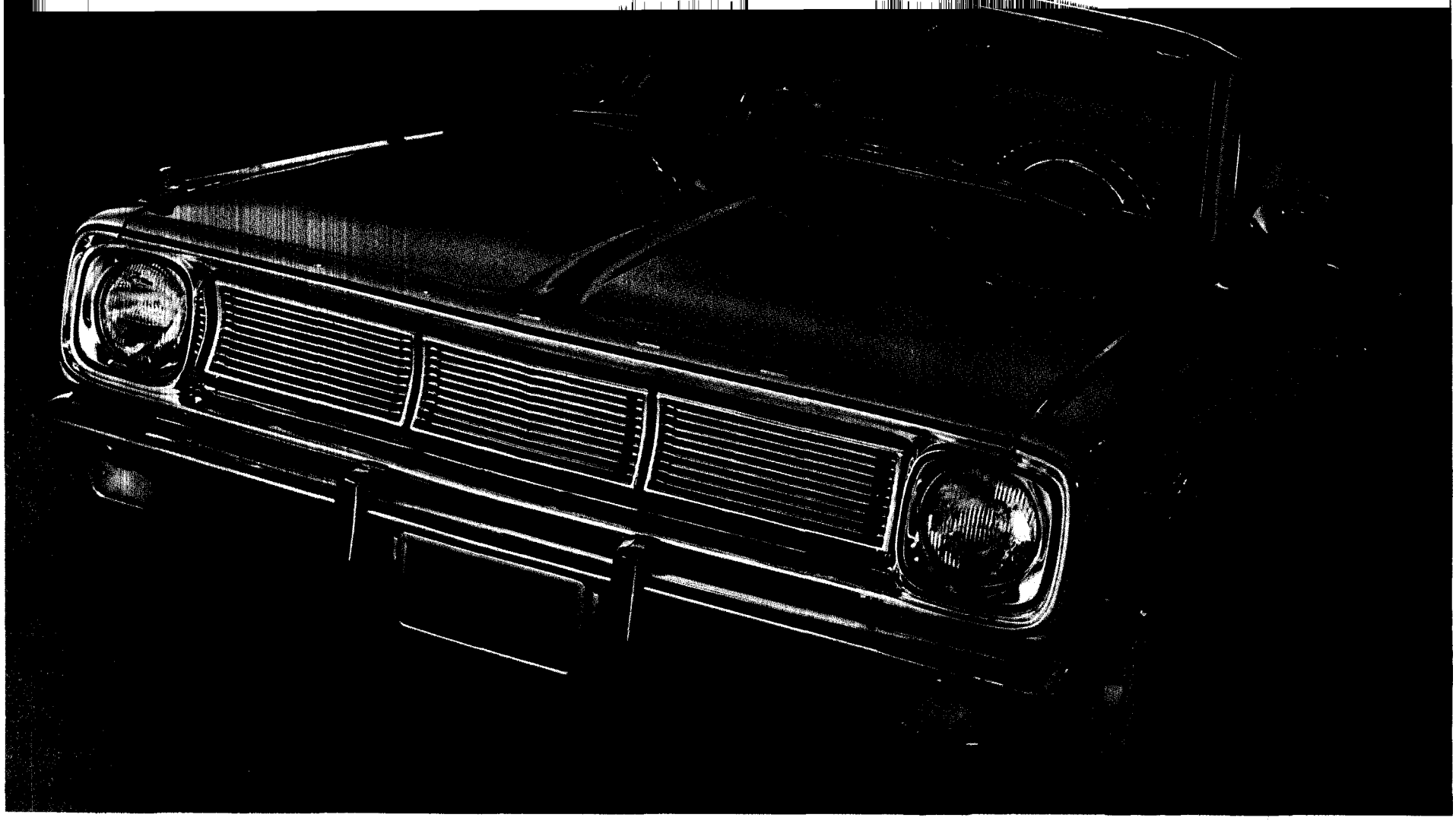

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During one half of the year he throws touchdowns for the world-champion Cleveland Browns; in the other half he lectures and does research in advanced mathematics. And still he feels he has not accomplished enough.

By Roger Kahn • Photographs by Joseph Consentino

The two worlds of Dr. Frank Ryan meet in infinity. It confuses him sometimes, going from one to the other. He is upset when athletes or sportswriters misstate his work in mathematics. He is startled that mathematicians allow themselves to envy his skills as a quarterback. After a while spent at the side of Frank Ryan, a proud and humble and sensitive man, one comes to recognize his confusion and its symptoms: disgust, annoyance, anger. One recognizes the confusion, and then one is left to marvel that Ryan can alternate between his worlds at all.

For approximately six months and approximately $40,000, Ryan plays quarterback for the defending champions of the National Football League. For the balance of the year, and for perhaps $4,000, he lectures and undertakes research in advanced mathematics at Rice University, where he earned his Ph.D. last June.

He likes football, likes to win, is proud of victory and embarrassed by defeat. On the field he possesses a ferocious kind of courage. He likes football, but he loves math. "To me," Doctor Ryan says, his solemn young face shining, "it's like a painting must be to the artist. Other people can observe the painting, but nobody else can feel what the artist felt when he made it."

People always want him to explain. "Hey, Frank," a Rotarian asks at a Cleveland Browns football luncheon, "just what is that thesis of yours about, anyway?"

"I was wondering, Frank," asks an academic colleague in Houston, "just what kind of person is this Jimmy Brown?"

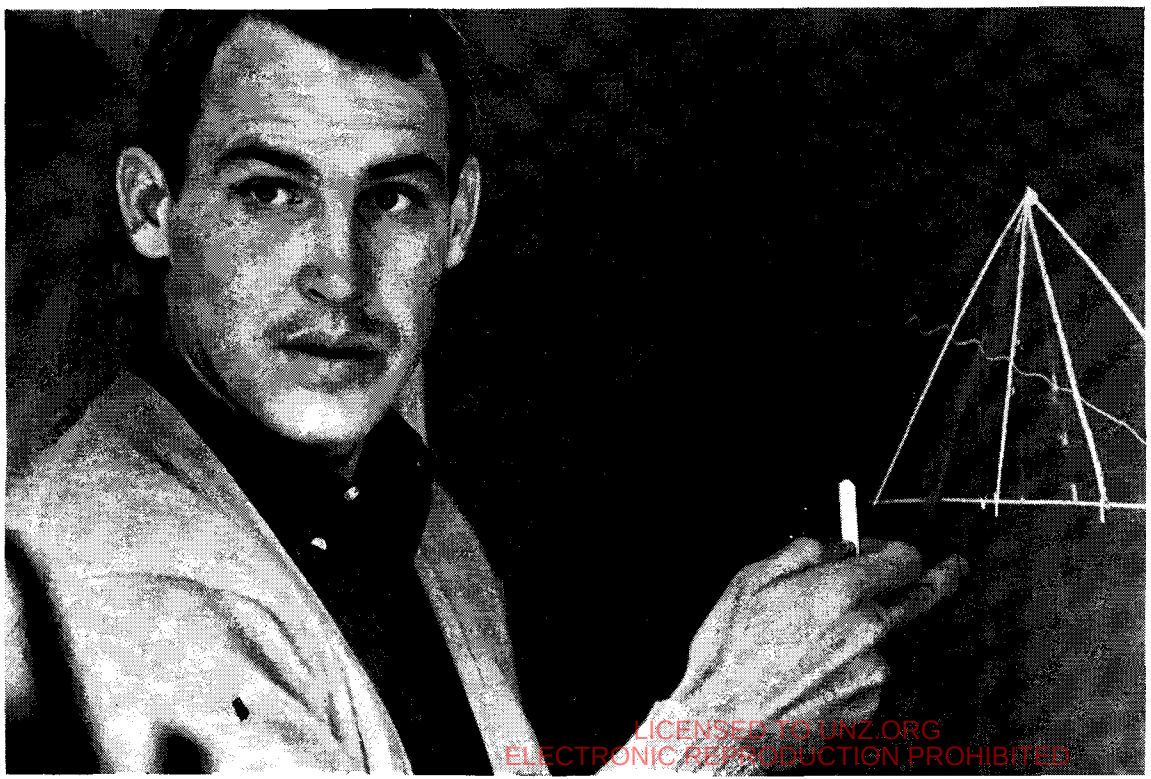
No comprehensible answer is possible to the first question. No simple answer is possible to the second. Thus Ryan's worlds, like parallel lines, meet only in infinity.

"He is certainly a promising mathematician," reports Dr. B. Frank Jones Jr., once a roommate of Ryan's at Rice and now a member of the Institutue for Advanced Studies in Princeton. "The Ph.D. is not in itself significant. Very few of your Ph.D.'s are good. But he has excellent potential, although football obviously has held him up."

"Ryan," says Jimmy Brown, greatest of modern running backs, "is the quarterback who makes our ball club move. Frankly, I don't know why. He is not a natural. He just has this ability to move the club, particularly in the clutch."

"There seems to be an impression," says Prof. A. J. Lohwater, formerly of Rice and now with Case Institute, "that Ryan was handed his doctorate on a platter. Nothing could be less correct. That man worked hard for his degree. He worked for seven postgraduate years under Doctor G. R. MacLane, one of the best geometric-function theorists and a man of uncompromising standards. Frank wrote an excellent paper as well."

"As a quarterback," says Blanton Collier, the



Top, quarterback Ryan hands off to halfback Ernie Green; left, he diagrams mathematical concept for fellow teacher.

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head coach of the Browns, "Frank seems to have mastered the ability to concentrate on detail which psychologists tell me is an acquired characteristic."

A theory, popular with people who know less math than Doctor Lohwater and less football than Blanton Collier, suggests that a mathematical mind helps a man play quarterback in the National Football League. Although Ryan regards the theory with pure professorial scorn, its origins are understandable.

Leaders of the N.F.L., unhappy with the image of football players as mindless muscles, pretend that only the highly intelligent make good football players. The league is rich, and its image makers are skillful. Word is current that defensive tackles have to be literate, which is false, and that quarterbacks have to be scholars, which is absurd. "An *analytical* mind certainly can help a quarterback," Ryan says, "but people who say that a mathematical mind is important are just not very well informed about mathematics. What I do at the university has nothing at all to do with what I do on the field. Nothing. Nothing at all."

"He is always about five jumps ahead of you with that mind," says Gary Collins, the Browns' gritty flanker, "but last year, we were playing the Giants at Yankee Stadium and he got down on his knees right out there in front of all those people, and he drew this play in the dirt like you do when you're a kid. I thought it was funny, drawing in the dirt, him being a doctor and all. But I ran the pattern he drew, and we scored."

It is true that football plays are numbered, for purposes of classification and brevity; "81 fullback flare screen," is a satisfactorily terse way of saying, "OK, Jimmy. You go out toward the sideline over there, and I'll hit you with a short one, and you big guys kind of drift over, will you, and get in front of Jimmy and give him a little blocking, OK?"

It is true, too, that quarterbacks are expected to execute detailed game plans, based on sequences and variations of more than 100 different plays. The work is neither simple nor scholarly. The mental process involved is akin to playing bridge in competent company, except that the quarterback, unlike Goren, may be dismembered by an opponent at any time.

But to suggest that the interesting business of playing quarterback is related to Doctor Ryan's lifework is not true. It offends Doctor Ryan, and it also offends a number of his teammates who feel that quarterbacking is good honest work, vastly superior to "something flaky like that math."

High mathematics is an area of pure abstraction, exotic symbolism and shapes which may not actually exist. Imagine infinity, Doctor Ryan suggests. Now imagine an infinite collection of infinities. The idea takes considerable grasping. "For every infinite collection," Doctor Ryan proceeds, "you can find a greater collection of infinities, which is a pretty crude way of expressing something basic."

"I am sure Ryan will be glad to talk to you," Harold Sauerbrei, a former sportswriter who is general manager of the Browns, told a visitor to Cleveland in early autumn. "But that doesn't mean you'll know what he's talking about."

"I keep the title of Frank's thesis on a piece of paper in my wallet," Nate Wallack, the team's public-relations director said. "I don't feel I should be expected to remember it." The title is *A Characterization of the Set of Asymptotic Values of a Function Holomorphic in the Unit Disc.*

"You will find him a little far out," a newspaperman advised. "I mean like one time we had photographers out at the Browns' training camp, and Ryan threw left-handed all day. What a damn time at the office. We thought every negative had been reversed."

Ryan is very deep rather than far out, and he is intelligible to anyone who takes the trouble to listen. He is tall, lean, six feet three, and his hair is turning gray. His eyes are deep-set, withdrawn, but often his mouth seems on the verge of a grin. "About the time you threw left-handed," an interviewer asked him recently.

"Oh, uh, that," Ryan said, and there was the grin. "Actually, it was Ninowski who started throwing left-handed, but I kept it up, and all the pictures were wrong. But that isn't the point. Wouldn't you think the photographers would have noticed? The point is that a professional photographer, assigned to spend a day taking pictures, should make it his business to prepare himself, to find out whether his subject throws left or right."

Ryan was approaching Higbee's, a big Cleveland department store, where he was going to autograph copies of a new book about the Browns. No one recognized him in the street. It was still early in the season, a gray, cheerless day.

He traveled to the signing by Escalator, riding up the five floors to the book department with a pleased, embarrassed smile. Ryan likes Escalators. He was less sure about the rest. It was not merely that he would have to write his name nonstop for two hours. He had not read the book. "I don't read as much as I should," he said, "and I probably don't read the right things, but, damn, I should have read this one. Now I don't know if what I'm signing is any good."

Paul Warfield, a slim, unwrinkled pass catcher, was there ahead of him, sitting at a table, signing. At a second table sat Galen Fiss, a large hearty man from Kansas who plays linebacker for the Browns and sells insurance in the off-season. "Good of you to show up," Fiss said amiably.

Ryan nodded, slipped into a chair beside Warfield, and nearby salesladies swooped.

"Oh, you're the one with all the degrees."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suppose we *should* call you doctor."

The grin became resolute. A compulsory grin.

"How many books are you going to want me to sign?" Doctor Ryan asked.

"About a thousand," said a saleslady.

"Um," Doctor Ryan said. "A thousand books. Two hours. Eight times 120 is 960. Eight-and-a-third books a minute, or, ah, uh, seven-and-one-half seconds per book."

He lifted a copy from the pile in front of him. *Return to Glory,* the jacket announced in black and white and orange. *The Story of the Cleveland Browns* by Bill Levy. Ryan stretched his left arm, exposing his watch, and wrote his name in the flyleaf.

"Three seconds," Ryan said. Then smiling to himself, "I get a four-and-a-half-second break every time."

The signing process, all but automatic, gave Ryan something to do with his hands while he talked to the interviewer. "I hope you can make clear," he said, "that I don't consider myself a competent mathematician yet. My thesis is addressed to an individual problem, and a mathematician is something more than someone who can relate to an individual problem and get it done."

"What is the problem you take up?"

"Nothing you can understand," Ryan said. "If I were in chemical engineering, or in physics, and I wrote, say, a thesis on the bombardment of an isotope of boron with neutrons, I could tell you. But mathematics isn't like that at all."

"That Gary Collins really likes the way you throw, doesn't he?" a sharp-faced teen-ager said across the table.

"To begin to understand my thesis, you would have to have at least three very basic understandings," Ryan said to the interviewer. He gave the teen-ager a fast little grin. "You'd have to understand a complex plane. You'd need to understand a holomorphic function. You'd have to understand the limits at the boundary of the unit disc in the complex plane.

"There are a lot of inadequacies that have to be corrected in my mathematical makeup," Ryan said, "but I think my degree of capability is of a high level." Excitement suddenly charged his voice. "There is so much in mathematics that is fantastically interesting that I could learn and do."

He stopped signing books and quickly wrote a paradox evolved to the general frustration of mathematicians by Lord Bertrand Russell, the philosopher and pacifist. Lord Russell's paradox involves sets. In mathematics, sets are collections of objects which are grouped together according to a rule or, for that matter, a set of rules. A standard example of a mathematical set is: The set of all positive integers—in laymen's terms all numbers, but not the fractions, 8 but not 8½, that lie between zero and infinity.

Obviously, mathematicians point out, a set can contain elements that are themselves sets. The set of all *positive* integers, 8 but not 8½, contains the set of all *even* integers, 8 but not 7 or 9. Further, it is possible for a set to contain itself as one of its elements.

Lord Russell's famous paradox proceeds enthusiastically from this point. Sets that contain themselves are classified as "extraordinary." Those that do not contain themselves are ordinary. "Here," Ryan said, showing the piece of paper on which he had written: C = the set of all ordinary sets. "Now," he said, compressing the paradox to a question, "is C itself ordinary or extraordinary?

"Look," Doctor Ryan said, placing two blue ballpoint pens together. "That's a nice set of blue pens. That's something you can see. People like things that they can see. But lurking in the grass are snakes like this." He gesticulated angrily toward the paper on which he had written the statement of Russell's paradox.

"I want to learn Russian," Doctor Ryan said. "My French and German are fine, but I do have to get with Russian. The Russians are doing a tremendous lot academically. Anyway, another reason for learning Russian is that it means learning new symbols, and mathematicians are always in

During a Cleveland time out, Ryan plans his future strategy on basis of phone talks with assistant coach Dub Jones.

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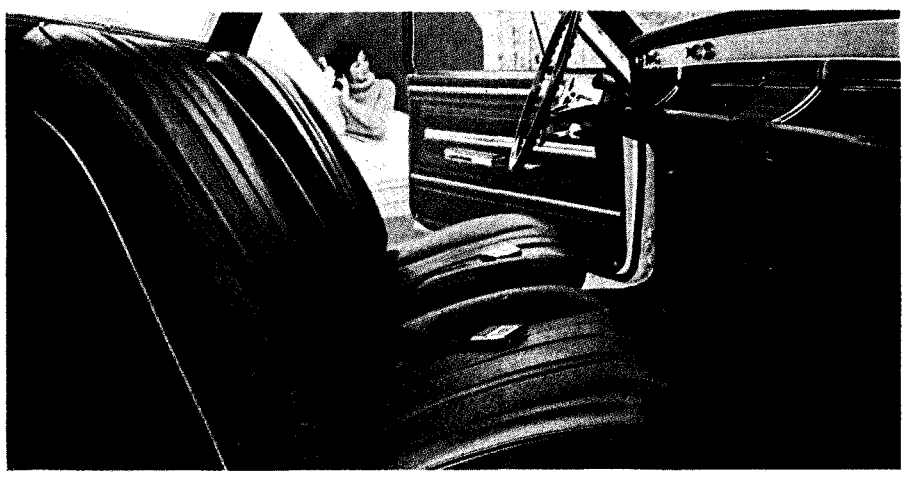

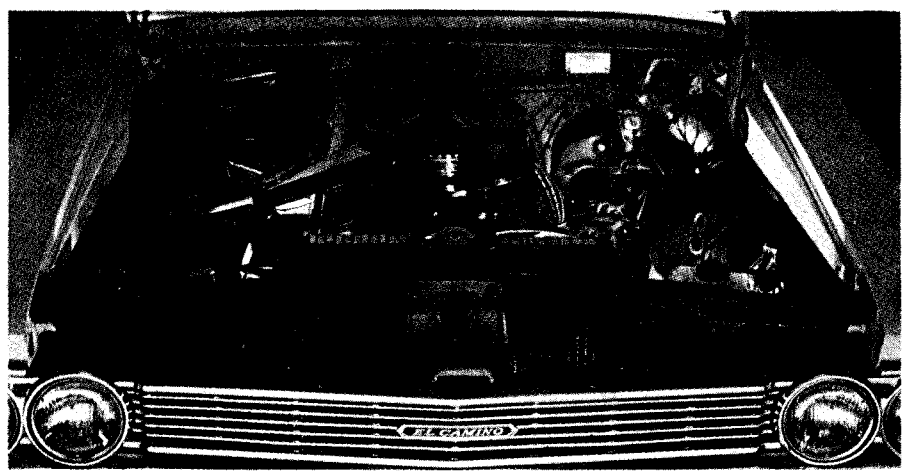

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need of new symbols." Ryan grimaced slightly. "You, uh, understand," he said. "That last is sort of a joke."

Ryan's humor has a special academic dryness. Joan Busby Ryan, an English major, was actually able to find a joke in his doctoral thesis. "The work deals in part with things that Frank calls necks," Mrs. Ryan says. "These necks intersect with other things that he calls laces. Well, the intersection, when he diagrams it, has a shape something like a diamond. You see? Diamond. Neck. Lace. That really broke them up in the math department at Rice. Frank likes to joke, but he has his moods."

"What do you think of Y.A. Tittle?" asked the persistent fan at Higbee's.

Ryan was getting tired. His mouth, which grins so easily, curled downward at the corners. The fan and a saleslady beat retreats.

"He's moody all right," says Gary Collins who caught three of Ryan's passes for touchdowns in last season's play-off game. "I mean you can never be sure whether he'll say 'good morning' or 'go to hell.'"

Early this season the Browns played the Redskins in 100-degree heat at Washington, and while they won they did not win as handily as they should have, and Ryan was not entirely satisfied with his performance. Immediately after the game a perspiring reporter charged up to Ryan in the clubhouse. "On the play when Collins was free way downfield, and you threw short . . ." the reporter began.

"Do I know you?" Ryan asked.

The reporter said a name, impatiently. "Anyway, on that pass . . ."

"Have we met?" Ryan persisted.

"I'm with U.P.I.," the reporter said.

"Yes," Ryan said. "Well, I saw Gary out there, and I decided to get a pass out to him, even if it was an imperfect pass. Just get the ball downfield." He smiled warmly. "After all," he said, "I am an imperfect passer."

A few weeks after the Washington game the Browns defeated the Eagles in Philadelphia, although Ryan was confined to the bench with a sore foot.

"How did it feel to sit one out?" another sportswriter asked afterward.

It had not felt very good, but what was the point of saying so? Disinclined to lie, Ryan elected not to answer. He turned away.

"Just because you've gone to school five years longer than the rest of us," the reporter said, "don't think you're too good to talk to me."

"Get your face out of mine," Doctor Ryan cried in pain. "Get your face out of mine and get away from me." His tones carried over the buzz of a victorious clubhouse, and long afterward he was embarrassed. Some of the scorn he felt for a reporter had now spilled over onto himself. He, a mathematician, a Ph.D., had let a boor wound him deeply in front of everyone.

He lives very hard and very deeply, committed to integrity, which is not the easiest of all the ways to do it. He cannot insinuate, flatter, bend the knee. He tries to insulate himself against cliché and compromise the way good academicians do, but just when he is happy with the insulation someone tells him over a light Irish whiskey and soda, "That math must really help you out there on the field." Then the mouth moves painfully from open grin to scowl, and he is caught between his separate worlds.

Probably Ryan has always lived hard. His family was successful and social in Fort Worth. His grandfather on his mother's side, Dr. Frank Beall, was a surgeon and a scholar. On his father's side, there was a heritage of blue. "I believe I am the first Ryan in three generations not to attend Yale," he says. But the social, successful home where he was reared knew trouble. His parents eventually were divorced.

He was an intense boy who loved physics. He was not outstanding at baseball or basketball, but he could throw a football with sure superb skill. "Fifty yards," a high-school physics teacher once told him, "is as far as anyone can throw the thing, Frank. I've made certain calculations, taken into account the shape of the ball, and that is the top distance it can be thrown."

Ryan took the teacher to a field. There he threw the ball as hard as he could. They measured the distance. Frank had thrown 73 yards on the fly.

He was not certain about college except that he did not want to go to Yale. He had been a good, but not remarkable high-school football player, and Rice was interested in him. But some of the people at Rice had a hard time understanding that he wanted to major in physics. That was a pretty stiff course, they felt, for an athlete. After a while they stopped arguing, and he matriculated.

But Ryan did not dominate football at Rice. King Hill, now a quarterback with the Philadelphia Eagles, was the star. Ryan was a spot performer, a substitute. He was amazed when the Los Angeles Rams drafted him.

Several of his professors at Rice, including Doctor MacLane, had urged Ryan to abandon physics for mathematics in his senior year. His mind seemed better oriented toward pure math, they felt. Before the Rams chose Ryan in 1958, he had been accepted by both U.C.L.A. and California for graduate work. With his blond, perceptive bride, he worked out a sensible future. He would play football for the Rams and study at U.C.L.A. This future seemed more than sensible. It seemed perfect.

Joan Ryan remembers the years in Los Angeles with the detailed horror that nightmares inflict on memory. "In that first year," she says, "Frank played a total of nineteen minutes. Not only that, the next season he was always being humiliated. If he made a mistake, he was taken out at once. The Los Angeles football team is influenced by Hollywood. Click fast. Razzle-dazzle. Make it big or out you go.

"Our third year in L.A. we knew it wasn't working out," Joan Ryan says. "By then we had children, and we had moved to Burbank, where there was a big apartment complex, a *lanai*. We had a view of the Burbank Flood Control. That is California for 'ditch.' When it rained, the torrent amused the children. When it was dry, they threw their toys into the ditch. Frank was away a lot, and when the kids threw their toys, I'd have to hire teen-agers to climb down into the Burbank Flood Control and retrieve them."

In 1962 the Rams dealt Ryan to the Browns for a tackle and no sensible reason, except that the Los Angeles football team has a penchant for trading away championship players. Playing quarterback for the Browns in 1962 was preferable to attending kindergarten, but the intellectual difference was not easily discernible. Paul Brown, the anachronism who had invented the team in the heady days that followed World War II, would not let quarterbacks call plays. Paul Brown called plays himself.

Not only was the Cleveland quarterback treated as a dunce by his coach, he was also the No. 2 man in the backfield. No. 1 was the big fellow, Jim Brown, who didn't fake much and who wouldn't block, but who ran like a Black Angel of Death invading a Ku Klux Klan Klavern. The Browns did not win under Paul Brown, or with Jimmy Brown, partly because the pass is mightier than the run. But they made it close. It was thrilling to watch them lose to the Giants, and the Eagles, and the Steelers. The big fellow made great yardage while they lost.

Ryan was hired in Cleveland neither to think nor to play. He was employed to spell Jim Ninowski, a quarterback of fine physical attributes who has seldom won in the National Football League. Only when Ninowski suffered a broken shoulder halfway through the 1962 season did Ryan become the Browns' first-string quarterback. He was 26 years old, and it was the first time he had been a first-string quarterback since high school. Soon afterward, pressing, he threw an interception. With an ultimate effort Ryan managed to tackle the interceptor just before he crossed the goal line. Frank trotted off with the relieved feeling of one who has erred and atoned.

"Why?" screamed Paul Brown. "Why, why, why?"

"Why what?" Ryan asked.

"Why did you throw that interception at a time like this?"

Paul Brown was later fired by Arthur Modell, the young president of the Browns, for a complex of reasons, and now resides in La Jolla, Calif., where he is paid twice Ryan's salary, some $80,000 a year, not to coach.

Brown's replacement, Blanton Collier, is cordial, pedantic and hard of hearing. "The first thing I did," Collier says, "was make Ryan the first-string quarterback. He's done well. You can accomplish anything you want as long as you don't care who gets the credit."

Perhaps, as he credits himself, Collier did install Ryan as his No. 1 quarterback. But all through the exhibition games before the 1963 season Ryan had to alternate with Jim Ninowski. A year ago Frank won notice with a series of scrambling come-from-behind victories. But it may be no more than a modest exaggeration to assert that he finally won his job on Sunday, December 27, 1964, when he moved the Browns from a scoreless first half to a 27-0 victory over the Baltimore Colts and a championship against John Unitas, the nonmathematician whom many regard as the finest of all modern quarterbacks.

To some outsiders Doctor Ryan would seem to have solved the business of living. He has his math and his three sons and his football. Joan, attractive and stimulating, writes a column for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* called Back-Seat Brown. Frank is the hero more often than not. He has the respect of Jim Brown and A. J. Lohwater. Blanton Collier takes him seriously. Last October, with 49 seconds left and the team two points behind Pittsburgh, he was able to talk Collier out of ordering a field goal try. Then, on the next play, he hit Gary Collins with the pass that won the game.

But to someone as intense and as sensitive as Frank Beall Ryan the business of living, like Russell's paradox, resists solution. "I want to accomplish fantastic things myself," Ryan says. He is concerned that he does not read more. He wants to learn music. Unitas throws better. Others have achieved more in mathematics. The restless mind quests far over the human range and finds no peace. □

"I'll see if he's in, Mr. Gorkle."

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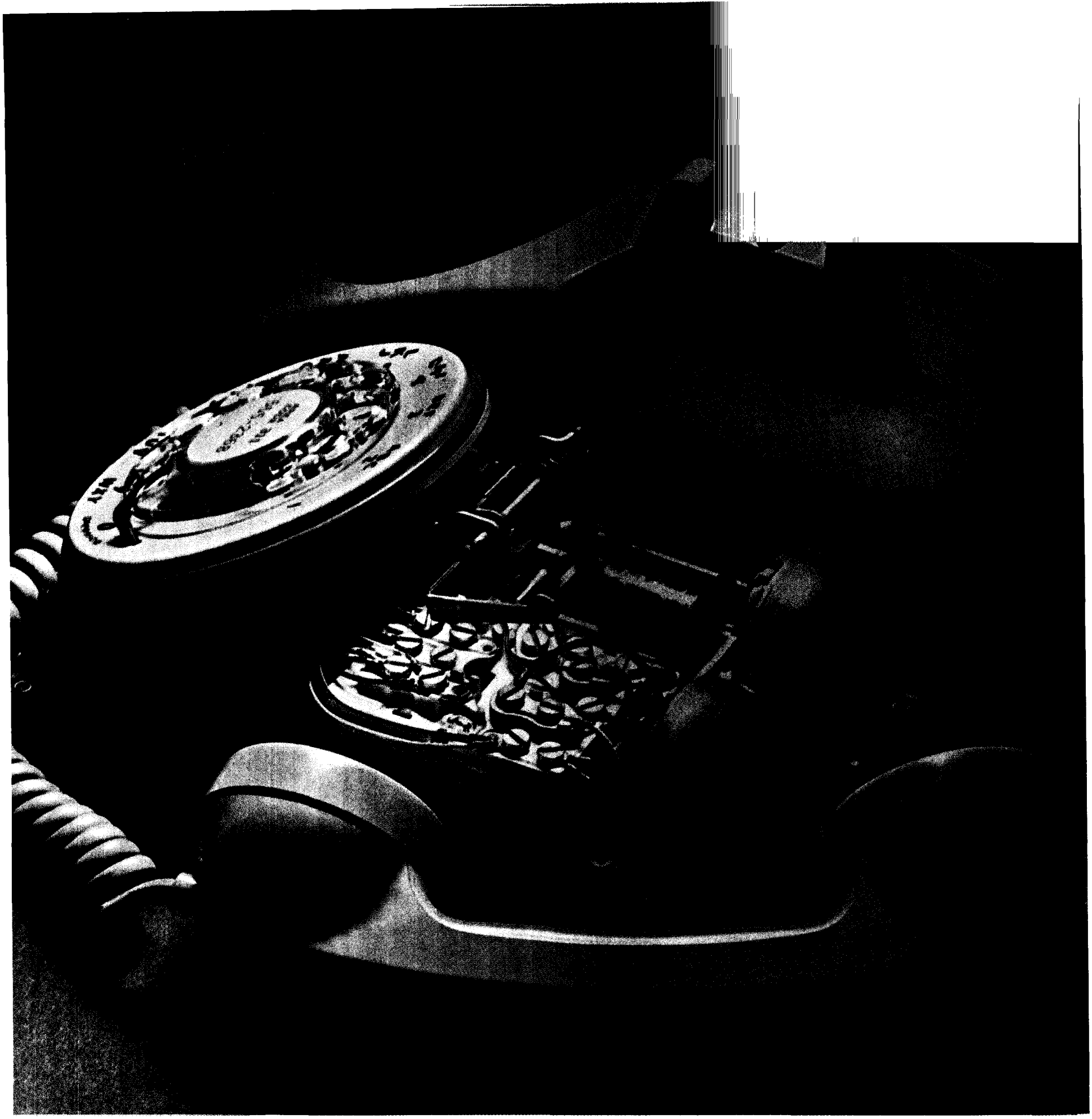

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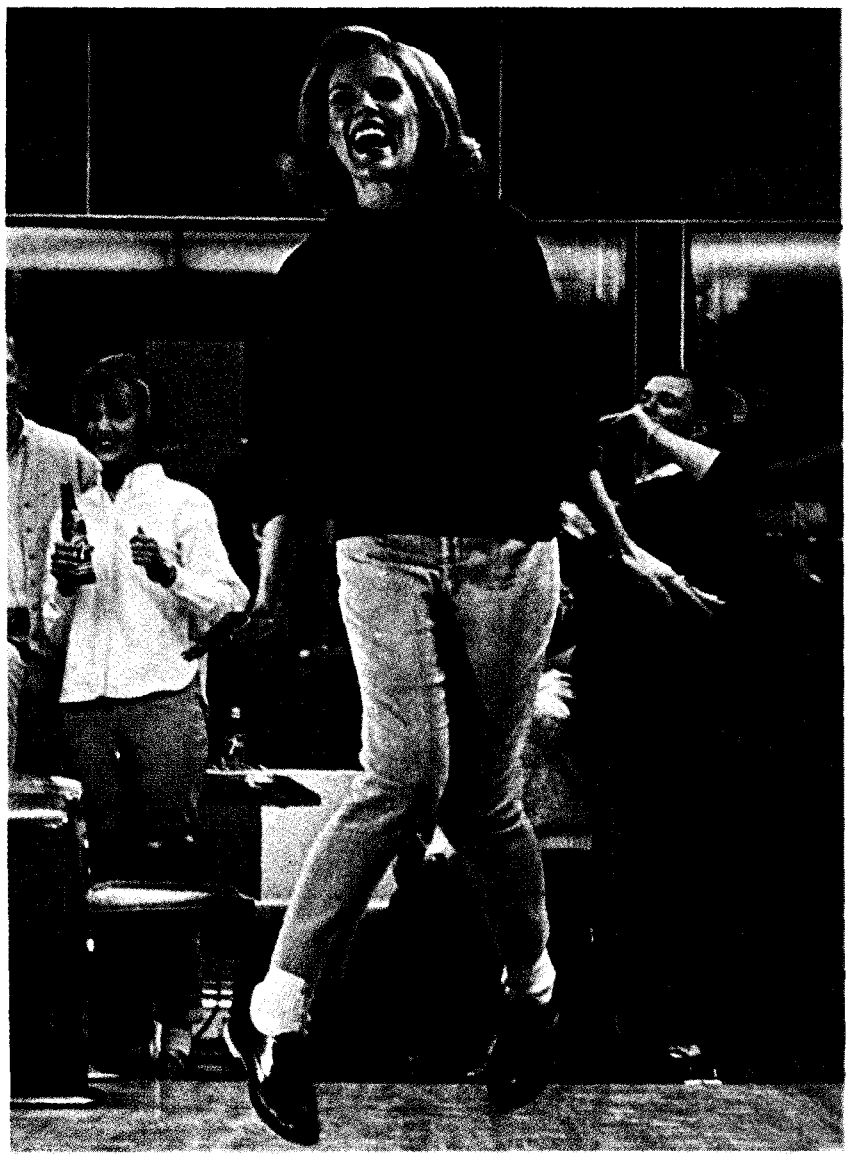

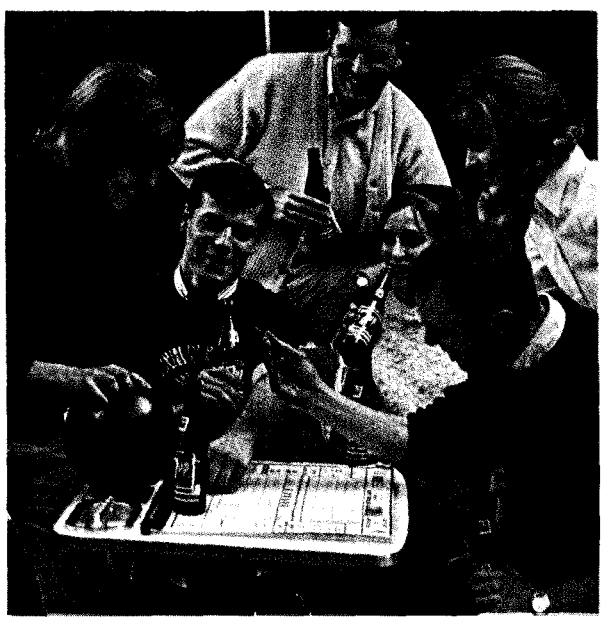

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Like the Apostles, about one of every twelve men who take holy vows finds the burden too great. Today the Roman Catholic Church is taking new measures to help its

FALLEN PRIESTS

By Sanche de Gramont

Just past the village of Jemez Springs, New Mexico, where the red-walled canyon swallows the narrow asphalt road, a car stops and a hitchhiker gets out, pulling his suitcase after him. He is gray-haired and white-faced, and the hand that holds the scuffed suitcase is flabby. He slowly climbs the path to the adobe building marked VIA COELI, rings the bell and, waiting, hears voices down a hallway: men laughing at the punch line of a joke. Then a young monk in a slate-colored habit opens the door.

The hitchhiker is a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. He is also an alcoholic and a vagrant, and he has not worn a clerical collar or said a Mass since that day the bishop of a midwestern diocese stripped him of his duties—to avoid a scandal—and sent him on a compulsory "sick leave." For two years afterward he wandered, working in a library and a garage and a supermarket, drinking heavily, never losing the terrible emptiness that haunted him into failure. Eight months ago, in a letter from a former colleague, he learned of Via Coeli. It

Photographs by Charles Harbutt

Alone with his God, a fallen priest prays earnestly in the chapel of Via Coeli, the little-known refuge in New Mexico that reclaims lost shepherds.

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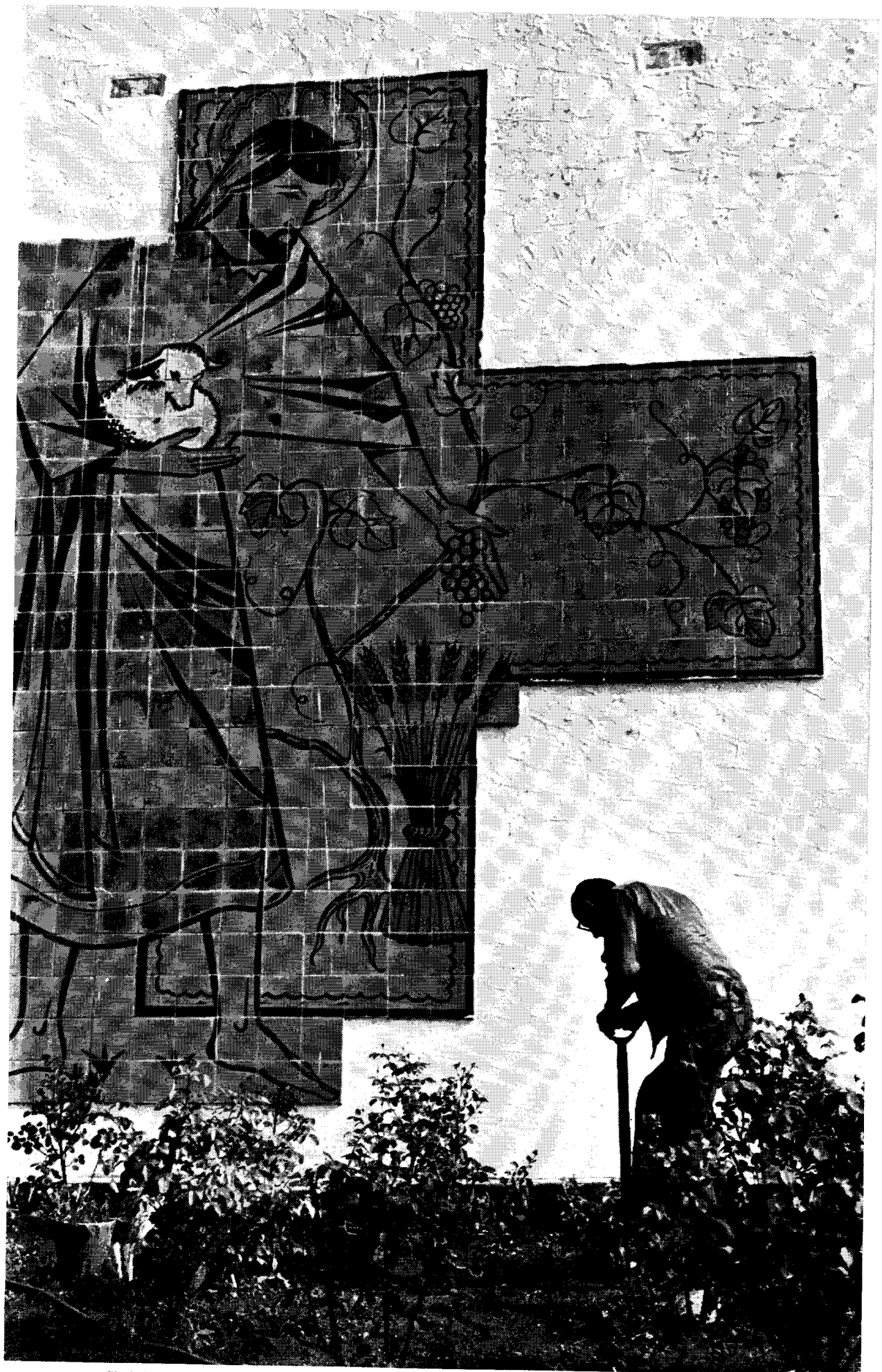
'I tremble to think that the priests who soil their sacred character are not small in number.'—Pope John XXIII



Christ's hand extends toward a fallen priest who is working out his renewal at Via Coeli by helping in the garden.

has taken him eight anguished months to find the courage to come.

Via Coeli is a refuge for what the Irish call "spoiled priests," and what the American Catholic hierarchy refers to as "fallen priests" or priests "on the road" or "shepherds in the mist." These are the priests who falter under the extraordinary discipline they embraced when ordained and who succumb to ordinary human weakness. Some are tempted by alcohol or sex; others are unable to abide their superiors; still others simply lose their vocation. There are many such priests. "I tremble to think," Pope John XXIII wrote in his diary as a young priest, "that the priests who soil their sacred character are not small in number." Bishop Stephen A. Leven of San Antonio, Tex., says: "How many priests are 'on the road'? It's hard to say. I always tell myself that one of the twelve apostles fell away, and I wouldn't wonder that the percentage is the same. That makes an awful lot of priests walking the streets."

One-in-twelve is a casualty rate that virtually all of those familiar with the problem accept and that some find conservative. It means that in the United States alone, despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of the clergy is distinguished by its reliability, there are 5,000 fallen priests. Concerned churchmen in many parts of the world hoped that the Vatican Council now concluding in Rome would bring the problem into the open, so that the full resources and compassion of the Church could be directed toward helping priests in trouble. In October of 1964 Bishop Rudolph Staverman of Indonesia declared in the council hall that "the Church is very merciful to all people except its own fallen priests." (The bishop soon afterward received a dozen letters from fallen priests praising his "courageous intervention," including one from an American who wrote of "the bitterness and hatred and let-them-be-damned attitude" of his superiors.)

But the council did not pursue the matter. Last month, in fact, exactly three years from the day Pope John opened the Council, Pope Paul VI directed the assembled bishops not to debate priestly celibacy, adding that in his own view the rule forbidding priests to marry should be not only maintained but strengthened. The statement was a setback for Catholic thinkers who believe that celibacy is an unbearable burden for many priests and contributes to the breakdown of many an otherwise vital religious vocation. Even more disappointed were priests who had hoped for permission to marry. A priest with expert knowledge of Vatican affairs says that the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, which governs matters of faith and morals for the clergy, has on file more than 10,000 requests from priests for dispensation from their vows and that many of these requests are from priests who want to marry. Another priest, writing under a pseudonym in *The National Catholic Reporter*, estimates that from 20,000 to 40,000 priests have left their ministries to marry outside the laws of the church. "Many young priests," he says, "see in the twisted and neurotic lives [of older priests] a high percentage of failures, and while sincerely desiring to be Christ's priests, they seriously question the church law that imposes celibacy upon them.... God alone knows how many priests remain celibate out of fear, rather than out of love."

The Vatican Council and the new dialogue with the world have made the Church far less secretive about its own problems; still the fallen priest remains a taboo subject. The Vatican does not officially recognize that the problem exists and provides no information or statistics about it. When the Church does show leniency, it insists on secrecy because it fears contagion. Bishop Staverman says: "We are told that if we start giving permissions to leave the Church, too many priests will want to change their way of life. This fear is an offense to all good priests, and a sign of little faith in the many priests who live as they should."

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The fallen-priest taboo may also stem from the tendency of Catholics to glorify their priests and a corresponding unwillingness to accept the fact that priests too can fail. "A lot of people don't want to be reminded that priests are human," says Bishop Francis Schenk of Duluth, Minn., who has helped many problem priests. "But a priest is capable of anything that a man is capable of. 'Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto'" (I am a man: and nothing human is foreign to me).

The more it is forgotten that a priest is a man, the less humanely he is treated when he falls. White lies are told; embarrassed silence follows. Even relatives and friends are kept from a knowledge of the facts. If the priest is fortunate enough to know of Via Coeli and to seek refuge there, it may be whispered discreetly that Father X is "in the Southwest, for reasons of health." No doubt common sense warrants a certain vagueness. But the vagueness also makes the priest feel untouchable, an object of shame instead of sympathetic concern. His plight is tragic. He finds himself condemned in his own eyes, ignored by his Church, confused in his personal relations, and, since typically he has no other training, without livelihood.

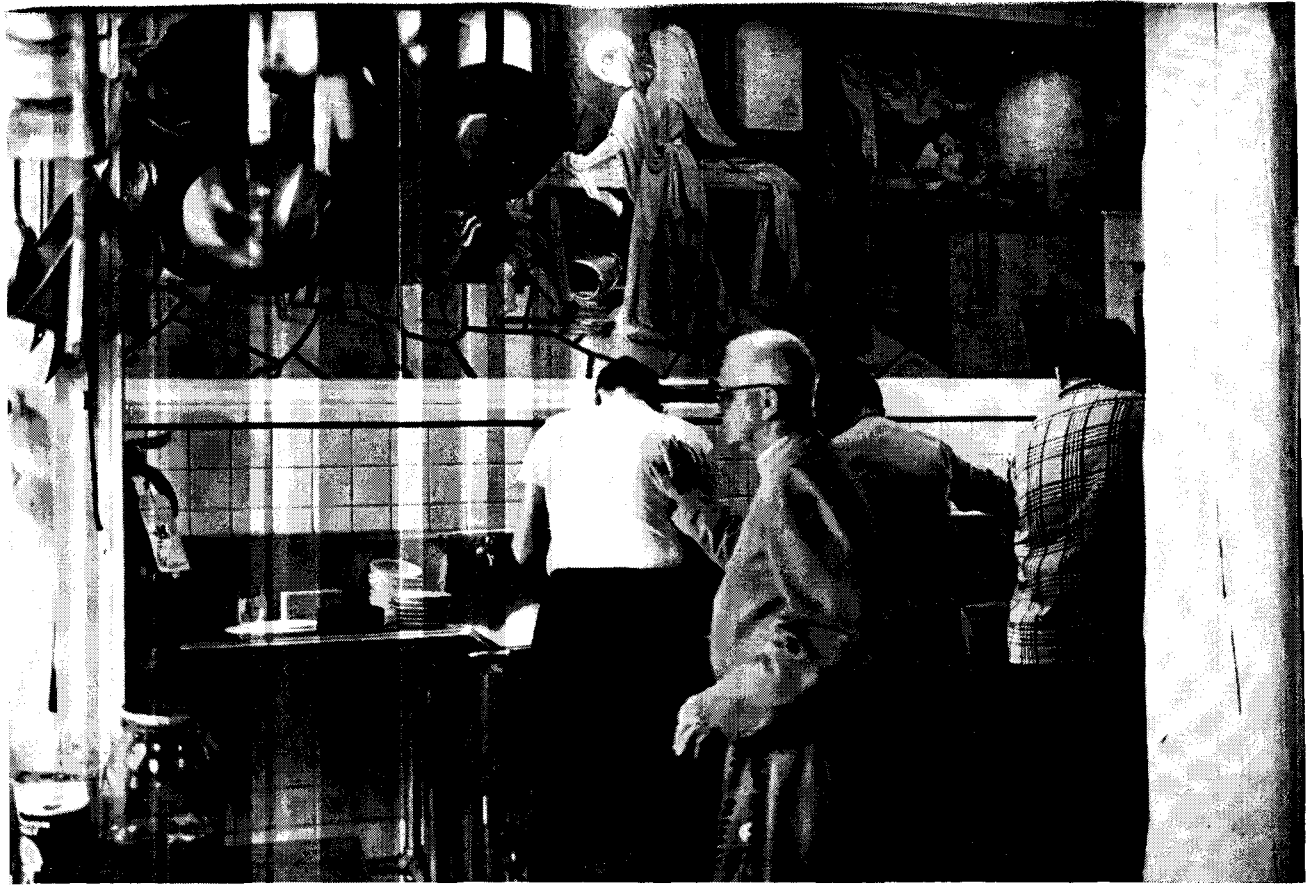
There is an even fiercer problem. Lying prostrate at his ordination he hears the words "Tu es sacerdos in aeternum" (You are a priest forever); he is indelibly a priest even if he falls. The Church, therefore, considers a fallen priest forever bound by his vows and by its rules. Thus, if he wants to continue to practice his religion and to avoid excommunication, he must refrain from marriage; if he defies the Church and marries, then his religious life is jeopardized. Either way his chances for a normal new life are still further reduced. He is suspended between two worlds, denied a full life in either.

Mistakes held against them

In 1947 a priest named Gerald Fitzgerald founded a special religious order to give systematic help to such men. It is called the Servants of the Holy Paraclete (Paraclete is a name often used for the Holy Spirit; the word means one who comforts or helps). In addition to Via Coeli, its headquarters in New Mexico, the order now has houses in New Mexico, Wisconsin, Vermont and Ohio, and four abroad. The American Paraclete homes have, since their founding, received more than 1,600 "guests," of whom 60 percent were returned to the ministry. But as Father Fitzgerald, who has always shunned publicity, readily admits: "There are a number of priests who need help and don't know we exist. How many times have I heard a priest say, 'Father, if I'd only known about your work five years ago!'"

Before Father Fitzgerald founded his order, fallen priests who wanted to return to the Church were sent to penitential houses where they were put to work making shoes or carpentering. Their mistakes were always held against them. As an American priest explains it: "The traditional behavior toward fallen priests is like that of the outside world toward convicts. They are taken back on probation, and there is a blot on their record. They are sent to another diocese where they are not known, but some bishops refuse to take them. Other dioceses are known for welcoming fallen priests and are called 'refugia peccatorum' (refuges for sinners). San Diego was one of these."

Father Fitzgerald was ordained in Boston in 1921 and served 12 years as a parish priest before becoming a Holy Cross father. He volunteered as an Army chaplain in 1942, and an officer who knew him then says: "He is the holiest priest I have ever met." After the war Father Fitzgerald, saddened by the number of fallen priests and determined to do something to help them, wrote to four bishops who he felt were favorable to his ideas. Only one replied, Archbishop Edwin Byrne of Santa Fe, N. Mex., who asked Father Fitzgerald to come and see him. During his visit Father Fitzgerald drove into a sunny valley near Jemez Springs and saw a mountain inn for sale. Two days later the contract was signed and the inn was renamed "Via Coeli" (The Way to Heaven).



With a gentle pat, Father Fitzgerald, founder of Via Coeli, communicates his warmth and concern to one of its "guests."

Father Fitzgerald was so successful at persuading the Vatican to allow fallen priests to resume their priesthood that he became well-known in the Church. In the mid-1950's, then-Archbishop Montini wrote him several times asking him to found a house in his archbishopric of Milan. "We want your system," the present Pope wrote, "because the houses founded in Italy are nothing but mild prisons of the Holy Office." Even the Holy Office came around finally, and Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, its secretary, asked for Father Fitzgerald's services. "We are inviting Father Fitzgerald to found a house to do his special work in his special way," said the cardinal, "because we have found out that our way has failed."

When I met Father Fitzgerald during one of his visits to the Paraclete house in Rome, he answered the door himself, led me into the chapel, and said, "Come in and say hello to the Lord," as though he were introducing me to an old friend. With his thatch of snowy hair, bright blue eyes, and round face, he carries his 70 years lightly, and by his own admission he is "one of the happiest priests."

"We're in the work of rehabilitation," he said over half a cup of coffee ("I had the other half at lunchtime"). "We're shepherding the shepherds, we gather up the fragments. Our cure is simple, it's based on the sovereignty of love. A priest with a vocation has a bond of love with God. This bond is difficult to uphold in the contemporary world. This may be an old man talking, but the priest today is like a skin diver in a sea full of sharks. He's got to be sure that his goggles are watertight and that his oxygen tank is working."

Father Fitzgerald explains his order's method with amiable simplicity. "We call it the three sunshines," he says. "The first sunshine is the beauty of the site, where nature speaks eloquently of the creating power of God. The second sunshine is unfeigned and total charity. We accept everyone. When you're involved in charity, you don't put up fences. All brothers are on the same level. There is no superior-inferior relationship. Our guests can walk out the door any time they feel like it. I remember one young man who came to Via Coeli and expected to be led to a desk where his pedigree would be taken. Instead he was accepted without formality and was soon chatting with others in the kitchen over coffee. 'This sure is a strange place,' he said. The third sunshine is the administration of the Blessed Sacrament, though some people think we're too extreme about this. Our guests can immediately receive Communion and rekindle the bond of love with God. If a man never had the priestly spirit, I can't help him; but if he did, I can best bring it out by reconstituting the spirit of the seminary."

Basic to Father Fitzgerald's skill in restoring fallen priests to their vocation is an understanding of why priests fall. The jocular explanation that priests have among themselves is: "First it's punch and then it's Judy." Other remarks often heard among priests discussing a fallen colleague—"It wouldn't have happened if he'd been anywhere else" and "I could see it coming"—both refer to fundamental frustrations of any priest as he strives to obey his superiors and live the priestly life.

The trouble often begins in the seminary. A young Boston priest who graduated from the North American College in Rome, where the most promising American seminarians are sent, remembers that "discipline was rigid and you had to build up a conventional façade and hide your real feelings to survive. Teachers kept us at a distance. Friendships were discouraged. We were taught that emotions are suspect. If you went to another seminarian's room you had to keep the door open. We were punished for tiny infractions. We learned to conceal our problems and doubts beneath an exterior of calm reserve. The training did not prepare us for dealing with human problems, our own or anyone else's."

Priests treated like children

Most seminaries use psychological tests to screen out those who would have little chance of succeeding in the priesthood, and it is estimated that only one seminarian in five reaches ordination. But the problem persists beyond seminary. "I was ordained at the age of twenty-eight," says an Italian Dominican who fell away. "From the start I felt constrained and had doubts, but I was treated like a child. It was impossible to discuss spiritual problems with our superiors. After six years I left the order and felt I had to get out of Italy. I took the train to Marseilles. I was walking through the harbor district and decided to see a movie, the first I had ever seen. Afterward there was a floor show with an aging stripteaser. The sailors hooted her off the stage. I wept for this woman in the middle of the dingy, vulgar theater. You could say that was my first worldly experience."

Whatever is at the root of a priest's difficulties,

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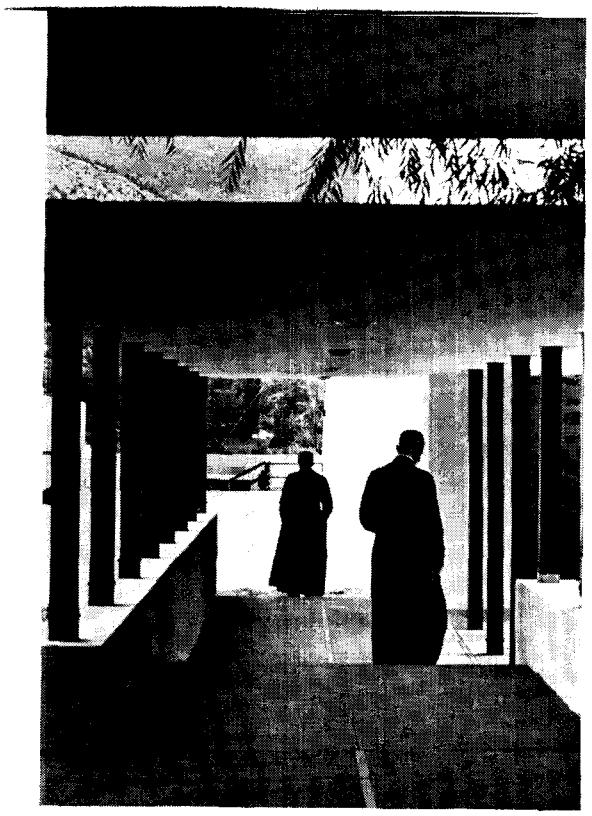
trouble with women is one of its most common manifestations. Some leading churchmen today are questioning the value of ecclesiastical celibacy, which is not Catholic dogma but simply a discipline which spread in Europe in the fourth century and was institutionalized by the Council of Trent in the 16th century. As one European bishop put it: "Some theologians today say there are two vocations, one for the celibate priesthood and one for the married priesthood. The Church has connected these two vocations into a single one by saying that a priest must be celibate, but there is perhaps no valid reason for this connection. Celibacy is not divine law and is not in Scripture. The Second Vatican Council has opened the way for married deacons. Perhaps the Third Vatican Council will go one step further."

There are good reasons for believing that priests who fall away because they cannot observe celibacy are the ones who refuse the unsavory compromise of periodic lapses. As the French Catholic sociologist Joseph Folliet says: "In some regions of the world, concubinage is the rule for the majority of the diocesan clergy, particularly the rural clergy, and the situation astonishes no one; in other regions, particularly Europe and the United States, although the majority of the clergy is faithful to its celibacy vows, there are a great number of defections, some of them temporary, some of them permanent."

The vast majority of priests who leave the church to marry suffer automatic excommunication. They can no longer perform the functions of the priesthood, such as saying Mass, nor can they receive Holy Communion. Yet many of these



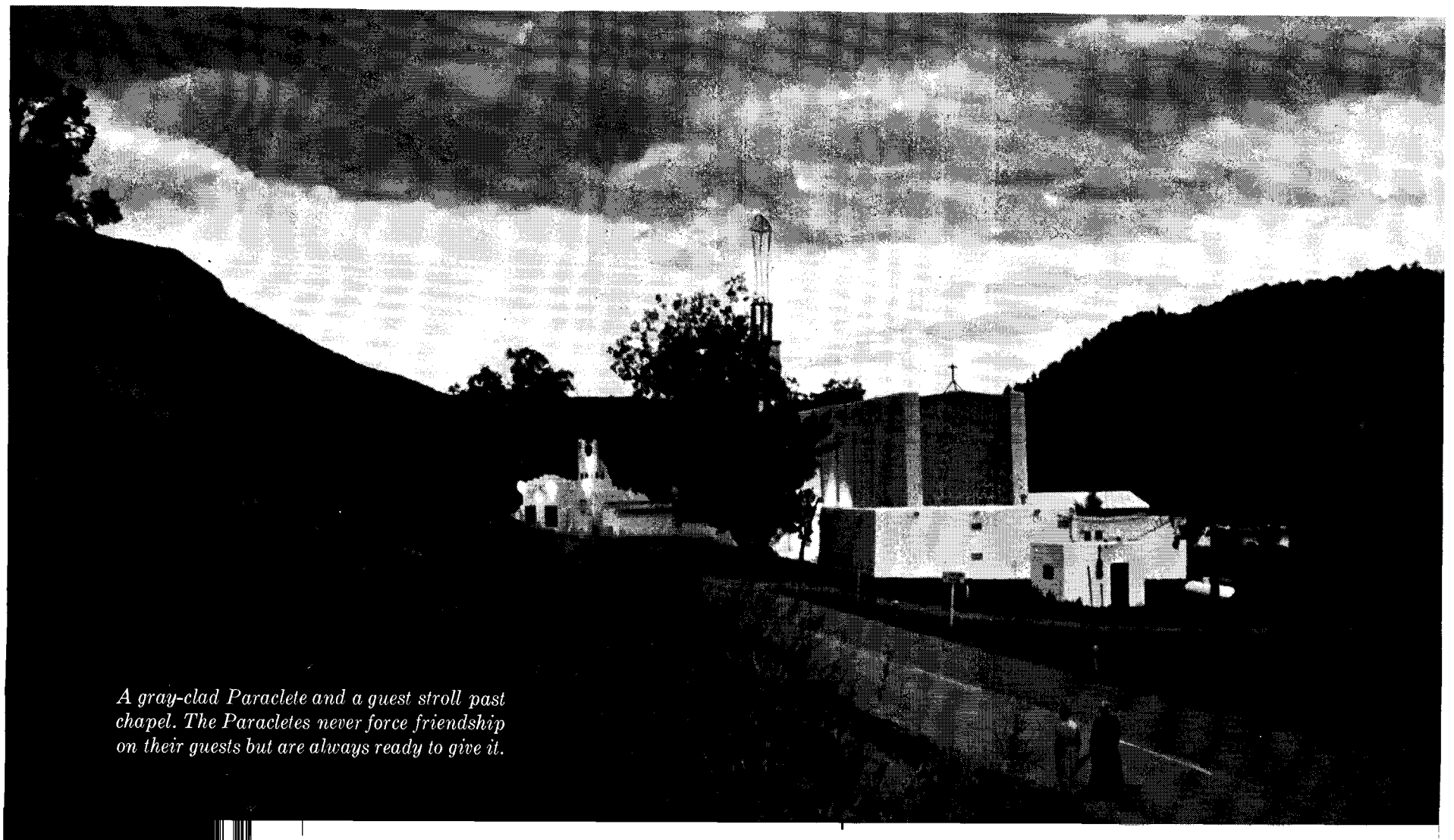
Guests at Via Coeli are free to wander where they please.

married priests remain devout Catholics despite the excommunication. Recently in San Francisco an outstanding family man was asked by the diocese to head a layman's group. He did so well that he was one of those nominated for Catholic layman of the year. A committee went into his background and discovered that he was a former Paulist priest. Some of these men, however, find that they are worse misfits than they were as priests.

Many priests petition the Holy Office for permission to abandon their ministries and marry. All but a very few are unsuccessful. The Vatican has granted permission to marry only to perhaps 10 priests, and the identity of only one of these men is known. He is Maurice Weitlauff, a short man with thinning brown hair, a soft voice and mild hazel eyes. He lives in Paris with his blonde wife Viviane and earns his living making accessories for toy trains. The Weitlauffs (both are in their early 40's) were married in May, 1964, in the private office of the bishop of Versailles. There were no witnesses. Weitlauff promised to keep the ceremony a secret, even from his mother.

He was ordained a Roman Catholic priest 20 years ago and had been four years a priest when Viviane Forest, a bank employee, came to him for help in caring for her dying mother. "When I first met her," he recalls, twisting the gold wedding band on his finger, "I was full of the reserve I had learned at the seminary. I had been taught just enough about sex so that I would know what to say when hearing confessions. I had been told never to shake hands with a woman or look her directly in the eye. There was a gradual development of our feelings over the years which I scarcely realized. Slowly I began to see what was happening to me."

It would have been simple for Weitlauff to shed his cassock, take Viviane to the town hall for a civil ceremony, and start life in another city. But he still believed in his vocation and insisted on obeying the law of the Church. He went to a Catholic doctor who advised him to seek the rarely granted reduction to the lay state. Canon law recognizes three pleas a priest may make to be returned to civilian life: for special favor, a practice obsolete in this century; for laicization, with or without release from the celibacy vow, if a priest can show he is unsuited to the priesthood or was too immature to understand what he was getting into; and for annulment of the ordination, if a priest can prove that he was subjected to grave pressures and was in effect ordained against his will. This last form of



A gray-clad Paraclete and a guest stroll past chapel. The Paracletes never force friendship on their guests but are always ready to give it.

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The Paraclete monks give their lives to helping fallen priests. 'We're shepherding the shepherds, we gather up the fragments.'

release has in recent years been the only one granted, and although it allows a priest to leave the priesthood, it does not include permission to marry.

Weitlauff decided to ask for laicization and release from his celibacy vow. He sent his dossier in June, 1963, to the Holy Office. The dossier included the testimony of two doctors that he was sexually immature at the time of his ordination, a letter from his bishop, a résumé of his life, and a profession of faith. He also sent a letter to the Pope. A month later (something of a speed record) Weitlauff was informed by the Secretariat of State that Pope Paul had ordered his case examined. In October Weitlauff was summoned to the Versailles diocese and told: "You have been granted the right to a religious marriage, but the conditions are hard. There is a price to pay." The price was secrecy. Weitlauff had to promise not to reveal that he was a priest or that he had been married in church. "What am I supposed to say when I look for work?" Weitlauff asked. "That I've been in jail since 1945?"

"Well, don't say any more than you have to," the official said, "and above all don't say you were married in the Church."

"But what should I say when people who know I was a priest see me with my wife or see my wedding ring? They will think I am defrocked or living in concubinage." The official shrugged.

Weitlauff broke his promise and told his story to a reporter. "In all conscience I felt my promise was invalid because it deprived me of my liberty," he explains. "I was told that other priests must not know of my case, but that is precisely what I want them to know—that there is a way out."

Father Gregory Baum, a Canadian Augustinian who has made a study of the celibacy problem, says that "while celibacy strains a man to his natural limits, it is naïve to think that if priests are allowed to marry, all their problems will be solved. Fallen priests are motivated by far deeper disappointments than the lack of women in their lives."

Dr. John R. Cavanagh, a noted Catholic psychiatrist, believes that "the most dangerous thing after ordination is not drinking or keeping the vows of celibacy, but the inability to handle hostility which rises out of the required obedience. Priests get ulcers because they worry about being hostile to certain duties they are asked to perform. A priest is never supposed to show anger, so he builds up inner resentments. It's not easy to treat. I tell them for a start to go out to the driving range and hit some golf balls."

Doctor Cavanagh points out that psychiatry has been accepted by the Church only in the last five years and that out of 17,000 practicing psychiatrists in the United States only 1,000 are Catholic. He believes that seminarians who show personality disorders that do not warrant immediate exclusion should continue to be screened periodically. "We would watch for a man who doesn't join in recreation, who spends too much time to himself, who shows blatant aggressive tendencies, who spends hours with his arms outstretched in the shape of a cross." Undoubtedly such screening would help, although it might tend to deprive the church of potential saints and mystics.

After ordination it becomes impossible to predict the crises and tensions a priest will fall prey to. Another Catholic psychiatrist who made a study of 100 priests who came to him for treatment found 55 with serious problems which he broke down into the following categories: 21 were homosexual, 18 had schizophrenic reactions marked by hallucinations and withdrawal from reality, and 16 had depressive reactions, marked by the desire to commit suicide. In September at the Vatican Council, a Mexican bishop reported that he had allowed 60 monks in his diocese to be psychoanalyzed. Nearly two thirds of the monks later left the monastery. For most of those who remained, the bishop said, the result was a deeper religious faith.

"Some religious superiors," says Doctor Cavanagh, "still don't understand that psychiatry can help their troubled priests. They ask me, 'Can't you just give him a pill?' But others have understood, and there is one large religious house that spends $65,000 a year on psychotherapy."

While psychiatry applies its methods to preventing priests from failing, the Servants of the Holy Paraclete have the delicate task of bringing fallen priests back into the ministry, a work for which Pope John praised Father Fitzgerald in 1959 in a letter that began: "Our pastoral heart was greatly consoled, beloved son, when we learned of your very commendable apostolate among the Lord's own anointed, who . . . have fallen prey to the insidious snares of evil that beset the path of priests."

JOHN LAUNOIS

Maurice Weitlauff is the only known priest to get Vatican permission to marry.

Via Coeli, the largest of the Paraclete centers, is a monastery, but a monastery where everyone is free at every moment of the day to go wherever he pleases. Nearly everyone shows up for meals, but not all appear for the many hours of prayers and other religious exercises. Except for prayer times, almost no one is dressed in clerical clothes; sport shirts, sweaters, khaki trousers are popular. The atmosphere is not intrusive but sufficiently relaxed to accommodate all extremes of personality. One guest, a short, balding priest of about 50, likes to laugh and tell self-deprecating jokes. Another, about 60, is dour and quiet; he stays in his room or goes for walks. A third, a tall, white-haired man with the dignity of an executive, seems chagrined at being observed among the others; at the same time he appears to chide himself for his chagrin.

No one need suffer alone

Along with the pleasantness at Via Coeli, there is a sense of great suffering. The newly arrived guests are fresh from painful experiences and still uncertain of themselves; those hoping for permission soon to return to their dioceses display their apprehension. Many guests diminish anxieties in activity—gardening, sports, carpentry, crafts.

The Paracletes mix with the guests and become friendly with those who are disposed to having friends. If a man wants to be alone, they leave him alone. The Paraclete principle of "priests helping priests" extends to menial chores. Father Fitzgerald and his assistants do the cooking, washing and dishes themselves, until the guests offer to lend a helping hand. About half of the Paracletes are former fallen priests, which gives them special understanding. Others, such as Father Pat Kirley, the tall, red-haired monk who is secretary-general of the order, were attracted to the Paracletes because of their work. A pipe smoker, Father Kirley is a calm man, and Via Coeli reflects his evenness.

Some bishops feel that Father Fitzgerald's methods are not so successful when it comes to alcoholics. "Their work is based on prayer and meditation," says one especially harsh critic. "Holy hours, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament—all that is fine, but with an alcoholic it's not enough. They need special clinics. I won't take alcoholics that come from the Paracletes; they usually relapse." Younger Paracletes have recently come to authority in the order, and they are setting up an intensive clinical program for alcoholics.

Whether it works or not, the rehabilitation process is a long one. When a guest who has broken his vows arrives, he is under excommunication and ecclesiastical irregularity. He receives immediate absolution from the excommunication because he has shown that he wants rehabilitation, and this gives him the right to receive Communion. But the irregularity is maintained for a minimum period of a year, and then the priest is allowed to say mass "intra septa" (within precincts—that is, privately). After a second year the guest can exercise a limited ministry such as teaching. Usually he eventually becomes an alumnus and is assigned to a parish or religious community.

Father Edward Heston, a Holy Cross priest who lives in Rome and serves as procurator for the Paracletes, is the one who asks the Holy Office to lift irregularity for fallen priests. When he is successful he cables Father Fitzgerald in a simple code, giving the two words "intra septa." In doubtful cases the Holy Office reply is: "Let the petitioner give greater and more lasting signs of penance."

Despite his recent statement on celibacy, there are signs that in Paul VI the "shepherds in the mist" will find a pope who understands their predicament. When the Italian writer Carlo Falconi, a former priest, left the Church in 1950, he was on good terms with Monsignor Montini, then a high-ranking prelate in the Vatican Secretariat of State. Falconi, penniless and dispirited, was alone in a small, unheated room in Rome on Christmas eve when someone knocked at his door. It was Montini, looking bashful and awkward as he stood there and said: "I thought that on a day like this, you might need the presence of a friend." □

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Editorials

The paradox of Vietnam

Not even at the height of the Korean conflict were Americans so divided and so confused about a war as they are about Vietnam today. On the one hand, thousands of students stage parades proclaiming our cause wrong, or hopeless, or both. On the other hand, a still larger number of belligerent citizens accuse the demonstrators of treason and call for air raids on the "enemy" capital of Hanoi.

Inevitably—and unfortunately—such a polarization of views tends to blot out the broad central area of moderate opinion, an area in which millions of Americans realize that we have good reason to be fighting, but that our goal is peace rather than unconditional surrender. In this view, the war is neither a national disgrace nor a joyous test of strength, but rather a necessary tragedy, continually changing, continually requiring reexamination.

Not long ago Jack Langguth, who has covered the war for the past year for *The New York Times*, attempted such a reexamination, and it was interesting both as a summation of a year's experience and as a confession of puzzlement. In Langguth's view, the nature of the war changed decisively last February when the U.S. began air raids on the villages of South Vietnam, for though these raids were aimed at Communist infiltrators, they changed the villagers from people we were trying to defend into people we were attacking.

"When I first arrived in Vietnam," Langguth wrote, "I thought the war could not be won, but it was worth trying. Now I sometimes think it can be won, but that it is not worth the price. . . . The majority of Vietnamese will probably be neither hostile nor friendly. They will hate the war, and they will pour into refugee centers to avoid it. They will be numb from pain and loss and hopelessness. If the U.S. is prepared to use its planes to kill two or three for every Vietcong, the Communists may be defeated.

"I ask myself these questions as I leave Vietnam: If one nation begins an ugly and inhuman war, does national honor require resisting even more brutally? But . . . won't, perhaps, the Communists be intimidated by American strength and draw back from aggression. . . ? Finally, is the United States now helping the people of South Vietnam more than it is hurting them? I don't know."

Even as we fight a necessary war for the future of Asia, these are difficult questions we must find the courage to face and the wisdom to answer.

Who discovered America?

The ridiculous controversy over Yale University's Vinland Map has finally died down, yet the unsettled question that remains is not who discovered America but what America is.

In brief, Yale University proudly announced just before Columbus Day that it had acquired a map dated 1440 and showing an outline of North America, based on the explorations of Leif Ericson—long before Columbus's celebrated voyage. There had never been much doubt that the Vikings reached America before Columbus, but the publication of the map, which should have been a scholarly achievement, was treated like a crime.

One, John LaCorte, head of the Italian Historical Society of America, began fulminating against Yale and announced that he wouldn't send his son there. Congressman John V. Lindsay, campaigning for mayor of New York, claimed that any denigration of Columbus was comparable to the denigration of Arturo Toscanini or Joe DiMaggio. Senator Clifford Case (R., N.J.) declared that "Leif Ericson is just an upstart, as far as I'm concerned." While all these self-appointed defenders of Italian honor held forth, the Spanish began rumbling about their own role as Columbus's financial backers. The Madrid newspaper *ABC* accused Yale of "a gesture of methodical and incredible belligerence, designed, if possible, to pulverize Spanish glory for the discovery of the New World."

It was all a trivial quarrel, of course, but the attitudes involved are not so trivial. The original idea of this country was that it would provide a haven for all nationalities and all faiths, and that they accepted, in coming here, the idea of a mixed society. "Melting pot" was the popular cliché. It was a false image, since people do not melt like so many iron ingots, and America would not be what it is if everyone were identical to his neighbor. On the contrary, it is our richness and our strength that Sicilian Catholics and Polish Jews celebrate similar truths on different Holy Days, that the Irish and Chinese and Greeks bring their national traditions with them to this country.

It is nonetheless exasperating to hear increasing numbers of lobbyists shout the claims of every ethnic group in the country. On St. Patrick's Day, there are more marchers in New York than in Dublin, and still the Poles march in honor of Pulaski and even the Germans in honor of Von Steuben. The next step comes when ethnic "societies" begin denouncing television shows that have villains with Italian, Hungarian or Egyptian names.

The hyphenated European-American ought to be a transitional figure, eliminated after the first generation. Just as none of us is to be blamed for a Stalin or a Hitler in "the old country," none of us gains any special credit from an Einstein, a Riis, a Schurz or a Lafayette. And least of all from either Leif Ericson or Christopher Columbus. They both "discovered" our country, and it belongs to all of us.

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